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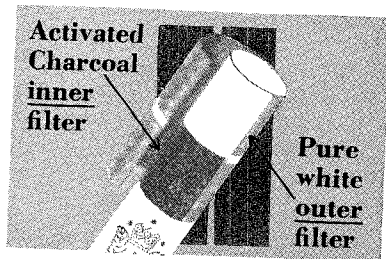
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"Yes, that monthly check really changed my whole life. It all started back in 1946—right after my fortieth birthday.

"Sue gave me a surprise party. During the evening, Dick Lauman got up and jokingly proposed a toast—'To the first old man of the crowd.'

"Funny how that stuck in my mind. Days after, I found myself thinking about it. Actually, half my working years were over. It sort of frightened me, too. Especially when I thought how little I'd done to prepare for the day when I'd want to stop work.

"I had a good salary. But we just about managed. We could never save enough. And even if we did—there was always the danger of outliving our capital.

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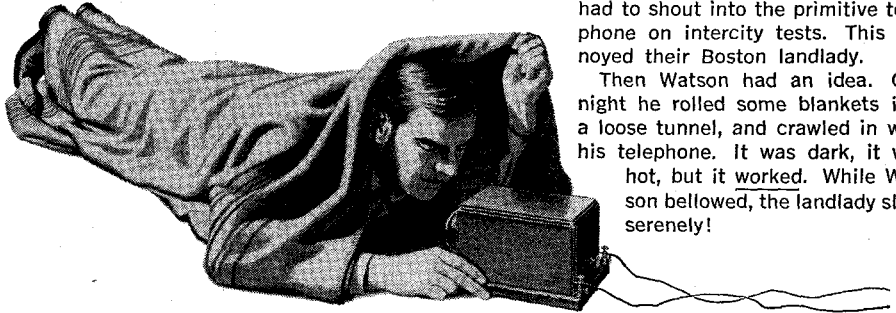
Name

Date of Birth

Business Address

Home Address

This was the first telephone booth



It was "invented" in 1877. Alexander Graham Bell and Thomas A. Watson had to shout into the primitive telephone on intercity tests. This annoyed their Boston landlady.

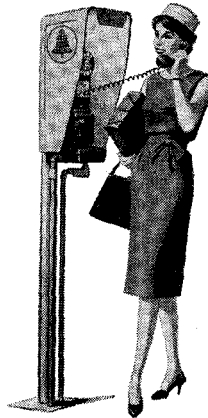
Then Watson had an idea. One night he rolled some blankets into a loose tunnel, and crawled in with his telephone. It was dark, it was hot, but it worked. While Watson bellowed, the landlady slept serenely!

but today's serve you better by far, wherever you are!



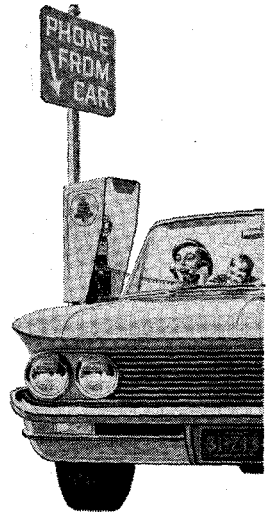
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Dear Reader:

"wow!" EXULTED THE Special Delivery letter, "now I really feel like a celebrity!" Reason? Mrs. Adeline Daley of Millbrae, California, had just received CORONET's check for her first published article (*Some of My Best Friends Are Kids*, p. 33) and our note asking all about how a mother of seven finds time to write and be funny. Here's her reply: "Born (censored) years ago in Nashwauk, Minnesota, one of eight children. Left University of Minnesota in 1942 to work on the San Francisco News-Call Bulletin. Spent three hectic years covering high school sports, until the man whose desk I was holding returned from



Daley: mother of 7, author of 1.

the wars and married me to get his job back. In 15 years, we've had six girls, aged 14 to one, and a boy, eight. Always been interested in writing, but mostly avid reader (would it sound too apple-polishing to add CORONET is one of my favorites?). Everybody (mostly my husband) kept after me to write. Finally, last fall while husband Walt was covering football out of town, I hustled through breakfast dishes, put clothes in the washer and with the two-year-old draped around my neck and the baby in her bassinet next to my typewriter, started to write. Often laughed when I thought, while writing with TV on, all the neighborhood kids underfoot, phones ringing to ask if I'd serve at the Brownie dinner or make cupcakes for the P.T.A., that the article would come back with the comment: 'This lacks authenticity.' When the check came, I spent hours spreading the word, even told the milkman and garbage collector. A member of the family suggested we loiter at the supermarket magazine stands, with CORONET opened to my story, and laugh our heads off. Walt said forget it. I hope to keep writing humor pieces. I didn't know a solitary person at CORONET to mail my material to, which explodes the 'you have to have pull' myth. Hope this encourages other new writers." So do we!

The Editors

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JUNE, 1961

3

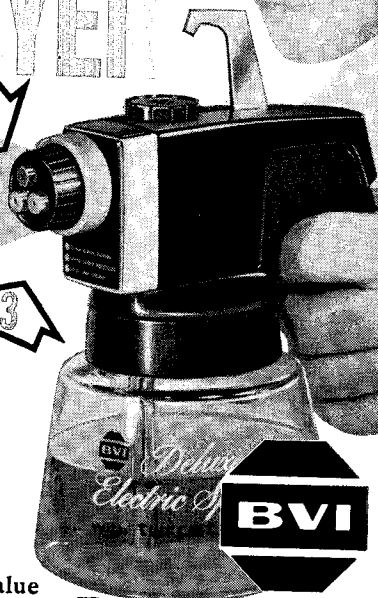
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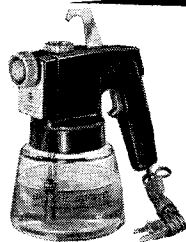


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CORONET

Twenty-fifth Anniversary

Contents for June, 1961

Vol. 50, No. 2, Whole No. 295

Articles

"Some of My Best Friends Are Kids".....	ADELINE DALEY	33
New Hope Against Hay Fever.....	HUGH C. SHERWOOD	40
Sex in the Movies.....	BOSLEY CROWTHER	44
You Can Read Faster!.....	RALPH BASS	49
"Let Go and Hold!".....	RUTH L. SCLATER	54
The Presidency and the Summit.....	DEAN RUSK	70
The Wacky Wit of West Virginia.....	JIM DYGERT	76
The Shameful Neglect of Our Mentally Ill Children		
	THEODORE IRWIN	82
The Big Name Game.....	ARTHUR WHITMAN	89
Confessions of a "Witch Doctor".....	KARENA SHIELDS	93
Broadway's Merry Lambs.....	FARRELL CROSS	97
Why Waste Our Gifted Women?	CLAIRE SEWEL	102
Your Marvelous Muscles.....	LESTER DAVID	108
The Four Miracles of Corrado Macaggi	GORDON GASKILL	124
Money-Wise		153
"Don't Let Them Ruin Our National Shrines!"		
	SENATOR RALPH YARBOROUGH	
	AS TOLD TO KEITH ELLIOTT	157

The Skin-Diving Sleuths of Cape Canaveral

	HOWARD EISENBERG	162
Dayton's Nursery for Naturalists.....	ALLAN W. ECKERT	167
The Magnificent Martyrdom of Prudence Crandall		
	EUGENE RACHLIS	172
"Pay As You Go" Prisoners.....	DAVID GREY	180
May These Toys Be Safe from Children		
	PARKE CUMMINGS	185

Pictorial Features

Coed With Wings.....	TEXT BY RICHARD KAPLAN	
	PHOTOGRAPHS BY STUART SMITH	57
Last Days of a Little Schoolhouse		
	TEXT BY DONALD A. ALLEN	
	PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEONARD KAMSLER	113

Service Features

Products on Parade.....		18
Coronet Family Shopper.....		188
Coronet Shopping Guide.....		195
Coronet School and College Directory.....		198

Departments

Dear Reader.....		3
All About You.....		6
Disquieted Quiet Man.....	ENTERTAINMENT	12
Human Comedy.....	HUMOR	38
How Words Work.....	DR. BERGEN EVANS	68
How's That Again?.....	HUMOR	177
Grin and Share It.....	HUMOR	178

Coronet Special Project

The Fast and Fancy Gourmet Cookbook		
	POPPY CANNON WITH THE EDITORS OF CORONET	129

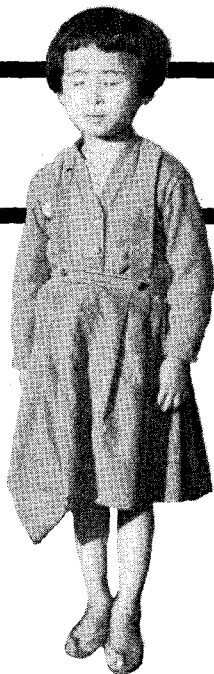
Cover.....	PHOTOGRAPH BY KATHRYN ABBE	
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YUNG SUNI— SORCERER'S APPRENTICE

Yung Suni is a blind Korean girl whose mother died when she was only seven. Since blind children are not only considered a "drain" on a family's meagre food supply, but are also thought to have "second sight," her father took her to a sorcerer. He sold Yung Suni to this magician for 12,000 Hwan (\$11.00 U. S.) to use her in fortune-telling.

She was so badly abused she ran away and was found stumbling blindly in a Chong-ju street. A kindly person took her by the hand and brought her to a CCF Home a few months ago and asked for help for the youngster. We crowded her into the Home but she needs a sponsor to help her be properly clothed, fed and taught.

Indeed there are thousands of Yung Sunis in Korea and 42 other countries where CCF assists little friendless youngsters who are the innocent victims of blindness, hunger, disease and neglect. Each one of them needs a friend who will extend a hand of kindness and help. Like Yung Suni, who is a sweet and affectionate child, they can be "adopted." The cost of an "adoption" to the contributor is the same in all countries listed below—\$10.00 a month.



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Christian Children's Fund, incorporated in 1938, with its 410 affiliated orphanage schools in 43 countries, is the largest Protestant orphanage organization in the world, assisting over 36,000 children. It serves 28 million meals a year. It is registered with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Aid of the International Cooperation Administration of the United States Government. It is experienced, efficient, economical and conscientious.

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☐ Please send me further information.

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JUNE, 1961



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- Exclusive Ionitron for a healthier home!

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† American Journal of Physical Medicine, Vol. 37, No. 1, 1958

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all about you

continued

SPARE THE ROD

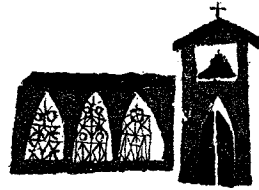
It used to be that when a kid feared spanking, he'd put a book in the seat of his pants. These days, the modern thing to do is wave the book (a psychology book, preferably) at the menacing parent. A useful antispank weapon of this sort is the recently completed study by Cornell's New York State College of Home Economics. Physical punishment, it states, can give children frustrations, feelings of inferiority and shyness and a tendency to be less kind to playmates than youngsters whose parents "spare the rod." The study, based on the behavior of a group of three-to-five year olds, also found that children who get paddled end up with less sense of humor than others—understandably.



GOLDEN AGE

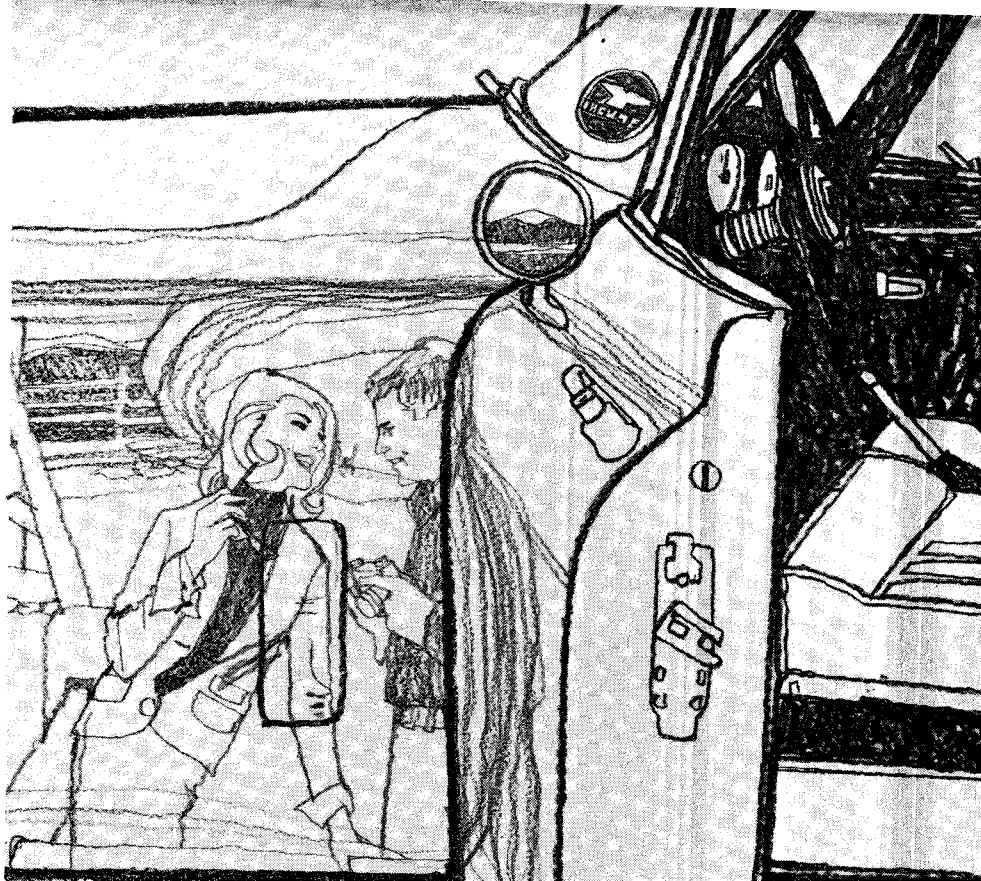
Browning's Rabbi Ben Ezra was stating a psychological truth when he said, "Grow old along with me! The best is yet to be." The years past 50 have many advantages, according to Dr. Elaine Cumming of

the New York State Department of Mental Hygiene. "As the individual gradually reduces his investment in the outer world, he redefines himself as less bound (by) social interactions. There is a lowering of pressure toward conformity. . . . This makes for greater self-expression," Dr. Cumming states. She found older persons have a greater interest in the meaning of life, tend to enjoy the company of those who are like themselves and like others—such as grandchildren—in small doses. For the average person, she reports, the gradual withdrawal from activity in old age carries with it "a somewhat increased satisfaction with life."



FAITH AND PSYCHIATRY

Can strong religious faith protect persons under stress from mental breakdown? Psychiatrist Sandor Lorand of New York believes it may, but *only* if the devout are normally well-adjusted and have strong faith rooted in healthy motives. But in others, strict childhood religious training intensified conflicts about sin and guilt, he has found. Some become neurotic when prayer or confession do not relieve their tensions. Most often these are devotees who thought of themselves as "protected little lambs." The psychiatrist believes a patient's religious beliefs should not be brought into the psychoanalytic treatment unless they stand in the way of achieving adjustment. 



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Disquieted quiet man



Greg Peck: tired of being "the tall, silent type."

Gregory Peck started his career at the top, and, if anything, has gone up from there. In 1943, during the wartime shortage of leading men, the then unknown actor was signed by four studios for 17 big-budget films. This was due in part to his 4-F status (from a spinal injury), gaunt features (once described as "early American"), resonant voice and a persuasive agent, Leland Hayward.

"I doubt that the studios wanted me as badly as Hayward made them think they did," Peck says. But 18 years later, after completing his 31st film, *Guns of Navarone*, Peck is in even greater demand.

A \$5,000,000 adventure story filmed on an Aegean island, *Navarone* casts Peck in a familiar role—the stalwart military man with a problem. His mission is to lead specialists over rugged terrain to

dynamite an enemy emplacement.

Says 6'2½", 180-pound Peck, who answers questions deliberately, as if he were playing his favorite game—chess: "I seem to play a lot of military leaders and tortured, introspective characters. I prefer roles as loquacious men, but producers only think of me as the tall, silent type."

Perhaps this is because off-screen Peck is reserved almost to the point of dullness. Director Alfred Hitchcock claims, "He's the most anecdoteless actor around." Peck humorously refers to his Lincolnnesque face as "The Money," adding, "The other boys in *Navarone*—David Niven, Tony Quinn, Stanley Baker—are The Actors."

Born Eldred Peck in California, he took his father's name, Gregory, for acting purposes. He has successfully produced two films—*The Big Country*, *Pork Chop Hill*—and plans three more.

His first marriage—to Finnish-born Greta Rice—left Peck with a \$55,000 annual alimony bill and three sons, aged 16 to 11. "The oldest, Jonathan, lives with me," he says. In 1955 Peck married French journalist Veronique Pansani, whom he met in a Paris interview. They have two children, Anthony, four, and Cecelia, three.

Hazel-eyed Greg Peck raises white-faced Herefords; reads history and collects paintings and French furniture. "I'm lucky—I have more interests than I have time for," he says.—MARK NICHOLS

CORONET FILMS FOR HIGH SCHOOL SCIENCE

All films are 11 minutes in length and available in a choice of full color or black-and-white, except as indicated.

General Science

Airplanes: Principles of Flight
Boats: Buoyancy, Stability, Propulsion (13 min.)
Conserving Our Forests Today
Conserving Our Soil Today
The Earth (Series of 4 films)
Gravity
Introduction to Electricity
Matter and Energy
Properties of Water
The Solar System
A Story of a Storm
The Story of Soil
The Sun and How It Affects Us
Understanding Our Universe
Using the Scientific Method

Biology

Aristotle and the Scientific Method (13 min.)
Behavior in Animals and Plants
The Cell—Structural Unit of Life
Development of the Chick Embryo (5 min.)
Hereditry and Environment
How Green Plants Make and Use Food
How Living Things Change
The Human Body (Series of 6 films)
Life in a Cubic Foot of Air
Life in a Drop of Water
Life in a Pond
Marine Animals and Their Foods (8 min.)
Microorganisms that Cause Disease
Reproduction in Animals
Reproduction in Plants (13 min.)
Simple Plants: Algae and Fungi (13 min.)
Simple Plants: Bacteria (13 min.)

Chemistry

Acids, Bases and Salts (21 min.)
Carbon and Its Compounds
The Colloidal State (16 min.)
The Halogens
Hydrogen (13 min.)
Introduction to Chemistry
Ionization (18 min.)
Laws of Conservation of Energy and Matter (8 min.)
The Laws of Gases
Metals and Non-Metals
Nitric Acid Compounds and the Nitrogen Cycle (18 min.)
Nitrogen and Ammonia (16 min.)
Oxygen
Solutions (16 min.)
Sulfur and Its Compounds
Using the Laboratory (Chemistry and Physics)

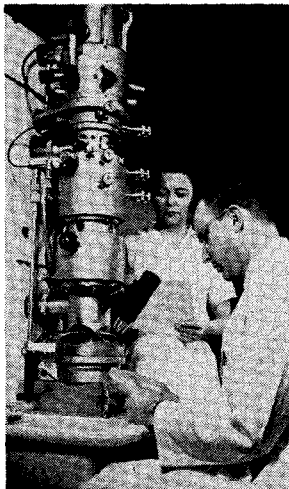
Chemistry Laboratory Series

Ammonia (18 min.)
Chromium and Manganese (37 min.)
Demonstrating the Gas Laws (21 min.)
Determination of Atomic Weight (18 min.)
Elements, Compounds, Mixtures (30 min.)
Hard Water (28 min.)
Heat of Solution (16 min.)
Indicators and pH (28 min.)
Ionic Equilibrium (16 min.)
Molecular Weight of Oxygen
Molecular Weight of Solutes (8 min.)
Nitrous Acid and Sodium Nitrite (18 min.)

Oxides of Nitrogen (16 min.)
Phosphorous (18 min.)
Physical and Chemical Change (28 min.)
Preparation and Properties of the Halogens (32 min.)
Preparation and Properties of Hydrogen (18 min.)
Preparation and Properties of Nitric Acid (21 min.)
Principles of Ionization (13 min.)
Properties of Acids, Bases and Salts (28 min.)
Properties of Solutions (28 min.)
Rate of Reaction (28 min.)
Standard Solutions and Titration (21 min.)
Sulfur and Hydrogen Sulfide (21 min.)
Sulfur Dioxide and Sulfurous Acid (24 min.)
Sulfuric Acid (16 min.)
Synthesis of a Compound (13 min.)

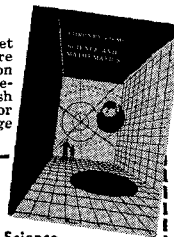
Physics

Air in Action
Atomic Research: Areas and Development (13 min.) B&W only
Force and Motion
Galileo (13 min.)
Introduction to Physics
Isaac Newton (13 min.)
Measurement of Electricity
Mechanics of Liquids
The Nature of Color (Second Edition) Color only
The Nature of Energy
The Nature of Light
The Nature of Sound
Ohm's Law (5 min.)
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Cuties and a Cliché



Bachelor Father's family: John, Julie, Page, Brooke.

John Forsythe, star of N.B.C.-TV's comedy series, *Bachelor Father*, says: "I was offered a number of series—working with girls, gangsters or horses. I chose girls, and I've never regretted it."

Forsythe is unconcerned about the parade of amorous cuties on *BF* distracting attention from him. "This series is loaded with scene-stealers—a young girl, a shaggy dog, a Chinese houseboy," he shrugs. These "extras" help dress up a basically cliché situation—the unmarried lawyer left with a child to raise—and help explain *BF*'s popularity. Renewed for its fifth season, the series has swelled co-owner Forsythe's one-third share to \$1,000,000.

"Analyze any successful TV series," claims sharp-witted, urbane Forsythe, 43, in defense of the

patness of the plots, "and you'll find clichés. The only complaints we've had were about my drinking on the show," Forsythe continues, "so now I limit myself to wine. And we have my niece visit a friend when I bring a beautiful girl home for dinner."

Mellow-voiced Forsythe, who studied at Actors Studio in New York with Marlon Brando, perfected his dulcet-tones as a radio announcer before moving on to Broadway (*Teahouse of the August Moon*) and movies (*The Trouble with Harry*). He wants to quit acting for producing-directing, and turned to TV as "a wonderful training ground." As *BF*'s co-producer, Forsythe balances budget sessions with the more pleasing work of choosing the beautiful starlets who appear as his romantic interests.

One of three children born to a Wall Street executive in Carney's Point, New Jersey, Forsythe now lives in the fashionable Bel Air section of Los Angeles with his second wife, ex-actress Julie Warren. Their daughters, Page, ten, and Brooke, seven, maintain a menagerie that includes a German shepherd, three parakeets and four goldfish. Forsythe also has a son, Dall, 18, by his first marriage.

Between *BF* chores, the brown-eyed, 6', 170-pound actor plans to produce and act in a movie about the Galíndez kidnaping, presumably surrounded by dark-eyed cuties and, perhaps, a thriller cliché or two.

—M.N.

Must a deodorant "smother" your pores to stop odor?

IF YOU'RE LIKE most careful people, you want a deodorant that stops odor effectively. However, you don't want one that stops up your pores! Yet no matter how new or how popular the deodorant you are now using—chances are it does *not* live up to these standards!

Research scientists have confirmed the fact that every leading deodorant today—*except one*—contains chemicals that stop odor by "stopping up" the pores. So these deodorants *do* "smother" your skin—*do* interfere with its normal action.

The one *exception*—the one deodorant that stops odor without "stopping up" pores—is new *sheer* Mum.[®] "Unlike other leading creams or sprays or ball-types, new sheer Mum keeps you safe all day—while it lets your skin 'breathe'—naturally letting out vapors and fluids," says Dr. Paul M. Borick, scientist in charge of microbiologi-

cal research at the Products Division of Bristol-Myers.

How can new sheer Mum give you this lasting protection without "smothering" your pores? It's easy to understand—when you know that there are no aluminum salts, no harsh chemicals of any kind in Mum! Instead, Mum works a different way entirely—with gentle hexachlorophene. New sheer Mum destroys the active *cause* of odor—protects you from morning to night while it lets your skin "breathe."

So, if you want more natural protection—do try new sheer Mum. Science tells you it's the one leading deodorant that stops odor all day without "smothering" your skin. And your own touch will tell you that new sheer Mum is softer, fluffier, too—a pleasure to use.



Another fine product
of Bristol-Myers

(Advertisement)

Mary, Mary makes merry entertainment, thanks to the witty dialogue supplied by playwright Jean (Please Don't Eat the Daisies) Kerr and the engaging performances of its cast. The comedy reunites the lovers of the 1951 hit *The Moon Is Blue*, Barbara Bel Geddes, 38, and Barry Nelson, 42.

"I wrote this part for Barbara," says Mrs. Kerr, who also has a new book, *The Snake Has All the Lines*, on the best-seller lists. "I had seen her in *The Moon Is Blue* and thought she was an adorable comedienne. Later, seeing her in serious plays, I wondered why no one wrote a comedy for her. Finally I decided to. I was reluctant to have Barry Nelson as her leading man, because I was afraid people might call it 'Son of Moon Is Blue.' But he's a fine actor and that was the most important thing."

Nelson, Rennie, Bel Geddes: parlor tennis, anyone?



Arriving on Broadway with a \$400,000 advance sale and already sold to the movies, *Mary, Mary* delighted audiences with its sophisticated humor. Besides Miss Bel Geddes and Nelson, the cast includes Michael Rennie as a suave movie star with a fading career; Betsy von Furstenberg as Nelson's rich fiancée with a health-food fetish; and John Cromwell as Nelson's sardonic lawyer.

The plot of *Mary, Mary* is straight out of the old Cary Grant-Irene Dunne movies—the ones about the almost-divorced couple who, before the decree is final, are thrown together, along with their new loves, only to discover they love each other most, after all.

Mary McKellaway, Miss Bel Geddes' character, is contrary because of insecurity. She grew up plain, next to a beautiful sister with whom she was always comparing herself. To compensate for her drab looks, she developed an unrelenting flippancy which douses the romantic ardor of her husband and the men attracted to her.

Mrs. Kerr's crisp, civilized humor—laced with sharp observations on the frailties and foibles of people—glosses over her predictable plot, and suggests that she may become America's Noel Coward.

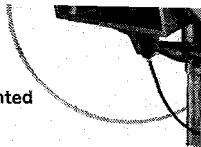
Barbara Bel Geddes blends an appealing femininity and warmth with a deft sense of comedy in her portrayal. Nelson's quiet underplaying is a study in professionalism, and Rennie is assured in an almost-made-to-order role. With the other two players also in top form, and the quips flying breezily, *Mary, Mary* often suggests a game of parlor tennis, with the final score, love-all. —M.N.

PIGGYBACKS GO TO MARKET

FASTER WITH THE

HELP OF WIDE-LITES

Patented



A big advantage of piggyback freight service is speed—and that means the piggyback trailers can't wait until daylight to be unloaded. So to turn night into day at its Dallas piggyback facility, the Texas and Pacific Railway has installed 35 Wide-Lites.

These lights, with their wide, uniform light pattern, give even lighting that speeds unloading work, and prevents shadows that are safety hazards.

Outdoor lighting installations like this are more economical with Wide-

Lites, too, because each mercury vapor Wide-Lite does the work of two or more incandescent floodlights. That reduces the number of poles, cross-arms and fixtures required! How about maintenance costs? The lamps used in Wide-Lites last 9 to 12 times longer than incandescent lamps!

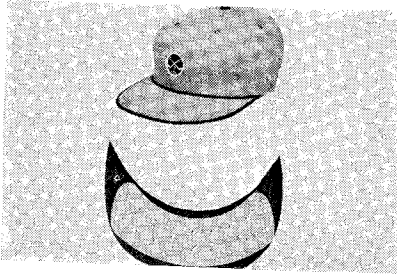
There's a Wide-Lite to give you better lighting—for a patio, or for a sprawling chemical plant. For all the facts, write to Wide-Lite, Dept. W111, P. O. Box 191, Houston 1, Texas.

WIDE-LITE

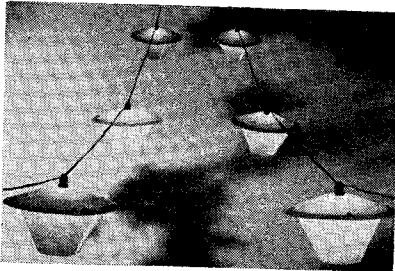
HIGH EFFICIENCY FLOODLIGHTS

**OUTDOOR AREA LIGHTS • VAPOR TITE MODELS • INDOOR LUMINAIRES
• MOBILE WORKING LIGHTS • SPORTS LIGHTS • PROTECTIVE LIGHTS**

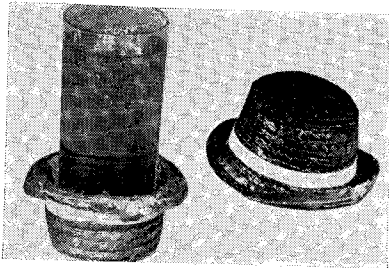
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Golfer's cap has score meter on front enabling golfer to dial score for each hole. Of high quality rayon linen with metal ventilators. White, gold, beige or navy. Small, medium and large sizes. \$4.95 pp. Fireside Distributors, Dept. C-6, 146 W. 29th St., New York 1, N. Y.



Set of 7 luau lanterns in assorted gay colors to lighten and brighten up the patio. Molded in heavy impact plastic on 25-foot one-piece wire. Complete with corrosion-resistant sockets and 7 cool-burning 15-watt bulbs. \$8.95 pp. Buyways, Dept. A, Box 469, Caldwell, N.J.



Tiny straw hats made like a man's summer topper are conversation-piece coasters. Cork-lined bottoms will keep beverage glasses from marring furniture. Set of 6 in assorted colors, \$1.25 pp. Greenland Studios, Dept. CO-6, 3735 N.W. 67th St., Miami 47, Florida.



Water boy will sprinkle up to 400 sq. ft. of lawn. Drive metal stake into ground, screw regular hose in back and turn water on. His arms rotate, spraying thoroughly. Of weather-resistant wood, he's 2 feet tall. \$6.98 pp. Spencer Gifts, 609 Spencer Bldg., Atlantic City, N. J.

Now Possible to Shrink and Heal Hemorrhoids Without Surgery



*Science Finds New Healing Substance That Stops
Itch, Relieves Pain In Minutes As It Shrinks Hemorrhoids*

By John E. Knight

A WORLD-FAMOUS institute has discovered a new substance which has the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids without surgery. The sufferer first notices almost unbelievable relief in minutes from itching, burning and pain. Then this substance speeds up healing of the injured tissues all while it reduces painful swelling.

In one hemorrhoid case after another, "very striking improvement" was reported and verified by a doctor's observations—even in cases of 10 to 20 years' standing.

Most amazing of all, this improvement was maintained in cases where a doctor's observations were continued over a period of many months. All without the use of

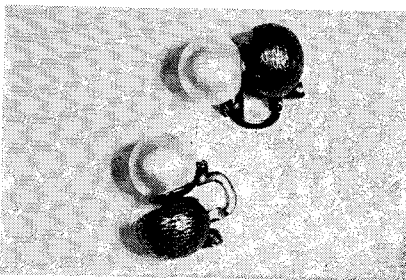
narcotics, anesthetics or astringents of any kind. The secret is the new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) — now offered in both ointment or suppository form called Preparation H®.

In addition to actually shrinking piles—Preparation H lubricates and makes bowel movements less painful. It helps prevent infection (a principal cause of hemorrhoids).

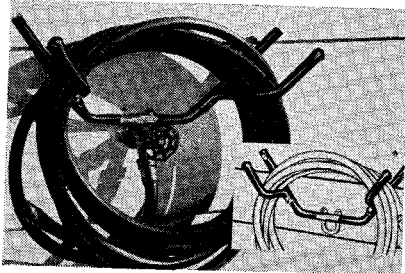
Only Preparation H contains this magic new substance which quickly helps heal injured cells back to normal and stimulates the regrowth of healthy tissue again. Preparation H Ointment or Preparation H Suppositories (easier to use if away from home) are available at any drug counter.

Advertisement

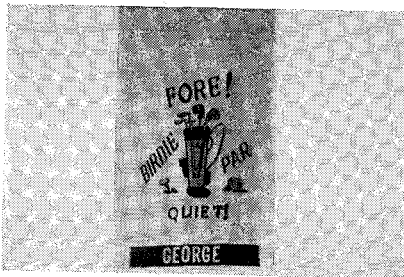
PRODUCTS ON PARADE



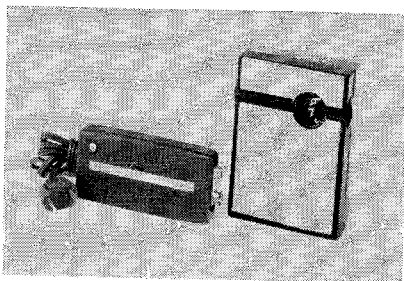
One pair of reversible earrings will actually provide a lady with 2 pairs. Clip-back style, one side is single pearl with tiny rhinestone—other side is Florentine-finish gold ball with rhinestone. \$5.70 pr. pp. French Boot Shop, C, 541 Main St., New Rochelle, N. Y.



Hose rack fastens to faucet for neatly rolling up hose after use. Bolts securely to garden faucet; holds up to 100 feet of hose. Of steel tubing in green enamel finish. With bolts, \$2.39 ea.; 2 for \$4.00 pp. Walter Drake, CO-47, Drake Bldg., Colorado Springs, Col.



Bound to please a golfing man is this towel personalized with his name. Multicolor golf design on white terry cloth. Towel measures 15" x 25". Comes equipped with metal hanging chain at the top. Any name available. \$2.20 pp. Tower Press, Dept. CR-153, Lynn, Mass.



Battery Eliminator and Charger for transistor radios allows you to play radio on house current without battery. Also recharges battery. Use only on sets operating on 006P—9 volt battery. \$4.00 pp. P. A. Brown, Dept. COR-1, 54 Ruxton Rd., Great Neck, New York.



A Guide to Air Conditioning from Du Pont

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Ever since the first cave man forsook the open sky for his own version of low-cost housing, man has sought escape from the whims of weather. Through the centuries he has steadily improved upon this initial step — from crude caves to the modern homes of today, from primitive open fires to efficient central heating systems. For many of us, however, the escape is not yet complete. While we can turn up our own source of heat to combat winter's cold, we still can't turn down nature's excessive heat in the summer — or can we?

The answer is that we now *can* do exactly that — with an addition to our indoor climate control system that turns it into a year-'round source of complete *comfort conditioning*. That addition is central air conditioning . . . made possible 31 years ago when Du Pont scientists developed "Freon," the first safe

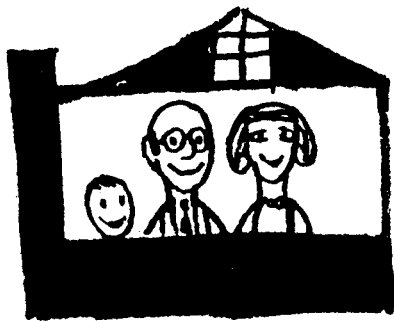
refrigerant, and made it available to equipment manufacturers.

At present more than a million American home owners are enjoying the benefits of central air conditioning. If you do not belong to this group, if you feel that central air conditioning is unnecessary or too expensive, we suggest that you read this report. It may answer some of the questions you have about air conditioning. It may even change your mind.



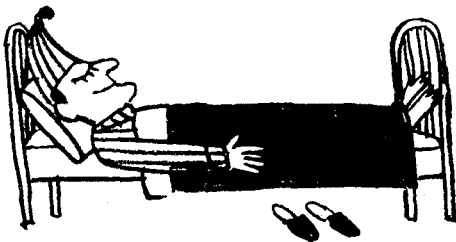
WHY COMFORT CONDITIONING?

Comfort conditioning is the whole . . . *air conditioning* is the part. Addition of air conditioning to your heating system completes the cycle of indoor comfort—by providing you with warmth in winter and cooling in summer, by controlling humidity at all times and by filtering out a remarkably high percentage of dust, dirt, bacteria and odors.



Cooling -key to summer comfort

Air conditioning is known best, of course, for cooling. And by itself this benefit is enough to convince many people of air conditioning's value — for



the average person is most comfortable at temperatures between 70° and 78°F.

Families that have air conditioning, however, find that the comfort of summer cooling leads to many other benefits as well. The entire family eats better, sleeps better and is less irritable in hot weather. Hot meals can be cooked in summertime without turning the kitchen into a Turkish bath. Families have discovered that air conditioning helps keep them together, too, since cool comfort at home eliminates the need to search for relief elsewhere. And many of them now prefer the stay-at-home comfort of air conditioning to hectic, weekend traffic.

Humidity -summertime Public Enemy No. Two

By controlling humidity, air conditioning provides us with welcome relief from summertime's second greatest



source of discomfort — since high humidity not only causes discomfort by itself, but also reduces the body's built-in ability to cope with heat. Humidity control also eliminates mildew, floor bumps and the sticking doors and drawers that plague us in humid weather.

Holiday for housewives

A recent development in air conditioning has turned it into one of the cheapest and most efficient forms of domestic help the housewife has ever had. The



development of filters that are so efficient they lock out a high percentage of her greatest household enemy — dirt.

A recent engineering study found that 400 lbs. of dirt, lint and grease settle in the average home each year — much of it coming from the outside. Another study showed that dirt and soot can cost the owner of a five-room city home \$400 to \$500 a year in bills for redecorating and cleaning, repairing and replacing

soiled furnishings. Filtering air effectively can reduce this cost to about \$110 a year — a saving that in a few years can more than pay for any type of air conditioning system.

Little wonder, then, that housewives love air conditioning. It creates a climate in which they can work more quickly and efficiently, with less effort. And, since air conditioning keeps the dirt out, there's less work to do.



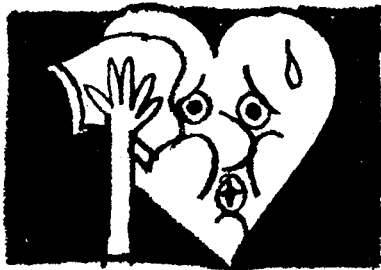
AID TO BETTER HEALTH

No one questions the importance to good health of proper eating habits and adequate sleep. No less important is the nature of the air we breathe. Here, then, is another important benefit of air conditioning. If you live in an industrial city, there are as many as 30,000,000 particles of impurities in every cubic foot of so-called fresh air. One expert estimates that we inhale 40,000 to 70,000 particles of dirt and soot alone in every breath — none of which do us any good. Air conditioning bars the door to a high percentage of these impurities.

Allergy sufferers

also get welcome relief with air conditioning. Medical tests have proven that air conditioning can reduce the pollen count in a given room to just 2% of what it is outside. On this point alone, air conditioning is well worth the escape it provides from once unavoidable bouts of sneezing, red-rimmed eyes and difficult breathing.





For heart ailments

air conditioning can become a vital, life prolonging factor. When temperatures pass 85° and humidity is also high, the heart must work extra hard to keep body temperature down. Medical authorities report that high heat and humidity place as much of a strain on the heart as strenuous exercise. As a result, many doctors actually recommend air conditioning for those with heart ailments.

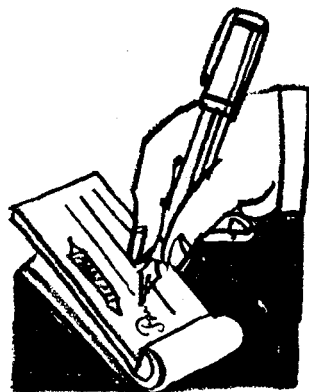
HOW MUCH DOES AIR CONDITIONING COST?



Costs may be less than you think

Air conditioning is actually one of the better bargains available to homeowners these days – for prices are now

just a third of what they were in 1947, thanks to the technological improvements made by equipment manufacturers. Air conditioning costs the least, of course, when you install it as part of a complete comfort conditioning system in a new home. But don't dismiss central air conditioning if your house was built without it. New types of equipment and modern methods of installation have resulted in a variety of systems that can be adapted to all types of homes with all types of heating systems.



Rule of thumb

Air conditioning costs depend on many factors. Even for two homes of the same size and style costs may be quite different. For a rough estimate of what it will cost you to install a central air conditioning system, however, figure 50c to 70c per square foot of living area in new homes and 60c to \$1.00 in existing homes. This means that, for a typical new home of 1,200 square feet, air conditioning would cost from \$600 to \$840. For an existing home of the same size, costs would run from \$720 to \$1,000. In larger homes, of course, costs probably would be higher.



Financing

In a new home the cost of air conditioning usually can be included in your mortgage — adding as little as \$5 to \$8 to your monthly payments. For existing homes you can finance the installation of an air conditioning system by three-year home improvement loans, by conventional bank loans, or by time payment arrangements with your dealer. If you have an open-end mortgage, costs probably can be added to it. Even if you do not, you'll find many lenders will rewrite your mortgage to include the additional amount.

You can take it with you

AUTOMOTIVE AIR CONDITIONING IS HERE

If air conditioning is beneficial in the home, it may be even more so in automobiles—for in few places can the effect of summer climate be more serious. Relief from heat and humidity in autos is more than a matter of comfort . . . it is a matter of safety.

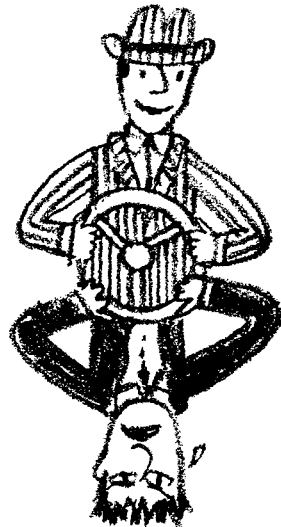
No people on earth spend more time in automobiles than Americans. And no nation's highways are busier. For a great many of these motorists, air condition-

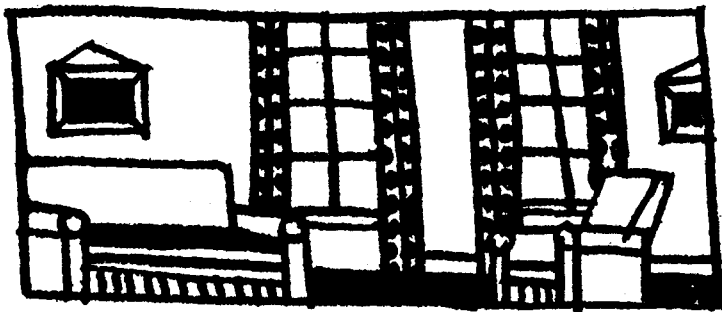
ing offers benefits that far outweigh many of the latest mechanical additions made to our autos.

Air conditioning lets you ride all day without the energy-sapping heat that slows down reactions and increases short-tempered rashness. It gets you where you're going feeling fresh and rested — helps keep the kids quiet in the back seat, too.

If you use your car for business, air conditioning is even more important. It lightens your day's travel, keeps you alert on the road, more efficient and neater in appearance.

Every major auto manufacturer now offers factory-installed air conditioners in all his models — at a cost about \$300 to \$500. In addition, a number of reputable manufacturers are now selling add-on air conditioning units that can be installed quickly and easily at similar prices. If you do any summer driving at all, it may be worth your while to check with a nearby dealer about automotive air conditioning.





Single-room air conditioning

For those who need or desire air conditioning in a limited number of rooms only, single-room units provide an ideal answer. For a given room, these units can bring you all the benefits possible with central air conditioning. You'll also find them to be highly efficient,

easy to install, attractive in appearance and relatively low in cost. Chances are good that you can have one installed in any room in your home. Give a nearby dealer the approximate dimensions of each room. He'll suggest the size unit you need and tell you the cost.

Du Pont home comfort survey form

Here's a quick way for you to determine approximately what central air conditioning will cost you. Fill in the information below. Then, look up a dealer or contractor in the Yellow Pages of your phone book under "Air Conditioning." Give him the information either by phone or in person. He'll be happy to give you a rough estimate. Or, if you like, he'll even come and do the measuring for you . . . with no strings attached.

STYLE OF HOME:

☐ two-story ☐ ranch ☐ split-level ☐ duplex ☐ row

TYPE OF CONSTRUCTION:

☐ brick or stone ☐ wood frame ☐ stucco ☐ brick veneer ☐ concrete block

KIND OF HEAT:

☐ forced warm air ☐ hot water ☐ steam

AGE OF HOME:

☐ 0-5 ☐ 6-10 ☐ 11-15 ☐ 16-20 ☐ over 20 years

INSULATION IN:

☐ walls ☐ ceiling or attic ☐ both

Total square feet of living area to be air conditioned

Who makes air conditioning equipment?

Here are the names of some of the leading manufacturers of single-room, central residential and automotive air conditioning units. For information on their products, and a listing of their local dealers, look them up under "Air Conditioning" in the Yellow Pages.

Manufacturers of central air conditioning units

Acme Industries
Addison Products Company
Airtemp Div., Chrysler Corp.
Alton Manufacturing Company
Amana Refrigeration, Inc.
American Air Filter Company
American Comfort Manufacturing Company
American Furnace Company
American Radiator & Standard Sanitary Corp.
Armstrong Furnace Company
Blissfield Manufacturing Co.
Bryant Manufacturing Co.
Carrier Air Conditioning Co.
Century Engineering Corp.
Coleman Company
Columbia Specialty Co.
Cordele Industries, Inc.
Crane Company
Curtis Manufacturing Co.
Day and Night Manufacturing Co.
Delco Appliance Div., General Motors Corp.
Fedders Corporation
Forston Company
Fraser & Johnston Company
Ed Friedrich, Inc.
General Electric Company
Global Air Conditioning Corp.
Green Colonial, Inc.
International Heater Company
Janitrol Div., Midland-Ross Corp.
Lennox Industries, Inc.
Mathes Company
McGraw-Edison Company, Inc.
McMillan Heat Pumps, Inc.
Mueller Climatrol Div., Worthington Corp.
C. A. Olsen Manufacturing Co.

The Payne Company
Peerless Corporation
Perfection Div., Hupp Corp.
Rheem Manufacturing Company
Siegler Corp., Holly-General Manufacturing Company Div.
Southwest Manufacturing Co.
Stewart-Warner Corporation
Trane Company
Typhoon Div., Hupp Corp.
Utility Appliance Corporation
Welbilt Corporation
Westinghouse Electric Corp.
Whirlpool Corporation
The Williamson Company
Wright-Temp Manufacturing Co., Inc.
York Corp., Div. of Borg-Warner Corp.

King Refrigerator Corporation
Mathes Company
Northwest Foundry and Furnace Co.
Philco Corp., Rex Manufacturing Div.
Remington Corporation
Welbilt Corporation
Westinghouse Electric Corp.
Whirlpool Corporation
York Corp., Div. of Borg-Warner Corp.

Manufacturers of auto air conditioners

American Motors Corp.
Chrysler Corporation
Ford Motor Company
General Motors Corporation
A.R.A. Manufacturing Company
Capitol Refrigeration, Inc.
Cartrol Corporation
Clardy Auto Air Conditioning Company
Climatic Air Sales, Inc.
Divco-Wayne Corporation
Eaton Manufacturing Company
Forston Company
Frigikar Corporation
Frigiquip Corporation
Kauffman Air Conditioning Company
Kool Engineering Corporation
Lindustries, Inc.
McCord Corporation
John E. Mitchell Company, Inc.
Mobileaire Manufacturing Company
Parkomat Manufacturing Company, Inc.
Vornado Air Conditioner Corp.

Manufacturers of room air conditioners

Acme Industries
Addison Products Company
Admiral Corporation
Airtemp Div., Chrysler Corp.
Amana Refrigeration, Inc.
Carrier Air Conditioning Company
Climate Master Products
Coolerator Div., McGraw-Edison Co.
Emerson Radio & Phonograph
Fedders Corporation
Ed Friedrich, Inc.
Frigidaire Div., General Motors Corp.
General Electric Company
Gibson Div., Hupp Corp.
Heat Exchangers, Inc.
Hotpoint, Inc.
Kelvinator Div., American Motors Corp.

Final Note: Du Pont does not make air conditioning equipment or systems. It manufactures only the "Freon" refrigerants used in them. We have prepared this report as a means for you to learn more about the benefits of modern climate control and its relation to your needs and pocketbook. We hope it may start you on the way to a more comfortable and healthful life.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...THROUGH CHEMISTRY



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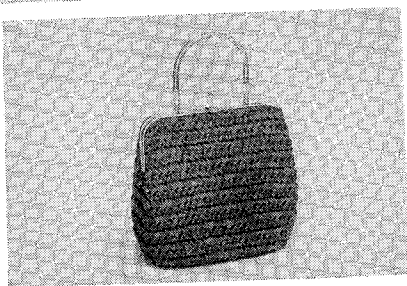
PRODUCTS ON PARADE



Spek-grips stop eyeglass slip and slide and also protect against skin irritation. Foam-soft cushions adhere to glasses in seconds. Supply of 12 nose cushions and 12 ear tabs in plastic case, \$1.50 pp. Modalities Inc., Dept. B, 3092 Steinway St., Long Island City 3, New York.



New electric shaver by Ronson features removable cutting system which user can replace himself when necessary with multiblade cutter and screen contained in accessory kit. Shaver, \$23.50; accessory kit, \$3.00 pp. Kestin & Co., C-6, 4 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N.Y.



Hand-crocheted straw bag from Italy is lined in beige suede and comes in an array of colors. In red, orange, pink, light green, white, bone or black. Has gold-plated metal frame and handle. By Jana. \$14.70 pp. Bergdorf Goodman, 58th St., and 5th Ave., New York 22, N.Y.



Sterling silver cuff links and tie tacs with the symbol of the wearer's profession. Doctor, lawyer, dentist, engineer, pharmacist, teacher, accountant, barber, etc. Cuff links, \$8.50 pr.; tie tac, \$3.95 pp. Professional Gifts, Dept. 16C, 160 5th Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

For additional mail order products see the enlarged Coronet Family Shopper beginning on page 188

29

merry mixups

SOUTH AMERICA IS COVERED with a network of small airline companies, some of which don't always use the best equipment. In one capital city, an American businessman bound for a small out-of-the-way spot in the interior was getting settled in his seat on the plane when the pilot came out of the cockpit to announce that he would not fly the ship unless one of the engines was changed. The passengers all disembarked, but several minutes later they were told to board the plane again.

"I thought we were going to get another plane," said the American.

"No," said the airline manager.

"Then did they change the engine?" persisted the American.

"Oh, no," came the reply. "We changed the pilot." —*Wall Street Journal*

WHEN MY FIRST child was born, my young sister was just nine years old. When informed that she was now the "aunt" of a brand-new niece, she replied, "Wow! An aunt at nine—I'll probably be a grandmother by the time I'm eleven!"

—MRS. JAMES A. LAWRENCE

THE HUSBAND HAD TAKEN his wife on her first hunting trip. After several unsuccessful shots, she was ready to quit for the day but decided to give it one more try. With the next shot she gave a happy shout. "George," she called, "I've finally hit something. Just *listen* to that language!"

—STEPHEN WOODSON

IT WAS LADIES' DAY at the businessmen's club and one unfortunate member found himself seated next to a very talkative woman.

"I'm going to look to you for a lot of stimulating conversation," she gushed, "because you businessmen have so much to talk about. By the way, what is your business? I'm sure you must be full of your subject."

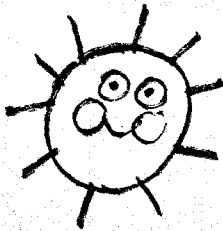
Came the reply, "I'm a prune packer."

GOING TO HIS LAWYER to collect the fire insurance on his store, the merchant was surprised to see how much the attorney was keeping in fees.

"The case has been in litigation a long time," the attorney explained. "I've earned it."

"For Pete's sake," muttered the client, "you'd think *you* started the fire."

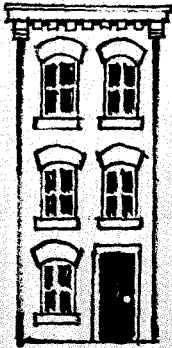
—FRANCES BENSON



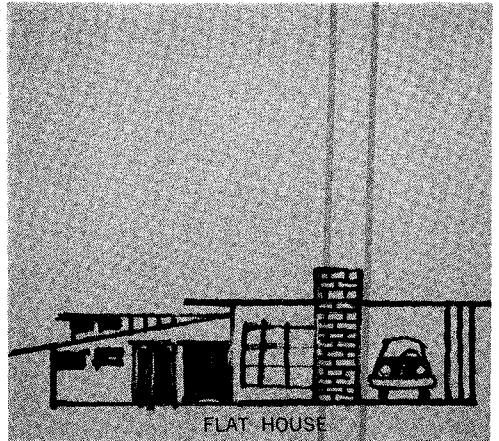
SMALL HOUSE



FAT HOUSE



TALL HOUSE



FLAT HOUSE

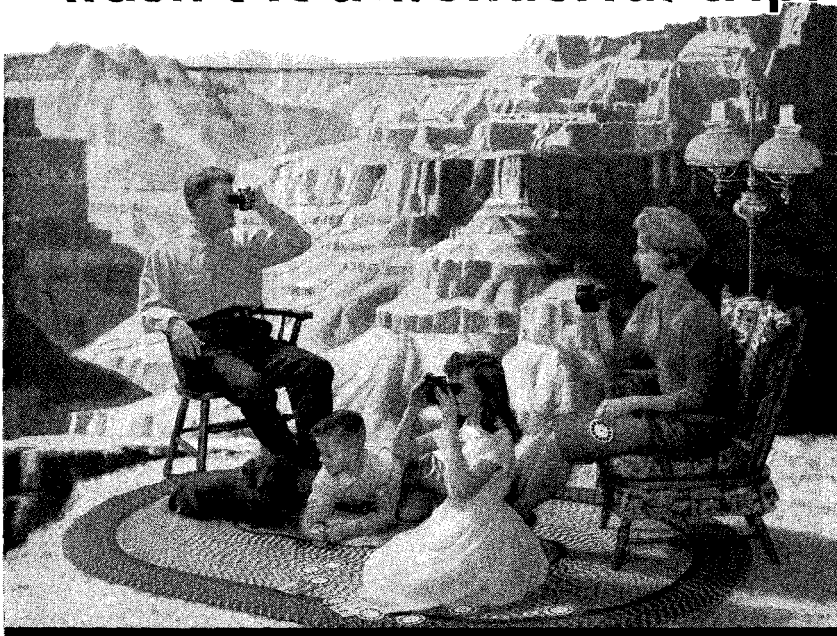
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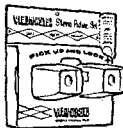
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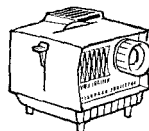
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CORONET

"The more the merrier" is a charming philosophy, says this mother of seven—but there are times when things go **too** far!

"Some of My best
friends Are Kids"

BY ADELINE DALEY

PLEASE! WILL EVERYBODY STOP WRITING and talking about "trapped housewives"! Will they stop encouraging them to go out every afternoon to see a marriage counselor and then take up painting, lecturing, politicking and glass-blowing—after they've had lunch out and dropped their kids at my house! And will those would-be delineators of Suburbia who write lustily for best sellers and the movies about sex behind the barbecue pits, please write about other problems. Something *must* be going on in the cities and farms, not just in Suburbia. Certainly, we have had enough of the type of movie in which Tony Curtis in the ranch-style falls in love with Kim Novak in the two-story English colonial—

JUNE, 1961

33

it's a sort of a *Better Homes & Gardens* approach to *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. In the last reel Kim returns to her two-story house and husband who isn't so bad after all, if he'd just stay home nights.

I used to wonder, who's taking care of all the kids? Be it glass-blowing or hand-holding.

But now I know. I am.

As the mother of seven, who is too busy to feel "trapped," I have discovered that a large family is an attraction as tempting as a candy store advertising, "Free Goodies Today." I'm willing to wager in the case of "the old woman who lived in a shoe" that half of "her" kids belonged to the neighbors.

"Go play over at the shoehouse," I'm sure the mothers would chant. "One more isn't going to make any difference to *her*. She *LOVES* kids!"

The mother of a large family is looked upon as a Statue of Liberty, inscribed, "Give us your tired, hungry little ones so you can be free, free, FREE." That isn't a torch she's holding outstretched in her right hand, it's a giant peanut butter sandwich.

As the mother of a large family I know there's no chance of anybody writing a book about me entitled, "Split-Level Lovers" or "I Was A Sweetheart For the F.H.A." Just suppose that I were to discover that "Clive" and I were meant for each other. I would say:

"Clive, I love you but I cannot meet you on Fridays. Kathy is a cheerleader at Green Hills High and they're playing Meadow Oaks High this week. Clive, *THIS* Tuesday I have to bake cupcakes for the

P.T.A. Clive, you *DO* mean a lot to me, but I'm a room mother. Wednesday, darling? I'm pretty certain there's a mothers' meeting for Pat's Brownie Troop. We're collecting cottage-cheese cartons, decorating them and giving them as gifts to be used to store cottage cheese.

"Sweetheart, I hate to say this but Thursday I shop . . . unless you want me to push you around in the grocery cart. The basket gets a little crowded what with Diane, Sharon and Jan having priority. Monday is bowling night. And this week end is shot, too. We're mulching the rose bushes. Maybe next week, Clive. . ."

The old-woman-in-a-shoe had it easier than her present-day suburban counterpart. For one thing, she didn't own a station wagon and have to play Pied Piper to boot.

Were I to threaten that I was embarking on an expedition to the South Pole by dog team, it would be futile. The mothers on the block would merely outfit their children in snowshoes and parkas and place them on the sled before I could cry, "Onward, mush!"

It's not that I don't like kids. Some of my best friends are kids. But I do like to bathe in private. Maybe some mothers can remain unruffled in the tub when their three-year-old introduces them to the new little boy up the street. I can't. The best I can offer is a quick "hello" from behind an always too skimpy washcloth and suggest they draw murals on the living room wall with lipstick or throw bottle caps down the garbage disposal. You teach your children to be friendly

"The more
children,
the more fights.
Ours don't
fight all the
time. Sometimes
they sleep."



and hospitable, but how do you teach them not to invite a vacuum-cleaner salesman to become a part of the family?

It is obvious children of large families are just naturally gregarious and love to be surrounded by people. It is a pity they do not like to be surrounded by *each other*. They never run out of complaints and suggestions of how the problem could be solved. For example:

"I could have my own room, if you would send HER away to an orphanage."

"But if I take HIM with me to the playground, all my friends will know he's my brother."

"I never have anybody to play with" is probably the No. 1 wail, despite the fact that at breakfast your kitchen resembles a mob scene.

Among the many images the large family projects, one of the more embarrassing is as a branch of the Goodwill Industries.

"If you tuck this sleeve in here a bit and take some of the material from the hem to patch up this hole, one of your girls could get a lot of wear out of this coat," I am advised.

"Good grief!" I say to myself. "If I could do all that I'd be working for Hattie Carnegie." But you smile and accept the hand-me-downs, and your kids now resemble Washing-

ton's troops in the winter at Valley Forge. Also, what girl of today wears beach pajamas, any more than our son wants to wear spats and double-breasted suits, particularly when he is only seven years old?

And baby sitters! Just try to beg, borrow or hire one when you have seven children! The "more the merrier" slogan goes over with a big, dull thud.

Grandmothers compete with each other for the "privilege" of caring for the first arrival. When the second baby arrives, the competition cools off. With No. 3 you take out a bank loan and hire a baby sitter. Between Nos. 3 and 6 you don't go out at all, sticking to your knitting, tatting, embroidering and crossword puzzles as your forms of amusement. By the time 7 arrives where are your own daughters—the "built-in" baby sitters you've trained on baby No. 6? Out getting paid for taking care of someone else's kids, of course.

People also send over pets they no longer want. "Look what Mrs. Brown LET me keep!" one of your youngsters exclaims as she brings home an ugly, beady-eyed duck. Memo: be sure to send Mrs. Brown a thank-you note and perhaps, in repayment, a snake.

We also have received, free of charge, a parakeet named "Enrico Caruso," who won't sing and a parrot named Abe Lincoln who is supposed to recite the Gettysburg Address, but has yet to utter a sound.

Other pets you can have are a cocker spaniel, not housebroken at the age of ten (living room rug goes with deal), also an adorable little

kitten—up until two months ago—who could now double for the M-G-M lion.

Naturally, our household full of pets and kids DOES have a "lived-in" look—it looks as if it has been lived in by a couple of American Legion conventions. That's why we have trained our kids to react as alertly as Apache Indian scouts keeping an eye out for palefaces. Once callers are spied, word must get to me before they ring our doorbell. In fact, our three-year-old daughter is so impressed with her duty that she stations herself at the window and calls, "Omigod, here comes the mailman!"

When a visitor is positively identified, delaying tactics are employed. Point to the wrong house, we tell our kids. Anything, but give me time to pick up the cereal boxes and cereal bowls and cereal from the living room floor.

Fights are another thing. I assume their frequency is directly proportional to the number of children in the household. I find myself always in the middle.

Take yesterday. Our eight-year-old Patrice, who gets her script right out of "Queen For A Day," tearfully proclaimed that Elaine, her older sister, had submitted a box top in a contest in which the winner would win a trip to Hawaii for two. Elaine, it appeared, had decided to take along a girl friend instead of Patrice, should she win.

"Why won't you take Patrice?" I asked hopefully, to put an end to the argument.

"I'm tired always having to drag

her along, that's why." (In our home, no one ever "accompanies" another, they always "drag" their sister or brother.) "Besides, she can't swim. What would she do if she fell off of a surfboard?"

"Well," I say, "that's not a good reason. Either take Patrice to Hawaii or you don't go."

"What trip?" it suddenly dawns

on me. About this time the doorbell will ring.

"Would you mind if I left Jeffrey here to play a couple of hours? I suppose one more around here doesn't make any difference!"

"Vive la difference!" I mutter. But I smile cheerfully and what I say out loud sounds more like, "Oh, no, the more the merrier!" 

MEASURE OF LOVE

AT A WEDDING RECEPTION in a Connecticut village, one of the guests was introduced to the bride's grandparents.

"Where did you spend *your* honeymoon?" he asked.

With a courtly glance at his wife, the old gentleman replied, "Oh, we had a week in New York City and the next 45 years right here in Litchfield."

—MARK METCALF

IT WAS LATE AFTERNOON when we arrived at our destination. We were going to spend the night with a family we had not seen for a year.

Everyone came running when we stopped the car. There was a flurry of hugging and kissing. Suddenly, I heard my wife say to the youngest girl: "For goodness sake, Susan, why are you wiping our kisses off?"

The little girl looked shyly at the ground. "I wasn't wiping them off," she said. "I was rubbing them in."

—The Christian

THE PARENTS of a young man killed in the war gave their church a check for \$200 as a memorial to their loved one. When the presentation was made, another war mother whispered to her husband, "Let's give the same for our boy."

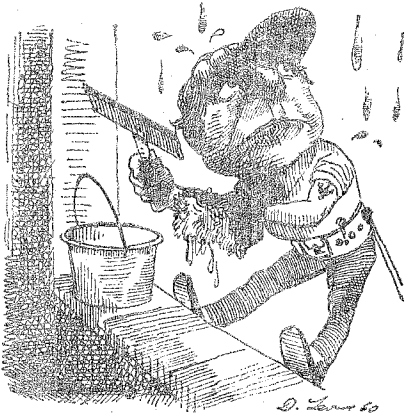
"What are you talking about?" asked the father. "Our boy didn't lose his life."

"That's just the point," replied the mother. "Let's give it because he was spared."

—SYLVIA BROOKS

SYMPATHY is two hearts tugging at one load.

—Sunshine Magazine



human comedy

A YOUNG COUPLE who had recently purchased a parakeet were trying to teach it some tricks. Swinging a piece of string back and forth in front of it they kept encouraging the bird to jump over it.

The parakeet did not appear interested, and the longer they begged, the more it stared at them with its head cocked.

Discouraged, they returned it to its cage. A moment later they were startled to hear issuing from the cage the clear command, "*Jump, damn you, jump!*"

—ELSA LEAR

AN OLDSTER who doesn't follow the news too closely was horrified to learn that her grandson was hoping one day to be an astronaut.

"There have never," she explained indignantly, "been any circus folks in our family."

—EVELYN MULKERN

THE YOUNG MAN confided to his best girl that he was keeping an accurate record of all the good times they had had together.

"That's nice," she said to him. "Does that mean you are keeping a diary?"

"Well," he answered her, "not exactly a diary; it's the stubs in my checkbook."

—ALBERT STROOK

DURING LAST SPRING'S violent snow storms in the South, one Red Cross rescue team was carried by helicopter to within a mile of a mountain cabin all but covered by deep snow drifts.

The rescuers struggled on foot through the deep drifts and finally arrived at the cabin, where they shoveled away enough snow to clear the door. They knocked, and when their summons was answered by a mountaineer, one of the rescuers stepped up and said, "We're from the Red Cross."

"Well," said the mountaineer, scratching his head, "it's been a right tough winter and I don't see how we can give anything this year."

—MRS. ALMA MINZER

I WAS TRYING to finish some housework before going swimming and I asked my youngsters please to cooperate with me in the cleaning up.

"I don't even know what cooperate means!" mourned the youngest.

"I do," replied his five-year-old brother. "Cooperate means everybody do *Mommie's* work!"

—MRS. VICTOR B. CARTER

AN ESKIMO won a trip to New York City as a prize for catching the most seal in a season. When he returned home he brought with him a length of pipe which he proceeded to set up in the center of his igloo, protruding through the roof.

His wife asked what it was for and he replied: "That's a trick I learned in New York. When you want more heat you bang on this pipe."

—MRS. FRANKLIN R. KUHN

LAST VALENTINE'S DAY, a busy mother in Chattanooga, Tennessee, asked her nine-year-old daughter to leave the milkman a note requesting two quarts of milk and a container of orange juice.

Fortunately, Mama spotted the note in the milk bottle before the milkman did. Decorated with an arrow-pierced heart, the note read: "2 quarts milk. One orange. I love you."

—M. VIOLA STEVENSON

AN ATOMIC SCIENTIST caused a commotion on a train recently. While riding to his Connecticut home, he discovered his briefcase was missing. When the conductor, porter and others on the train realized the danger involved if enemy agents should find the briefcase, they made a thorough search.

After searching for an hour, the briefcase was found in the washroom by the porter.

"I can't thank you enough," said the grateful scientist, as he opened the case, took out a sandwich, then added, "I was starved."

—BOB BROWN (Wall Street Journal)

IT WAS IN a big department store in a West Coast city that two salesgirls were idly watching a window-trimmer decorate a window that was to display women's dresses. The young man doing the job was good-looking and the girls looked on with admiration.

"I'd like to meet him," one girl told the other.

"It's no use," was the reply, "he's married."

"How do you know?"

"I just figured it out," was the reply. "I've been watching him set up those girl dummies for quite a long time now, and just recently I noticed that he's posing them all with their palms up."

—Wall Street Journal

THE BRITISHER, who was having tea on his lawn, calmly watched the space ship as it came to earth a few yards away.

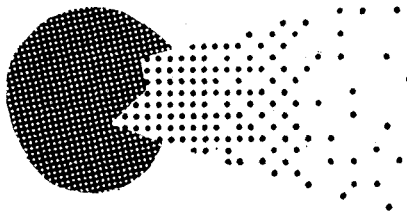
He watched intently as a weird-looking creature stepped from the craft and slowly approached him. The thing had two heads, with one eye in the center of each head. It had only one arm that protruded from the middle of its chest, and instead of legs, it walked on a pair of short flippers.

"Earthman," the apparition squeaked, "I want to see your leader."

The Englishman stirred his tea, and gazed with cool distaste at his strange visitor.

"Nonsense, old man," he said, "what you want to see is a plastic surgeon."

—JOSEPH W. HARRIS



A remarkable "one-shot"
treatment promises
to save agony, money
and time for 8,000,000
suffering Americans

THE MOST MISERABLE human beings in the world today have watery eyes, running noses and tickling throats. Sniffling, sneezing and itching, they are unable to work, read or sleep peacefully. They are the estimated 8,000,000 Americans—one in every 23—who suffer from

hay fever. Too often laughed off as the clown of human ills, hay fever costs the national economy roughly 16,000,000 days of labor annually—the equivalent of over 40,000 people failing to work for a full year. Worse yet, one out of every three hay-fever victims develops asthma, a more serious disease that kills about 10,000 Americans a year.

Until recently, there were only three ways open for a hay-fever sufferer: grin and bear it, or visit a physician for pills which would merely relieve the symptoms, or for a *series* of immunizing injections. Unfortunately, these shots can be time-consuming and expensive. The average person usually requires from 14 to 40 injections annually and a few need as many as 70.

In the near future, however, multiple hay-fever injections may be a thing of the past. A revolutionary, one-injection treatment now promises immunity for a full season—and occasionally for two or three. Dr. Charles D. Marple, former director of the Allergy Foundation of America, calls it the most promising antihay-fever development of the last 50 years!

This immunizing technique, called the "repository treatment," was conceived and developed by Dr. Mary H. Loveless, associate professor of clinical medicine at the Cornell University Medical College and a practicing physician on the staff of the New York Hospital. In recent years Dr. Loveless, together with Boston's Dr. Ethan Allan Brown and other physicians, has found it at least as safe and as ef-

fective as the traditional multiple-shot technique.

Last summer, at the request of the American Academy of Allergy, physicians in various regions of the U.S. tested the repository treatment on 1,777 patients suffering from hay fever caused by ragweed pollen. In addition, nearly half of the patients suffered from seasonal asthma. According to the Academy's Committee on Specific Therapy, 74 percent of the patients suffering from hay fever and 77 percent of those suffering from seasonal asthma obtained moderate to complete relief from the one-shot method.

The Academy termed these results "probably comparable to those that would have been obtained from the regular method of treatment." Although it cautioned that the new method was neither foolproof nor suitable for all patients, the Academy made plain that it warranted additional investigation. Further tests will be conducted this summer.

Until now, only a few hundred physicians have used the single-injection method; the average doctor is not yet trained to make and administer the special extract. But at least one major pharmaceutical firm is already experimenting with an extract it hopes can be mass-produced. Should these tests prove successful, the single-injection method could be in widespread use before too long.

To understand how the new repository treatment works, it's first necessary to understand what hay fever is and how it has been treated in the past.

Hay fever is an allergy, principally to pollen—tiny, powdery grains produced by plants, trees and grasses and blown throughout the air in great abundance. Most other cases of hay fever are caused by airborne spores from molds that grow on grain, soil and leaves, or by insect dust and house dust.

In most sections of the country, the hay-fever season starts in the spring and ends in the fall. There is no one peak season; it varies, depending on where you live.

In the East and Midwest, the hay-fever season generally reaches its height between mid-August and mid-September, when large amounts of ragweed pollen are in the air. On the West Coast, hay fever is usually at its worst during July, when pollen from sagebrush, trees and grasses abound.

After a susceptible person has been exposed to pollen or other allergy-causing substances—doctors call them "allergens"—his body produces allergic antibodies. The next time he comes into contact with that allergen, it collides with his allergic antibodies. Result: his eyes redden and itch; his nose stuffs up and gives off a watery discharge; he sneezes; his throat burns and itches; and occasionally, his hearing is temporarily impaired.

For 50 years, physicians have tried to prevent such attacks with injections. First, however, they must determine which allergen causes the hay fever. Usually a doctor gives the patient a "skin test," administering a small dose of extract from the suspected allergen. If that particular

substance is the culprit, a reaction resembling a mosquito bite will quickly appear.

The physician then injects the extract into the patient's body, where it gradually spurs the production of "blocking antibodies." These "blocking antibodies" are much stronger than those the body has previously developed. When the patient next comes in contact with the substance he is sensitive to, the "blocking antibodies" act as a buffer between it and the allergic antibodies. Thus the patient achieves temporary immunity.

However, a hay-fever victim can tolerate only so much extract at a time. That's why yearly shots have been necessary to maintain the immunity. The repository method reduces this immunizing process to a single injection by enabling a physician to use five, ten, even 100, times more extract than he has been able to inject safely in the past. He can do so because the extract doesn't invade the body all at once. It's released a little at a time—ideally, over a period of two months.

Ordinarily, the extract comes in a saline solution. But in producing the extract used for the repository treatment, mineral oil is added. Thus the liquid extract is emulsified—suspended in the mineral oil—a chemical phenomenon that keeps the extract from entering other parts of the body too rapidly.

The first steps in the repository treatment match those in the multiple-shot method. If the victim can remember where and when he contracted hay fever, the physician

usually can diagnose its cause immediately. Otherwise, he must find the cause of the allergy.

But the next diagnostic step entails a radical departure. It consists of a series of eye tests to discover how much extract a patient can safely be given. The doctor puts one drop of extract onto the lower lid of one eye, then doubles the amount dropped onto the lid until the corner of the eye becomes red and itchy. Sometimes the first drop causes a reaction. A few patients may require as many as 11, but the average patient needs about five.

Once the eye reacts, the doctor knows how much extract the patient needs. After giving the injection, the patient remains in the physician's office for about 20 minutes to guard against unforeseen reactions. The entire process takes about an hour and a half.

ALTHOUGH the treatment seems brief and simple, it took Dr. Loveless two decades to perfect it. In 1947, she cautiously began testing her extract on persons suffering from hay fever caused by various pollens. Over the next eight years, she experimented with 117 patients, alternating between repository and multiple-shot treatment. She found the repository method as effective in preventing or alleviating hay-fever attacks as the older method. It prevented all symptoms in about 85 percent of her patients—all of them highly allergic.

Then, a few years ago, Dr. Ethan Allan Brown began to test the repository method on his Boston pa-

tients. He found that 572 of 685 patients who were allergic to ragweed pollen suffered no symptoms during the hay-fever season; 145 of 164 who were allergic to tree pollens suffered no symptoms during the hay-fever season; and 315 of 367 who were allergic to grass pollens suffered no symptoms. Moreover, those patients who *did* experience hay-fever symptoms reported the attacks were far less severe.

Since pollens cause most but not all hay fever, Dr. Loveless and other physicians have tested the repository method on varieties caused by molds and other substances. Here again, it has worked well.

For some as yet unknown reason, however, one or two out of every 100 patients benefit more from the multiple-shot treatment. And some require two or three injections yearly rather than just one—usually because they are allergic to more than one substance.

Such dual sufferers cannot get simultaneous protection against both allergens because the extract, released into the body only after a two-month period, maintains its full effectiveness for another two months, then slowly loses its power. Since the grass and ragweed pollen seasons usually don't coincide, a double-barreled extract protects a patient against one allergen, but is on the wane by the time the other appears.

Occasionally, patients suffer adverse reactions to the repository ex-

tract. Dr. Loveless has found that two or three in every 100 suffer from hives, flushed faces or itchy palms shortly after being inoculated. Unless such reactions quickly subside, the physician administers antihistamines or adrenalin injections.

More serious problems can arise if a doctor inexperienced in using the repository method gives a patient an overdose of extract or he prepares an emulsion that doesn't sufficiently delay the release of the extract into the body.

In either case, the victim's blood pressure can drop so sharply that he goes into a state of shock. Therefore many allergists regard the repository method as potentially dangerous in untried hands.

For this reason, the American Academy of Allergy and Drs. Loveless and Brown have urged that it be employed only by expert allergists who know how to prepare and test the emulsions used. In trained hands, however, they consider it as safe, if not safer, than the multiple-shot treatment.

The potential danger will be greatly reduced, if not eliminated, if and when drug firms mass-produce the vaccine. On the day this mass-produced vaccine becomes readily available, millions of itching, sniffing victims will be able to obtain a full season's immunity more easily than ever before.

On that blessed day, even the hay-fever victim may be able to laugh at himself. 

DO-IT-YOURSELF ENTHUSIAST: The Varnishing American.

—LEON BADEN



IT IS THE OPENING SCENE of a movie. A man and woman are in a bed. He is nude to the waist and is frankly trying to get the woman to make love. She declines and he peevishly rebukes her for being cool to him. It didn't used to be this way when they were first married, he says. ■ Another film starts with a partially dressed couple disentangling from an amorous embrace. They are on a bed in a hotel room in Phoenix, Arizona, early afternoon. Their conversation lets you know that they have been making love. She says she has to get dressed and go back to work. It is made quite clear they are not married but hope to be, some day. ■ If you saw these scenes in a French movie, they might not be hard to accept—though you might wonder how they got through U. S. customs. But they are not imported. They appear in two major Hollywood films that have been shown without any restriction in regular theaters in this country in the past year. The first is in a supposedly “family-type” picture, *The Dark at the Top of the Stairs*, and the second is in the murder melodrama *Psycho*, one of the most profitable films in years. Nor are these isolated examples of frankness about matters of sex and intimate courtship in recent Hollywood films. ■ In the opening scene of *Butterfield 8*, the heroine, played by Elizabeth Taylor, wakes up after an amorous encounter with a married man. Later she explains she is promiscuous because she was debauched at the age of 13 by a man old enough to be her father. ■ The heroine in *The Apartment* (Shirley MacLaine) also has an affair with a married man. The whole picture has to do with illicit relations between married men and their girl friends in the apartment of a young bachelor, who unhappily loans the place for these assignations. ■ Adultery and infidelity are openly

admitted and displayed in *Sons and Lovers*, *From the Terrace*, *The Entertainer*, *Strangers When We Meet* and *Desire in the Dust*. In *Spartacus*, homosexuality is suggested in a Roman bath scene between Laurence Olivier and Tony Curtis. An erotic orgy of American soldiers and assorted girls is graphically enacted in *Hell to Eternity*. A prostitute is flagellated in *Girl of the Night*. And the prostitute (Shirley Jones) in *Elmer Gantry* describes how she was converted by a male evangelist in language that might better crop up in a smoking-car joke.

Our movies are becoming more blatantly obsessed with sex. Ten years ago it was unthinkable for a Hollywood picture to show a couple in bed together—even a husband and wife, since this violated an unwritten taboo of the industry's self-regulating Production Code. Today it is not surprising to see two people embracing, in varying stages of deshabille. The change has been accompanied by such raw advertising for some films that even a few of us tough newspaper critics have been offended and have complained.

As motion picture critic of *The New York Times* and as one who has watched American movies from the "silent" days, I can truthfully say I have never seen them so unnecessarily loaded with stuff that is plainly meant to shock.

I have communicated directly with some of the people who have made some of the above-named films and have asked them their reasons for including specific scenes.

I asked Alfred Hitchcock how he

justified introducing *Psycho* with that blunt assignation scene. His retort: "How do you critically justify that equally bold introduction to *Hiroshima, Mon Amour*?"

He referred to a close-up of a nude couple which opens the "new wave" French film that won the New York Film Critics award as the best 1960 foreign-language movie.

"I put that scene in *Psycho* for the same reason," Hitchcock said. "I wanted to visualize as clearly as possible the desire and desperation of my heroine. It wouldn't have carried much impact if I had showed them holding hands in a cocktail lounge. Now it is clear that this girl will steal, do anything, for her man."

Hitchcock justified the shattering violence of a subsequent scene wherein the girl is brutally slain in a shower by an unseen assailant. "I wanted to establish what a vicious creature this unseen menace is, so the audience will be trembling with apprehension when another girl is exposed to the same peril," he said.

The motivations, in these instances, do bear the stamp of artistry, even though the measures seemed erotic and extreme.

Director Delbert Mann used similar reasoning in defending the bedroom scene at the beginning of *The Dark at the Top of the Stairs*.

"We found (this) scene necessary to dramatize the conflict between our principals quickly . . . to paint the picture of a good marriage worth saving. . . . It is definitely about the physical side of marriage. Does this make it wrong or coarse? Sex, when approached honestly and

properly, is all beauty and warmth. These are two decent people involved in a factor of utmost importance to their marriage."

My reply is that the honesty and importance of an act do not justify its exhibition in a movie to be seen by millions of adults and children.

IT IS NO SECRET that in recent years Hollywood producers have felt there was need for "liberalizing" the Production Code. (Producers voluntarily submit their pictures for approval to the Code's administrator, Geoffrey Shurlock, before they show them to the public.) When the Code was first adopted in 1930, it contained prohibitions against scenes of drug traffic, homosexuality, prostitution, miscegenation and such words as "Gawd" or "hell." It gave its administrators latitude—which they lavishly used—in deciding what was vulgar, indecent, obscene and "likely to lower moral standards."

In 1934 the producers agreed that any who violated the Code and released a film without approval would be subject to a \$25,000 fine.

After World War II a number of independent producers began to question the strictures of the Code. Otto Preminger made *The Moon Is Blue*, which did not receive a Code seal because in it a young lady fearlessly proclaimed that she was "a virgin" and was candid about her intention to use her virtue to snag a wealthy husband. Preminger refused to change his picture, and it was released by United Artists, which resigned (for a year) from the producers' organization rather than pay

the fine. The picture was successful, even without the seal. It was also generally regarded as harmless.

This was the beginning of the Code's erosion. Slowly, without public notice, many of its more rigid strictures were relaxed. More candor about sex was permitted; the ban on scenes of drug traffic was withdrawn; "hell" and "Gawd" crept into pictures; the \$25,000 fine was dropped. Prostitution, miscegenation and even homosexuality have occurred in films with Code seals. Still, there are producers who reason that the Code should be further "liberalized."

The draining competition of TV since World War II has forced movie producers to seek extraordinary ways of trying to pull the customers into the theaters—such as wide screens, "spectacle" movies and the production of bolder stories.

The producers' rationalizations for handling daring themes make some sense. They note TV is free to employ violence and morbid suggestion in ways forbidden to movies. There have even been scenes eliminated from films, to comply with Code requirements, that have been reinserted in the same pictures when these were later shown on TV. A notable case: the French film, *Devil in the Flesh*. A bedroom scene cut when it was shown in movie theaters in major American cities was replaced (even with dubbed English dialogue, to make it more literal) when the film was recently on TV.

Producers ask: "Why should greater freedom be permitted a competitive medium that goes right into

the home?" Also, they claim, present-day audiences—even children and teenagers—know more about life than many adults realize. They say atomic-age audiences want to face the facts of life and this results in the maturing of our heretofore stultified cinema. The recent run of pictures dealing with adultery, prostitution and dope addiction has been defended as merely reflecting conditions that exist in our complex and not always nice society. Such facts are tolerated on the legitimate stage. Why shouldn't they be accepted on the artistically equal screen?

No reasonable critic would ask movie-makers to refrain from facing life squarely or treating its dramatic issues directly. What I object to is the use of material chosen mainly because it has to do with sex, and presented to play up titillating details. Cheap commercialism cannot be excused on the grounds of freedom and an adult attitude. I feel many of the recent questionable films have tried to do exactly that.

But reckless movie-makers are headed for trouble. Objections have been voiced by clergymen, legislators and parent-teacher groups. A committee of Roman Catholic bishops, speaking with the authority of their church, has called for "an unmistakable national protest" against the production and exhibition of what they term "immoral" films. Their attack has been ringingly seconded by Dr. Daniel Poling, editor of the widely circulated Protestant *Christian Herald*. In a recent editorial, Dr. Poling wrote:

"It is high time . . . men and

women of good will without regard to faith get together in a positive program in support of the everyday decencies of American life and against Hollywood's steadily growing output of objectionable films."

These are voices which the movie producers cannot afford to ignore, for the clergy can stimulate pressure on legislatures for film censorship and classification bills. It was the outcry of clergy against a wave of "immoral" films in 1930 that was largely responsible for the industry's adoption of the Production Code. Clergymen in certain communities have frequently been able to dissuade theater operators from showing dubious films.

More likely to discourage producers from continuing to further extremes is their own hard-headed calculation of the eventual bad effects of "too much sex." They realize the public gets bored with unimaginative and unexciting repetitions of pictures on single-track themes.

Already a few of the more banal sex films of the past year—such as the promiscuity-loaded *All the Fine Young Cannibals* starring the usually popular Robert Wagner and Natalie Wood—have flopped simply because they lacked real dramatic substance. Successful films, like interesting people, must have attractive aspects other than sex. As one movie executive put it privately the other day: "This business of making sexy pictures can only go so far. After we've run through adultery and a few of these other things, what are we going to do for an encore?" A good question! What, indeed? 

BY RALPH BASS

You can read faster!

Enrich your mind, increase your income, help raise your child's grades by mastering the art of rapid reading. Here's a remarkably simple plan that teaches you how

IN THIS THE AGE of the printed word, so much knowledge, inspiration, information and entertainment roll off the presses that a person who doesn't read fast enough is literally missing out on much of the best in life.

Yet you don't *have* to be a slow reader. It is entirely possible that you can greatly increase your reading skill and speed—and, correspondingly, make reading a more pleasant and rewarding pastime. You may even increase your income, raise your grades (if you are a student), or gain greater social recognition through the added knowledge this new skill can bring you.

How can you learn to read faster and better? One answer lies in the method developed by a slight, 51-year-old, blue-eyed, soft-spoken but resolute schoolteacher named Evelyn Nielsen Wood. Without the slightest hesitation, she assures one and all

that, if they follow her instructions, they can read from three to ten times faster than they did before. What's more, they will understand what they are reading a lot better.

This, in brief, is her formula: *a process of reading rapidly down the page, allowing the eyes to trigger the mind directly and eliminating the time-wasting, in-between step of saying or hearing the sound of words as you read them.*

The average person, it seems, has a reading speed of about 200 or 250 words a minute—college graduates 100 or so more. (Time yourself now, as you read this, by the second hand of your watch and see how you compare. A CORONET page is about 500 words.) Mrs. Wood considers this average rate pitifully low. She blames our slow reading on the fact that, as children, we learn to read by reading aloud to our teachers—and we never get over the habit of pro-

nouncing each word to ourselves. (She emphasizes that her course is not designed for those with "remedial" reading problems.)

"The average adult," Mrs. Wood comments, "reads no faster than he did in the fifth or sixth grade. Many people are subvocalizers or inward lip readers, without realizing it. It is not their fault—essentially the same methods are employed for teaching reading today as were used 150 years ago."

Due to such methods, Mrs. Wood believes many of us have developed the habit of unconsciously reading and rereading groups of words as we go along. We still concentrate on the individual letters, being very careful not to miss a single one. For continuous reassurance, our eyes flicker back anywhere from eight to 11 times for every few hundred words we cover.

To the accomplished reader a simple, straightforward paragraph would read as follows:

Not all polar bears are capable of securing their own food, especially if they are very old. I remember that one old grandfather bear was so slow and feeble he couldn't even catch fish. All he could do was wait for another bear to kill his dinner for him. Every morning he would drag himself down to the ice where he could watch the younger bears.

However, carefully watching the eye movement of poor readers reading the same paragraph, Mrs. Wood has found that they read the paragraph something like this:

Not all polar bears, all polar bears are capable, polar bears are

capable of securing their own food, their own food, especially, if they are very old. I remember that one old grandfather bear, the old grandfather bear was so slow, so slow and feeble he couldn't even catch fish, couldn't even catch fish. All he could do, could do, was wait for another bear, wait for another bear to kill his dinner, kill his dinner for him. Every morning he would drag, would drag himself down to the ice, to the ice, where he could watch where he could watch the younger bears.

In this sample, the reader has read 38 more words than necessary. Worse, he has become bored and restless—his faulty reading technique cannot supply enough fodder to keep his mind alert. This constant backtracking becomes more frequent as the material gets harder. This is where Mrs. Wood carries out her plan of training the pupil to *read rapidly down the page*. By progressive training stages she has him run his finger under each line, next under every other line, and finally, make circular sweeps down the page with his hand to "get the whole picture" without being held up by words or even sentences.

Of course, there is a marked difference in the speeds at which one can, or should, read various types of material. No one could expect to plow through a treatise on physics as fast as a light novel. Nor would a person want to race through a poetic masterpiece which is best savored and absorbed without regard to the passage of time. But the fundamental truth remains, says Mrs. Wood:

reading should bring understanding in much the same manner as conversation. One does not follow speech word by word, painfully spelling out the meaning of each individual word. One gets the general idea, the gist and retains it long after the individual words are forgotten. Most reading can be equally effortless.

The idea of the "whole picture" or "page perception" is the heart of Mrs. Wood's system. She developed it as a result of studying the techniques of famous fast readers. "I found that many people in literature read rapidly—and the greatest inspiration to me was learning that Theodore Roosevelt read three books a day while he was in The White House. This called for good speed and comprehension."

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO, Mrs. Wood started to track down contemporary fast readers. "I began the search," she relates, "and within a few years I was able to locate, time and check for comprehension, 50 people who could read from 1,500 to 6,000 words a minute with good understanding. On a single day in Washington, I discovered four people who read better than 1,500 words a minute. On the list were doctors, lawyers, professors, housewives and students." All of these people had three traits in common:

1. The ability to move their eyes quickly, smoothly and easily down the page.
2. The ability to avoid the "regressions"—the backing and filling of the average reader.
3. The ability to "turn off their

ears." They used only their eyes and their minds, literally "falling into" the book.

Slow readers, according to Mrs. Wood, see only a word at a time. Fast readers, she says, "are receptive to many words at a time. They feel and recognize the ideas and concepts which the words express or build. Thus they can read like the wind."

The Wood method emphasizes the training of the mind, and in turn the eyes, to do a job a certain way. "All of us," Mrs. Wood says, "can see as our eyes move. *The more words that can be absorbed at a single glance, the faster the student can read.* The author's thoughts flow to the reader's mind and the reader feels as if they were his own original thoughts.

Of course, adds Mrs. Wood, a person must be intelligent to be a good reader. "Fast reading results from fast thinking, and fast thinking results from fast reading.

"As the student begins to think faster, he begins to see the material as a whole, rather than as an accumulation of many small parts that have to be fitted together like a jigsaw puzzle. This broad, over-all view increases his understanding and enjoyment of reading."

All this, Mrs. Wood concedes, is easier to say than to do. It involves not only a lot of concentration but also the learning of new mechanical skills in handling a book. It takes 12 weekly two-and-a-half hour class sessions to develop the necessary technique, in addition to an hour a day practice outside of class. But at the end of the course even the least

responsive student should be able to read 1,000 words a minute.

For instance, Senator Herman E. Talmadge of Georgia used to read 500 words a minute. He now reads 3,500 words a minute, and believes "it would be worth a \$100,000,000-a-year appropriation" to introduce the Wood system to the Georgia public schools.

How can a person develop this ability to see the "whole picture" of a book?

It isn't easy, says Mrs. Wood, but this is how it can be done:

The main secret is that you must *organize* a book before reading it. Keep in mind that the author had an outline when he wrote the book, and seek to follow it as you go along. Try to anticipate as much as you can by reading the table of contents, chapter titles and main headings. Trace the main ideas and write them down. Check parts with a pencil that you wish to refer back to. In a novel, skim through to sort out the characters. All of this preliminary work will save you much time and effort as you read the book, because you will have mastered the central theme and will not waste time in groping.

Remember: the problem is not to see individual words but ideas and to get the *total impact* of the story. It is only through speed that you understand thoroughly what you are reading. Reading at the usual tortoiselike pace, you often lose sight of the forest for the trees.

This technique of organizing a book is a vital part of the Wood course. At the institutes opened over the past few years in Washington,

Wilmington, New York, Atlanta, Minneapolis, Philadelphia and Baltimore, one sees well-known citizens devouring tables of contents and running quickly through thick volumes to get the "story line." The pages turn with the speed and regularity of a metronome.

Students have ranged in age from 13 to 84. They have included top business executives, key Government officials and military personnel, leading professional men and women, educators, scientists, students and homemakers. They pay \$150 for the course.

The inevitable question is: how much do these people retain of what they have read at such fantastic speeds? Mrs. Wood constantly checks to make sure that students are not only reading quickly, but comprehending and remembering what they read. Some of the fastest readers also lead in comprehension and retention. In fact, understanding seems to increase generally along with reading speed.

Because she realizes the complexity of the reading problem, Mrs. Wood is concerned lest unqualified persons use her methods incorrectly. "This is a high-powered instrument," she says, "and we don't want just anybody to do it without proper training."

However, to people who cannot get to one of her schools, Mrs. Wood makes the following suggestions:

1. Test to find out if you are a lip reader. One way is to chew gum while reading. If you find it hard to read while chewing, your eyes and lips have been working together. Try

chewing very slowly and reading as fast as you can. In this way you can learn to read without your lips.

2. Are you a subvocalizer? That is, do you unconsciously move your tongue, jaws or throat as you read, trying to hear the words as well as see them? Place your fingers gently on your throat putting the thumb just behind the jawbone on one side, and your fingers in the same place on the other. Then read. Do you feel any movement? If you do, you are making your eyes wait while you say the words to yourself. You can break the habit by placing a long pencil between your teeth at the front of your mouth. Bite firmly on the pencil. Don't let your lips or tongue touch it as you read.

3. Stop "listening" to what you are reading. Try making a hissing sound as you read. If you listen to this sound, you can't listen to the words you are reading. The less you listen, the faster you can read.

4. Move your finger rapidly under the lines of your book, using it to keep your eyes going ahead. Stop using your finger when you find it is beginning to slow you down. Then start moving your hand rapidly down the page and try to keep up with your hand as you read.

5. Concentrate on going forward. If you find yourself backtracking,

draw a sheet of paper or cardboard rapidly down the page as you read and force yourself to keep up with it. You may find this more effective than the use of your finger or hand.

6. Practice reading a group of words together. Read in patterns—many words go together naturally. You can learn to watch for such combinations and go from group to group instead of from word to word or even, as some do, from syllable to syllable.

7. Try to read thoughts instead of words. Concentrate on what the author is trying to convey, rather than on the instruments he is using.

8. Learn to "organize" a book. Read the table of contents and the chapter headings and sort out the characters. Get the central idea or theme of the book and you will avoid a lot of floundering.

9. Don't be concerned if you are missing some of the author's more detailed arguments or descriptions. It is not necessary to pore over every sentence in order to get the idea. Remember—writers are human and lots of them tend to repeat or over-write. Shakespeares are few.

10. Make a reading chart with separate boxes in which you can record your reading time each time you practice. You will be surprised at the progress you make. 🏰

BIRD BRAINS

A FAMILY OF SPARROWS in Wadsworth, Ohio, having trouble getting in and out of their house, showed up one morning with a woodpecker in tow. He pecked away at the hole until he had enlarged it enough to suit the sparrows, then flew away. —*New York Times Magazine*

“Let go and hold!”



The secret
in drawing closer to
another may
lie, paradoxically,
in loosening
the “ties that bind”

BY RUTH L. SCLATER

HOLD OUT YOUR HAND,” the wise old professor demonstrated, “and picture a little bird sitting in the palm. If you curl your finger ever so slightly toward him, what happens? He becomes alarmed, flutters and wants to escape.

“Now leave your palm open flat,

with no attempt to hold the little fellow,” he went on. “What’s the result? The bird remains quiet, secure in his freedom, as long as you make no motion to restrain him.”

We were discussing Paula, a mutual friend, and her desperate attempts to keep her two grown children closely tied to her. “It’s obvious all they want is out, so they can be free to live their own lives,” the professor had remarked, illustrating his point with the bird story. Neither of us was really criticizing Paula. We were trying to figure out why some good, well-intentioned people in trying to perpetuate a relationship often tend to destroy it.

Isn’t it that in our desperate attempts for attention, affection or reassurance, we clutch too hard, pull the strings too tightly? Only to find that the more we curl our fingers, figuratively, the greater the fluttering to elude our grasp?

It happens in so many relationships: a mother’s attempts to tie her children to her; a wife frantically striving to retain her husband’s attentions; a young woman, throwing away dignity and self-respect to hold the affections of a man; a friend too eagerly striving to “keep” a friend.

So often, in trying to hold another’s affections, why do we forget the simple wisdom of keeping our palm open? We overlook the truth that the closest relationships are best sustained by loosened ties. This was the message stressed by Lao-tse, the Chinese philosopher: “He who knows how to bind uses no cords, yet you cannot undo.”

I know a widow whose only son

enlisted in the Army as a gangly youth, just out of high school, and returned years later, adult and competent, a much-decorated captain. Soon after his return, his mother spoke of plans for their living together. "I'm not sure that I want to come back and live with you," her son replied frankly.

When his mother asked him why, he answered, "Because you might still think of me as your little boy."

With rare understanding she replied: "If you'd like to come back and live with me as one adult with another, I'd like to have you."

"Since you put it that way," her son replied, "I would."

That loosening of ties was the basis for an immensely successful, mature relationship that lasted for ten years, until the son married and moved out.

"Never once during those years," my friend told me, "did I pry into his personal life. I never asked him where he went or what he did. If he wanted to tell me I was happy to listen. But I kept our relationship a loose one—as if we were two friends living together. We had a truly wonderful time."

How different from another situation I know—also a widowed mother, but one who insists on a twice-a-day telephone tie with her married son. He calls her from his office in the morning; she phones him every afternoon. The son thought of breaking off this unnecessary routine when he married, but did not dare to for fear of hurting his mother.

Not long ago, I heard about a childless marriage that was near the

breaking point. The wife held her husband, a quiet, gentle chap, so tightly tied to her that he had practically no life of his own. When he had to work nights, she came to town and waited for him at a nearby movie or hotel lobby. Once he decided to take a night course at a local college, so she promptly registered there, too.

A friend of theirs, sympathizing with the husband's plight, suggested that he try golf. For a few week ends, he enjoyed his new-found freedom. Then the wife announced that she was taking up golf, and had, in fact, already arranged for a lesson. By this time, the friend decided to step in. With tact, he asked the wife whether she was really interested in learning golf; after some hesitation, she finally admitted she wasn't. The friend then persuaded her to renew a previous interest in hand-weaving and encourage her husband to play golf without her.

It took some understanding on the wife's part, but she finally saw the point. By such gradual loosening of ties, by establishing a separate, new interest, the couple's dull, drifting marriage became one of mutual respect for each other's privacy and pride in each other's individual accomplishments.

What is it that so often causes us to forget that understanding is "ever the firmest chain"?

Perhaps we figuratively curl our fingers to hold another person, never having considered a better way. As Emerson points out: "We cannot let our angels go. We do not see that they only go out that archangels

may come in." One attempts to imprison affection, perhaps because eyes have never been opened to the wisdom of letting it free. After our other attempts, our twistings and turnings fail, in desperation (desperation is often a substitute for the will) we may open hearts and minds to a better way. Only then do we realize the wisdom of standing aside, giving the relationship more room.

Some years ago, I talked with Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt about bringing up children. She told me: "I never believed in holding my children by tying them too closely to me. I always felt it wiser to let them feel free, to learn from their own experiences. It was often hard to watch them make mistakes and to stand by, knowing that a difficult experience was for their own good. Yet I am convinced that loosely held relationships have brought greater mutual respect and closer ties."

The late Admiral Richard E. Byrd once discussed with me his views on relationships with men under his command. "I have always believed

that no one can command loyalty or friendship by rigid ties. You earn affection and loyal service by deserving it, not by striving for it. People must give you their best voluntarily. These invisible ties are woven naturally when you don't force them too hard."

To let go—and hold—often requires some mental readjustment. It may help to put aside what you consider your rights, your pride, your hurt feelings. Perhaps you may be expecting too much of another person. How much easier not to expect anything from anyone! Then, when something pleasant happens, you are agreeably surprised!

To face life with this attitude can provide a tremendous release. Instead of a reproachful, "After all I've done for you," have you ever stopped to consider that no one ever asks us to do half the things we do?

Above all, don't be afraid of losing by relaxing your hold. If the curled fingers have not succeeded, you may find happiness quietly awaiting you in the open palm. 

SIGN LANGUAGE

A CALIFORNIA MOTEL which recently installed a new sprinkler system has posted this sign in all rooms:

DON'T SMOKE IN BED

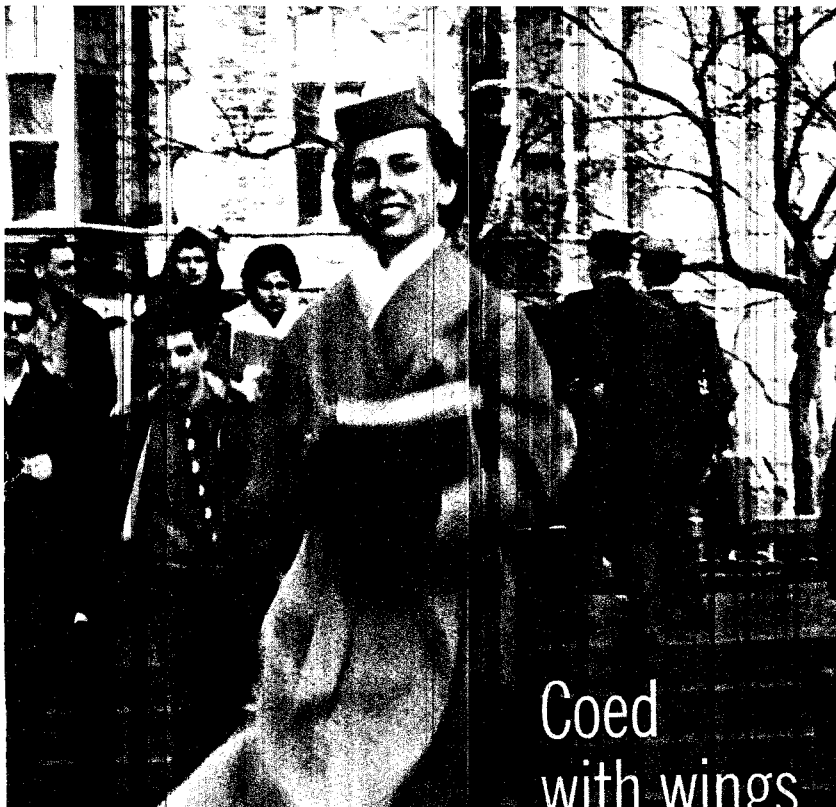
YOU MAY DROWN YOURSELF —LOUIS KIRSCHBAUM

SIGN ON CHURCH lawn bulletin board Easter Sunday:
"We'll be open again next Sunday."

—RIP COLLINS

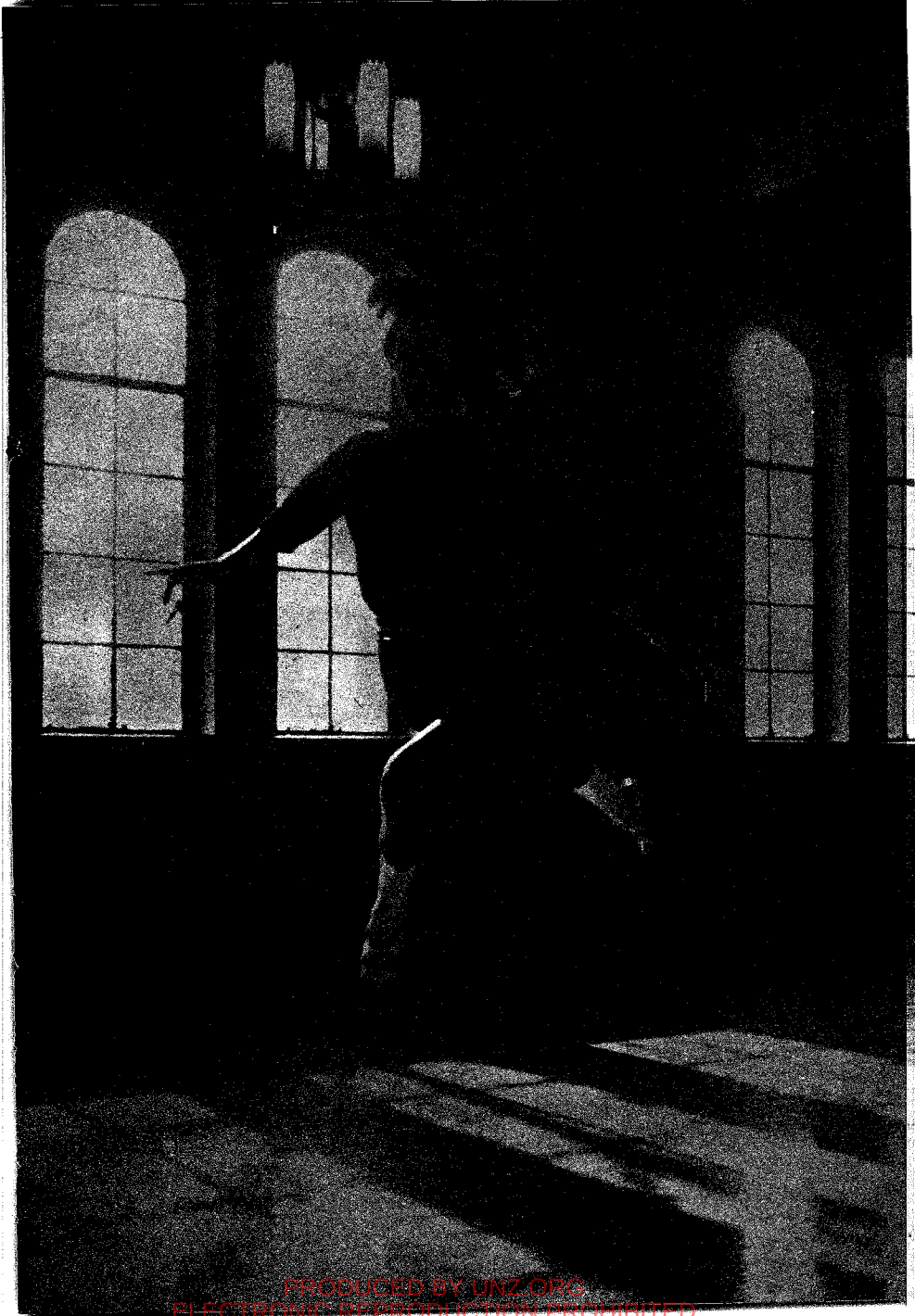
ROAD SIGN ON the Avalon Peninsula, Newfoundland:
"Main highway open for traffic while detour is being repaired."

—PETER COOKE



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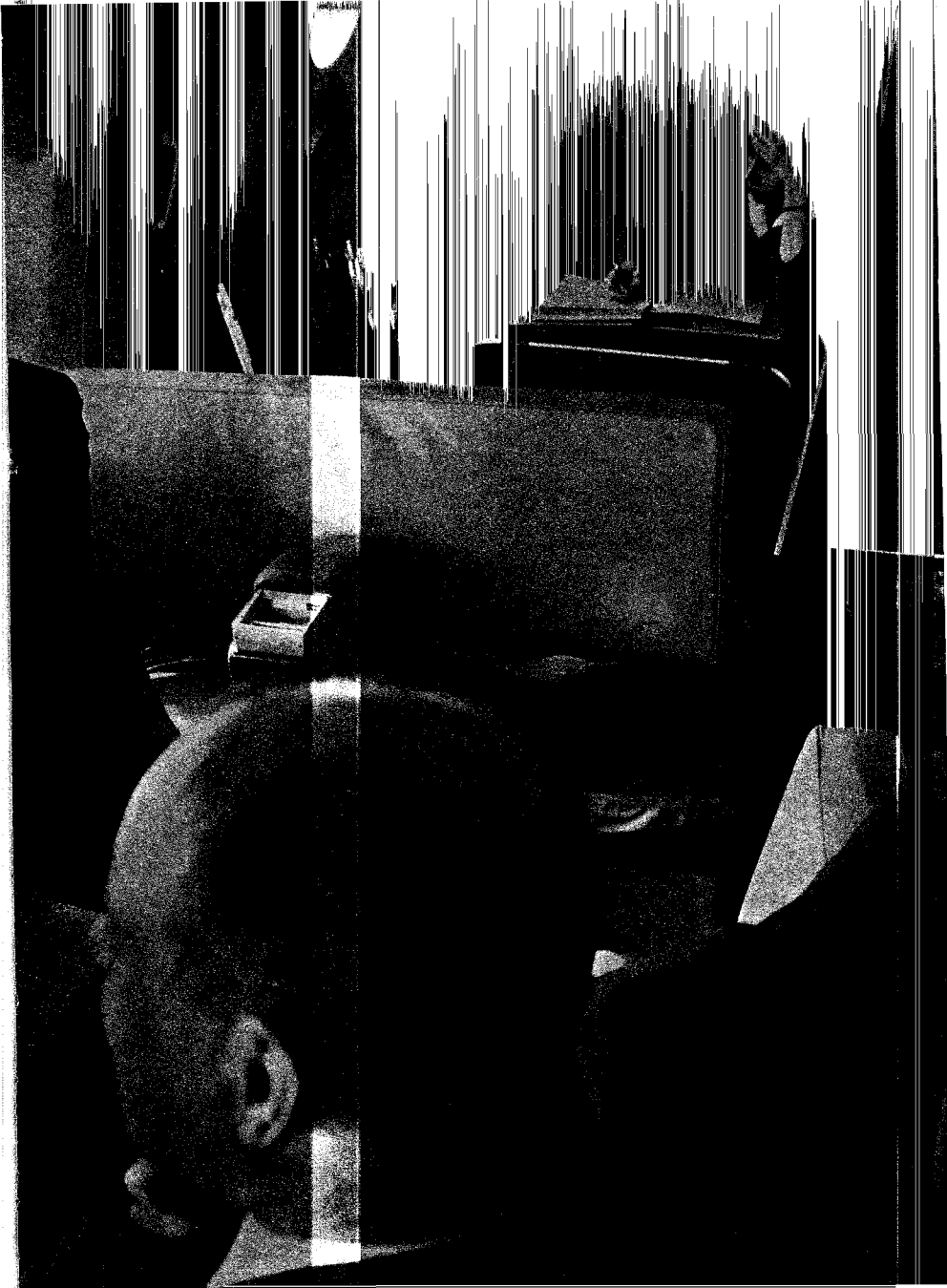


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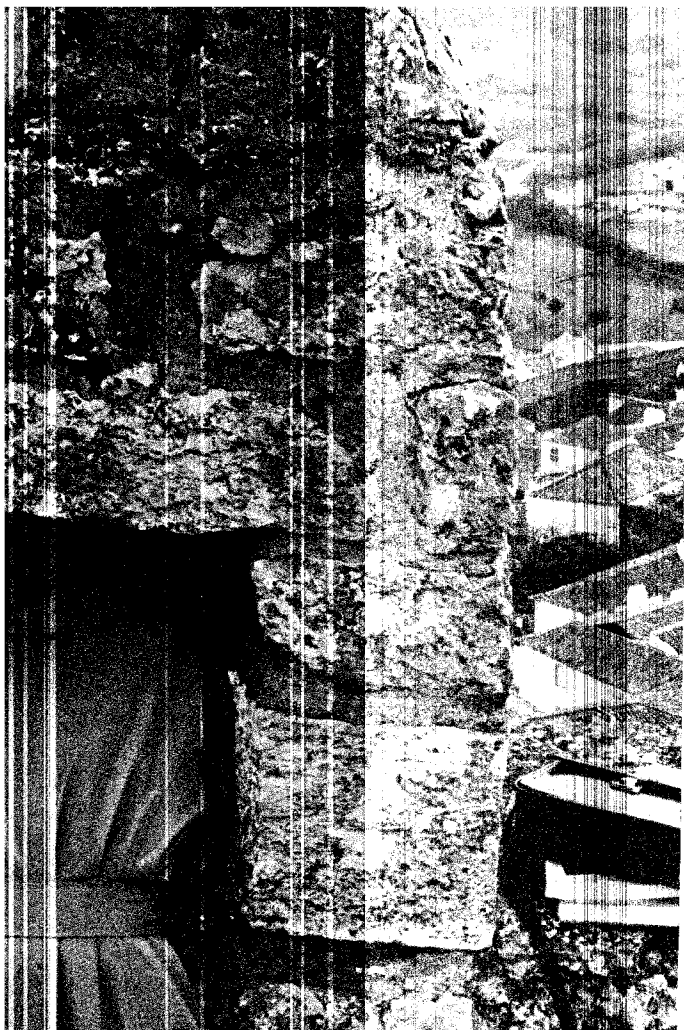
CAN



Peggy has flown about 2,500,000 miles for Pan American—across six continents, through hurricanes and typhoons. A senior stewardess, she logs 80 hours of flight time a month and earns \$118 a week. Every Friday, she leaves her \$140-a-month Manhattan apartment at 7:30 A.M., and welcomes passengers aboard her Boeing 707 jet at 9:30—30 minutes before departure for London, Brussels and Düsseldorf, Germany. “I take along my textbooks,” Peggy says, “but I rarely have time to study. The job provides enough paper work to keep me busy.”



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"I've been to almost all the European capitals but Moscow," Peggy says. One of her favorite cities is Lisbon. "I love to walk along the crooked little streets, buying flowers from Portuguese women who seem straight out of another century (right) or peeking into mossy Moorish castles which actually *are* eight centuries old. When I was a little girl back in Louisiana, I used to watch the airplanes soar by and wonder where they were going. Now I know—and I have to pinch myself when I realize that I'm seeing all these places—and getting paid for it!"





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Germany is her home away from home. "My sister lives there and she sees to it that I'm not lonely." At left, Peggy's Saturday night date says continental farewell. Peggy leaves for the U.S. at 8:45 Sunday morning and arrives in New York, exhausted, at 2 p.m. "I keep kidding myself that I'll finish my homework on the subway. Then I fall asleep." She expects to graduate from C.C.N.Y. in 1962 and eventually hopes to teach handicapped children. "But being a stewardess has taught me my most fruitful lessons," Peggy says. "I've learned not to fear or distrust people just because they're different. It's an education you can't get in school!" 👑



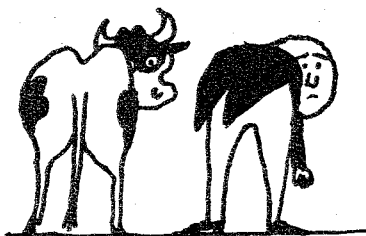
How words work

BY DR. BERGEN EVANS

Author of "A Dictionary of Contemporary American Usage"

Is there any connection between a cow and a coward?

No. The name of the animal is a very old Teutonic word, but *coward* comes from the Latin word for tail,



cauda. The *-ard* suffix is a belittling suffix, indicating that the person spoken of is, or is doing, something that we regard with contempt—as in *laggard*, *sluggard*, *dullard*. A coward, then, either turns tail in flight or cowers in fear with his tail between his legs. *Cower*, to crouch in terror, is not connected linguistically with *coward*. It was a Scandinavian word which we borrowed at least 700 years ago.

What's dandy about a dandelion?

The shape of the leaves. *Dandelion* is the English pronunciation (from the early 16th century) of the

French *dent de lion*, the plant being so called because of the toothed edge of its leaves.

What do we mean when we say someone has "an axe to grind"?

We mean that under an assumed interest he has a hidden motive, something that serves his own advantage. The expression derives from a story, which is commonly, but erroneously, attributed to Benjamin Franklin, about a boy who is led by flattery to turn a grindstone for a man who had a dull axe. The man pretended not to understand

quite how the grindstone worked, and the boy, with innocent vanity, showed him and was kept at the job by continual flattery. When the axe was sharpened, however, he was dismissed with cold contempt, and he perceived, too late, that the purpose of all the compliments was to get some work out of him for nothing.

Is *traipse* a good word?

It's not a formal word, but it's an effective word, and its earliest forms go back as far as 1400. Originally it was a verb, *trape*, meaning to set the foot down hard, to tramp. Then it became an uncomplimentary term for a slovenly woman (parallel to the mod-



ern slang use of *tramp*); later it became a verb again, meaning to walk as such a woman would walk, aimlessly and bedraggled. Many words in the language have acquired bad overtones when they have become attached to women, but others, once significant of evil, have become softened when attached to children. *Traipse* has undergone both these changes. Children go around aimlessly, trailing and bedraggled, too, but their condition moves us to affection and pity. And since one now thinks more often of children than of women *traipsing*, the word has become not censorious but affectionately humorous.

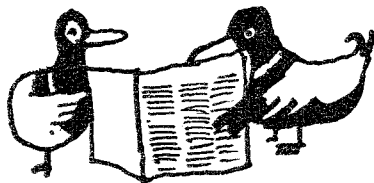
Why "Johnny-come-lately" instead of Joe Soon or Sam New?

John is by far the commonest of English names, though Johnny-come-lately lives up to his name and *is* fairly recent. Formerly he was Johnny Raw or Johnny Newcomb. There were many of these generic Johnnies: Sir

John Lacklatin, an ignorant priest; John-a-dreams, an idle fellow; John Drawlatch, a sneak thief; John Company, the East India Co.; and Long John the Carrier, so named because he was "long on the road."

Why is a hoax known as a *canard*?

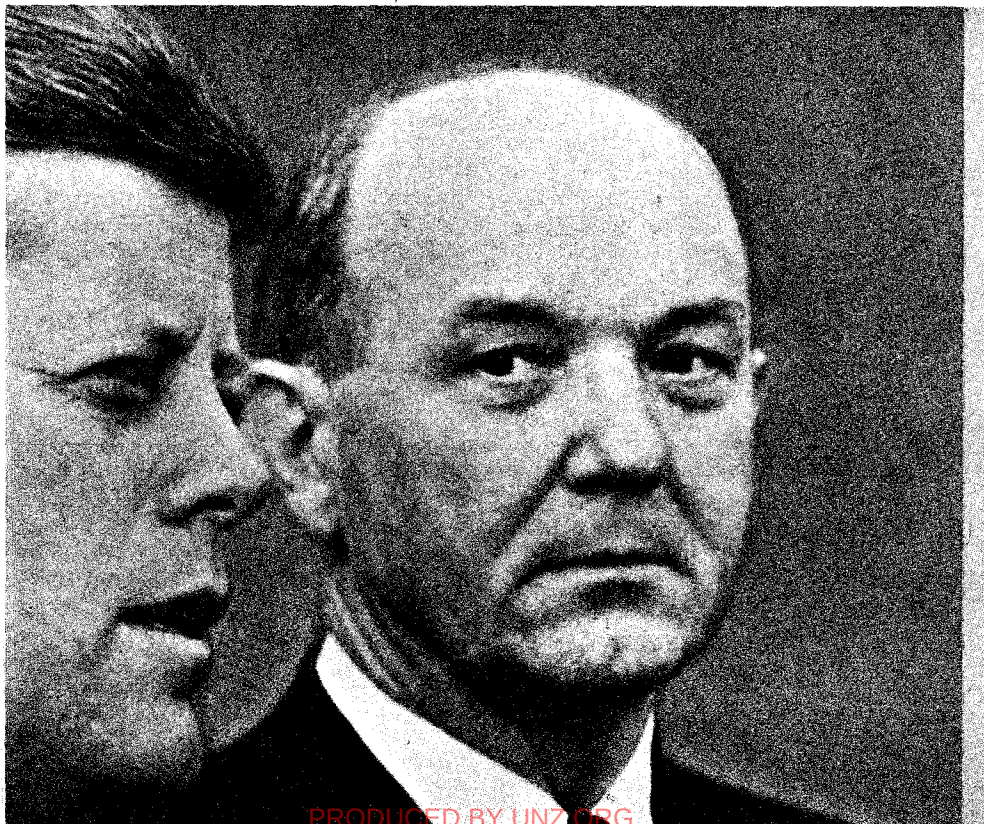
Canard is the French word for duck and there was once a French expression for swindling—"to half-sell a duck." Half-selling anything is ludicrous, of course, especially if the duck were wild and still on the wing. One of the most famous canards



concerned ducks and that may have done much to establish the word in this sense. A journalist, just to see how much the public would believe, fabricated a story to prove ducks were fantastically greedy. He said that he had a flock of 20 ducks. He cut one up and fed the pieces to the other 19 which gobbled them up. Then he fed the 19th to the remaining 18. And so on, until there was only one duck left, still quacking and gobbling after having consumed all the rest. 🦆

by Dean Rusk, *Secretary of State*

THE MODERN PRESIDENCY has become an office of almost unbearable responsibility. The President is Chief of State, Chief Executive of the Government, Commander-in-Chief of the armed forces; the head of his political party; our chief legislator; our chief budget officer; the protector of the Constitution; the custodian of the national interest. Against this background of unbearable responsibility, the question arises as to whether the President can wisely undertake the burden and hazards of personal diplomacy at the summit. As Chief of State of the United States, [he] can and ought to undertake a limited



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and carefully planned program of state visits, short in duration and aimed at the exchange of courtesy and respect as a tangible expression of the good will of the American people. But negotiation at the chief-of-government level is quite another matter. It is not easily accommodated among the peculiarities of our constitutional system. It diverts time and energy from exactly the point at which we can spare it least. It does not give us effective negotiation. Such experience as we have had with summit diplomacy does not encourage the view that it contributes to the advancement of American interests. I conclude that summit

The Presidency and the Summit

***Speaking frankly and forcefully,
our State Department
head warns against overburdening
the President with the
cares and pressures of "top-level"
international negotiations***

diplomacy is to be approached with the wariness with which a prudent physician prescribes a habit-forming drug—a technique to be employed rarely and under the most exceptional circumstances, with rigorous safeguards against its becoming a debilitating or dangerous habit.

The principal negotiator [at the summit] must be much more than a mouthpiece for the sheets of paper put in front of him by a staff. He must understand the full scope of the issues and their innermost detail. He must know intimately the positions of others who are to be present, especially where a common front among allies is a major objective of policy.

He must be aware of the impact of the issues upon nations not present at the table and upon American interests in all parts of the world. Prudence requires that he anticipate as best he can the most probable attitude of his principal adversary and the range of alternatives with which his opponent might confront him.

He must think carefully about his conduct away from the table itself—the social arrangements, his informal conversations, and, very important, his relations with the press and public opinion.

One can accept the fiction that the White House is wherever the President happens to be and still recognize that prolonged absences from Washington impair the effective performance of the office. Unless the President is accessible, decisions on important matters are postponed or settled at the level of

the common denominator among the departments and agencies concerned. On his own side, the President will be partially cut off from his Cabinet officers, his personal staff, his usual flow of information, the leaders of Congress and of his own party. In addition, he cannot act with regard to many of the formal and informal aspects of his office.

Time was of the essence in the decision to interpose American forces against aggression in Korea. Had the decision been postponed, say, 24 hours, we should have faced a wholly different situation on the Korean peninsula. [Former] President Truman, in Missouri when the first report of the attack reached Washington, could nevertheless authorize immediate reference of the matter to the Security Council and arrive in Washington on the following afternoon to assume full charge of the situation. Jet transport has reduced the difference between Missouri and, say, Western Europe, but guided missiles and alert bombers have almost obliterated the other side of the time equation.

Since constitutional arrangements are designed to cover many contingencies which happily never arise, it is not necessarily a sign of panic to suggest that the present strategic situation places a considerable premium upon the immediate availability of the President and Commander-in-Chief.

His absence from the U.S., in a situation which he himself cannot surely control, suggests a contingent "inability to discharge the powers and duties" of his office.

It is not unreasonable to consider, if eventually to reject, the possibility of providing by statute that the Vice President shall serve as Acting President during the absence of the President from the U. S., leaving it to the two of them to determine which matters, short of great emergency, would be forwarded to the President.

A provision that the Vice President serve as Acting President during the absences of the President abroad would, of course, mean that Presidents would go abroad only on the rarest occasions—to me one of its most appealing features.

Returning to summit meetings and their capacity to yield constructive agreements, the experienced diplomat will usually counsel against the direct confrontation of those with final authority. Negotiation needs time, patience and precision, three resources which are not found in abundance at the highest political level.

The direct confrontation of the chiefs of government of the great powers involves an extra tension because the court of last resort is in session. The costs of error or misunderstanding are multiplied by the seriousness of the issues and the power of those present.

Picture two men sitting down together to talk about matters affecting the very survival of the systems they represent, each in position to unleash unbelievably destructive power. Note that the one is impulsive in manner, supremely confident as only a closed mind can be, tempted to play for dramatic effect, moti-

vated by forces only partially perceived by the other.

The other [is] deeply committed to principles for which his adversary has only contempt, weighted down by a sense of responsibility for the hundreds of millions who have freely given him their confidence and whose fates are largely in his hands, a man limited by conscience and policy in his choice of tactics and argument.

Is it wise to gamble so heavily? Are not these two men who should be kept apart until others have found a sure meeting ground of accommodation between them? Is there not much to be said for institutionalizing their relationship?

THINKING BROADLY and over the long run, the course of wisdom lies in reducing the impact which accidents of personality have upon the relations among nations.

Neither friendship nor aversion is an adequate basis for high policy. Personalities change, sometimes rapidly; but the great tasks of building a tolerable world order endure and national interests reach far beyond the idiosyncrasies of holders of public office. *One of the purposes of diplomacy, including its elaborate formality and high style, is to exclude from great affairs of state the many irrelevancies which spring from human frailty.*

If personalities make for complications, these are magnified by the circumstances of a summit meeting. When the Big Three consulted about wartime meetings they seemed much less concerned about getting away

from the Germans than about getting away from the press.

Apart from the harrowing insistence of the most competitive of the professions, the general atmosphere is that of the football stadium. Is our team winning? Did our man throw him for a loss? Who wins the most valuable player award?

But beneath the surface lie the desperate hopes that tensions will be eased, that somehow things will get better. The result is a pervasive pressure toward the creation of illusions—at worst an illusion of victory, at best the pretense of accomplishment where none was achieved.

I must confess that I do not see my way through the inevitable entanglement of summit diplomacy with domestic politics.

Were not some of us just a bit embarrassed when Mr. Macmillan announced a general election almost before the vapor trails of [Mr. Eisenhower's] jet had dissolved into British skies? Is the President of the U.S. to be caught up personally in the difficult task of satisfying General de Gaulle's appetite for grandeur?

Can we not anticipate cables from still other quarters reading, "My government will fall unless you come to see us?"

And how shall we handle the chain reactions which prestige factors will set off if summitry becomes a habit—the demands of other N.A.T.O. partners to have a share, the need to show that the exclusive club is not limited to white nations and great powers, the resentment in Latin America if left at the bottom of our interest and concern?

One of the arguments made in behalf of summit meetings is that heads of government can talk things over directly with freedom of action and power to come to agreements promptly and decisively. But the President of the U.S. is subject to what might be called the Woodrow Wilson Effect—he must keep in mind his ability to make good on his commitments when he gets home.

If the summit means bold diplomacy for some, it may well mean timidity for us.

A President in Washington, in direct touch with his departments and Congressional and party leaders, may be able to react more promptly and more confidently than if he himself were present at the table.

A formidable argument for summit diplomacy is [the statement] that "If you wish to negotiate with the Soviet Union you must talk to Mr. Khrushchev." [Yet] is there point in allowing the Soviet Union to set the style of international negotiation at the cost of disrupting the established political arrangements of other nations?

If [Mr. Khrushchev] insists upon having a Foreign Minister to whom he does not wish to give his confidence, is he to impose the same ignominious status upon the Secretary of State of the United States?

Can we not insist that it is up to each nation to determine for itself who its highest ranking negotiator is to be? Or cannot Mr. Khrushchev find even *one* high-ranking colleague whom he can trust to represent him loyally and effectively?

What we say and how we should

like to appear are of transient importance compared with how we conduct the public business in our domestic and foreign affairs.

The crucial, indispensable contribution which the President can make to the conduct of our foreign affairs is to enter fully into his office, to use its powers and accept its responsibilities, to lead a people who are capable of responding to the obligations of citizenship.

Finally, the President must prepare himself for those solemn moments when, after all the advice is in from every quarter, he must ascend

his lonely pinnacle and decide what we must do. There are such moments, when the whole world holds its breath and our fate is in his hands. Then every fragment of his experience, all that he has read and learned, his understanding of his own nation and of the world about him, his faith, conscience and courage are brought to bear.

It is in this realization, not in petty criticism, that we can be jealous of his time and energy and resistant to every influence which comes between the man and his burdens. 

CAMPING CAPERS

THE CHAPEL HILL, North Carolina, *Weekly* published this letter from a seven-year-old lad, who was away at camp, to his parents:

"Dear Mummy and Daddy:

"Today we went on a hike and I learned that caterpillars don't bite and 2 times 9 is 17 and you can not swim after lunch because lunch makes you sink. Oh, yes, before I forget will you please send me some more socks because my counselors dog ate all mine except two and I lended one to Jacky because his itch." —Associated Press

IF YOU WOULD like to know who was at camp with your boy, the full roster may be obtained by checking the name tapes on the clothes he brings home.

—BILL VAUGHAN (*Detroit News*)

THE CHILDREN had finally been sent off to camp for the summer and their parents were having a quiet Sunday breakfast.

"Gosh, I miss them already," the mother sniffled.

"Me, too," the father retorted. "Why don't you knock my coffee over and rub jam in my hair?" —ANNA SHAFFNER

The wacky wit of West Virginia



Jim Comstock's nutty
newspapers
spotlight state and
local problems
by making readers
laugh at them

BY JIM DYGERT

WACKINESS," SAYS Jim Comstock, lanky editor and co-owner of a country newspaper in the mountain town of Richwood, West Virginia, "is like greatness. Some are born wacky, some achieve wackiness and some have wackiness

thrust upon them." And he ought to know.

Comstock's 15-year-old tabloid weekly, *Nicholas County News Leader*, has been dubbed "the world's wackiest weekly." It earned this superlative with such weird practices as continuing a photograph from one page to another, running no news, only pictures on the front page, failing to specify where the rest of a continued story could be found ("The reader has more time to find it than I do," says Comstock) and continuing stories backward, say, from page 12 to page 4.

In 1950, noticing newspaper ads giving off aromas of coffee and perfume, Comstock decided to make the *News Leader* smell like ramps (plants that grow in his region's wooded highlands) for the reminiscent pleasure of subscribers who had "chickened out on West Virginia." At Comstock's request, a chemist friend concocted a synthetic odor to match that of ramps, whose smell is said to be "a cross between mildewed laundry and decayed cabbage." Mixing it in the ink, Comstock sent out scented editions—until the Post Office made him desist.

Not satisfied with one wacky weekly, Comstock now publishes two. The latest, an informal statewide tabloid called *The West Virginia Hillbilly*, is the self-proclaimed "newspaper for West Virginians who can't read by an editor who can't write. . . . A paper devoted to enriching the lives of West Virginians and the pockets of its publishers."

In great demand as a speaker, Comstock delivers an annual lecture

to the freshman journalism class at West Virginia University. "If you have an ounce of sense, get the hell out of journalism," he advises the freshmen.

Although Comstock's waggishness has captured West Virginia's imagination, there's a serious method to his madness. The real reason for *Hillbilly's* existence is to attempt to improve the State, currently in the doldrums of a population decline and widespread unemployment caused chiefly by the mechanization of coal mines. *Hillbilly* seeks to restore faith and pride in West Virginia, to get West Virginians out and working instead of "sitting around waiting for the second coming of John L. Lewis."

In an editorial entitled "We Don't Need No Help, Nohow," later published in pamphlet form to meet the heavy demand for reprints, Comstock stated his fierce defense of rugged individualism. By giving things away, he says, the Government instilled in West Virginia minds four false doctrines:

"1. The Government owes a man a living. . . . 2. There is something for free. . . . 3. Work is degrading. . . . 4. Industrial leaders are a bunch of cheap crooks who will ride roughshod over employees and have to be watched like hawks.

"I think that all we need in West Virginia is for the Government to leave us alone," Comstock concluded. "Let us get back to the days when there was spunk and the glory of a good day's work well done. . . . The people are of the same blood as they who hacked the forests, who

crossed the plains, who fought to hold the Union together. It's the same blood in different veins, and in time we'll throw off the Government's yoke of kindness and start walking on our own. Government, go home!"

A soft-spoken, distinguished-looking man of 50 with thinning, close-cropped gray hair, Comstock exudes a relaxed amiability. He talks the way he writes, or writes the way he talks—with crackling wisecracks, tongue-in-cheek satire or earnest sincerity—whichever he thinks will best make his point. While writing that West Virginians "should get off their fannies and their little old Government dole and to work on their own," Comstock himself works 12 to 16 hours a day.

Some West Virginians wince at the name, *Hillbilly*, but Comstock glories in it. "I think of a typical hillbilly," he says, "as a man with one or two cars, with kids in college and a degree of his own—had there been roads in his time. There are some hillbillies who live in shacks and keep washers on their porches, spit tobacco juice and have chickens in the living room and have no truck with the Internal Revenue Service. But there aren't too many."

Comstock and Bronson McClung started *Hillbilly* in 1957 with \$10,000 they had saved of the profits from the *News Leader*. "We didn't need the money for anything," says Comstock, "and I had always wanted a statewide paper. I wanted to do as much for the State as for the town."

He wasn't careful with the book-

keeping. He figured to keep *Hillbilly* going until the bank phoned and said the \$10,000 was gone. But with little advertising support, the tide kept flowing out and never in. Thirteen months after the first issue, the phone call came from the bank and Comstock unhappily discontinued *Hillbilly*, though the paper had a circulation of 10,000.

Then, one summer day in 1959, a young man named Melvin Miller drove 225 mountain miles from Wheeling to Richwood to persuade Comstock to revive it. Miller, fresh out of Bethany College, said he was willing to give up a \$125-a-week job and sell his sports car to tide him over while he went out and sold enough advertising to rebuild the statewide weekly.

"Just give me the word," Miller said, "and I'll spend the summer selling *Hillbilly* advertising. I'll put it back on the road."

Miller asked no salary or commission. All he wanted was credit for putting the paper back on its feet—if he succeeded—and one percent of the net profits after it had been in operation for ten years.

Then Miller climbed into his sports car and headed for his home in New York City. An hour later, Comstock learned that he was dead—killed in a crash on a dangerous curve outside Richwood.

Comstock decided to revive the newspaper in Miller's memory. When the first issue came off the press in October 1959, its front page bore the tribute: "This is your paper, Melvin Miller."

"You can't sit back and pound a

typewriter and never leave town and turn out the kind of paper that a public can be fooled into buying," says Comstock. "This time we decided to take a cue from the preachers and the successful politicians and get out and visit and shake hands and shoot the bull and also do a bit of listening."

Comstock now keeps a sharp eye on his finances, and can never be caught without a pad of subscription blanks in his pocket. He returned from the January 1960 State Legislature session with 1,500 new subscriptions, and sells 12 or 15 at every speaking engagement.

If anyone can raise the money to keep *Hillbilly* going, Comstock can. His other publication, the *News Leader*, courted disaster a time or two, only to be saved by his fund-raising genius.

A BRAIN CHILD of Comstock and McClung, the *News Leader* was born of their observations while serving on different Pacific islands during World War II. Comstock, in the Navy, and McClung, in the Army, noticed during mail call that the G.I.s skimmed the front page of their home-town newspaper, then threw it away—but kept their letters from home for frequent rereadings.

Before the war, Comstock had owned a small printing shop, in addition to teaching English at Richwood High School, and McClung, whom he had once kicked out of his class, had worked in the shop.

Exchanging letters during the war, they decided to pool their resources and to start a "different"

kind of paper—one that would read like a letter from home.

The first issue rolled off the press on June 8, 1946, under the name, *News Letter*. The Post Office put a stop to that, informing Comstock that a “letter” required a three-cent stamp. Comstock changed the name to *News Leader*.

Since then, he has cut a notch in his desk for every time he has seen a publication called “News Letter” with a second-class mailing permit. The latest count is 21. “We think the Postmaster General just had it in for us,” he says.

After the ramp-smelling ink incident of 1950, *National Geographic* published a photograph of the Richwood postmaster holding two objects—a copy of the reeking *News Leader* with one hand, and, with the other, his nose. Subscription orders poured in from all over the U.S.

In 1950, to raise \$10,000 for a new press, Comstock came up with a plan to sell 400 25-year subscriptions at \$25 apiece. One week he sat down and inked a personal plea on each subscriber's copy of the *News Leader*. His many friends and supporters rallied to his aid, the \$10,000 was raised, and the *News Leader* has been in the black ever since.

Comstock often uses his uncanny ability to raise money to help worthy causes. “A newspaper has to do something good to justify itself,” he says. In 1952, one of Richwood's hospitals was about to be abandoned by the Pallottine Missionary Sisters. “Let's build a hospital,” Comstock wrote, and he devoted a page a week to the campaign. A third of

the necessary \$2,000,000 was raised locally; the Federal Government kicked in with the rest, and Richwood got its hospital.

In 1954, the *News Leader* campaigned for \$1 apiece from 5,000 readers to build a new house for a crippled couple and their son living in a “pig-sty” of a shack. They now live in a clean, attractive bungalow.

Once, after raising \$240 to build a new roof on a woman's house—only to learn that the contractor had absconded with the money—Comstock and McClung dug \$240 out of their pockets rather than admit they'd been hoodwinked.

The achievement for which Comstock is most widely loved is the Richwood “Past 80” Party. For the last four years, the “Past 80” Party has treated the oldsters to food and gifts donated by the people and merchants of the Richwood area and—more important—companionship.

But frivolity is Comstock's stock in trade. In 1954, intent on satirizing the do-it-yourself craze, he ran an hilarious article entitled, “You Can Remove Your Own Appendix,” describing in deadpan detail how it could be done. Calling from New York, the Associated Press wanted to make sure Comstock was only kidding before it spread the story over the country—which it did afterward anyway. Subsequently, a man in Brighton, England, wrote for a copy of the article, explaining that socialized medicine was great, but one had to wait too long for service.

The previous year, Comstock had attracted national recognition with an unprecedented Christmas issue

that described, in 48 tabloid pages, the life and death of Christ as it might have been related in newspapers of Christ's time.

The journalistic, it-happened-yesterday accounts were topped by headlines such as: "Child Born in Stable Said To Be Messiah"; "Nazarene Throws Money Changers Out of Holy Temple"; "5,000 Fed on 5 Loaves and 2 Fishes"; "Jesus Dies, Earthquakes, Strange Events Follow Death."

The authenticity of the imaginary tabloids—spiced with bitter humor—were maintained with such headlines as: "Pilate Is Charged With Fund Misappropriation" and ads by Simon the Apothecary and the Appian Way Turnpike Commission.

In answer to Dr. Kinsey's publication of *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*, Comstock published the results of his investigation of "The Sexual Behavior of the Rich-

wood Female." "After all," he explained, "what Kinsey said had long been known in Richwood."

When McClung rejected the idea of interviewing local housewives on their sex habits, Comstock wrote what he thought they'd say. "I'll never live it down," he says, more than eight years later.

A native of Richwood and a graduate of Marshall College in Huntington, Comstock married a local girl, Julia Ola Stowers, who did the photography darkroom work for the newspapers in their early days. They have three children and two grandchildren.

"McClung and I should never have gone into the newspaper business," Comstock laments. "We weren't the people to do it."

But the record disagrees, and so do thousands of West Virginians, whose self-respect and faith in themselves have been rebuilt by their wacky weeklies. 

ON THE NEWSFRONT

TWO ARMED ROBBERS snatched a bag from a Detroit, Michigan, grocer as he was closing his store. But they didn't bother about an envelope in the grocer's other hand.

The envelope was filled with several hundred dollars. The stolen bag contained peanut brittle.

—LOUIS KIRSCHBAUM

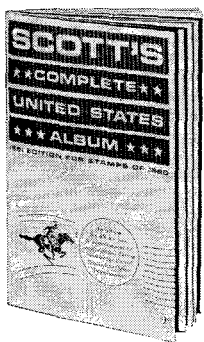
THE CITY COUNCIL in Tucson, Arizona, was considering proposed changes in regulations on bee keeping when Mayor Don Hummel asked if there were "any questions about the birds and bees?"

James Kirk's hand went up.

"Later," said the Mayor.

Mr. Kirk is the only bachelor on the Council.

—R. E. SCHRAMKE



NEW \$1 SCOTT STAMP ALBUM TEACHES YOUR CHILD TO COLLECT STAMPS

Specially created for boys and girls from 6 through early teens

AN ALBUM THAT CAN BE MASTERED

Here's a beginning album that makes sense. It's limited to the 39 new stamps issued by the U.S. Post Office Department during 1960, so it can be filled quickly, easily, and inexpensively even by the child who has never collected stamps before.

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Working with this album, the beginner gets the "feel" of collecting. He learns stamp language. He learns how to handle and mount stamps. And, through collecting, he also learns some fascinating facts from the fields of History and Geography.

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Despite its low price, this is a top quality album, made by the same company whose albums are used to display the world-famous stamp collection of Washington's Smithsonian Institution.

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- A separate page for each issue
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 - Fully illustrated
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-

Start your child on the hobby that's endorsed by leading educators, psychologists, and youth leaders. Get your copy of Scott's Complete United States Album now from your local Scott dealer.

SCOTT PUBLICATIONS, INC.
488 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

IN A STARK, GRIM, 30-BED WARD of a county hospital in New Jersey, a six-year-old boy named Billy is wandering about aimlessly, surrounded by “crazy” women. Pint-sized and sandy-haired, Billy is the kind of youngster you’d expect to be wearing a baseball cap or playing as a two-gun sheriff. But he isn’t normal. The glaze of innocence over his round blue eyes frequently turns to terror. He pulls at his fingers incessantly. At times he sits rigidly in a corner, drawn into the dark wilderness of his mind; then, suddenly, he charges up and down the ward until he’s worn out. Such bizarre behavior is known as childhood schizophrenia. In the ward, where Billy is the only boy, he is virtually ignored by nurses,

attendants and psychiatrists. The hospital is chronically overcrowded and understaffed. Once a day, a nurse-in-training, when she can squeeze in the time, takes the boy out for a breath of clean air. He has a few toys but no playmates. How did he get there? Recently I talked to Billy's prematurely gray mother in her neat, small apartment near the hospital. I learned that Billy first showed signs of his illness when he was two-and-a-half. He couldn't fall asleep until early morning, stayed in bed most of the day, cried often, resisted his parents' affection. As he grew older, he began overturning furniture, smashing anything breakable within reach, dashing out of the

house and vanishing for hours. "I never knew what Billy would do next, so I couldn't leave him for a minute," his mother recalled. "I was confused and frightened. My husband couldn't handle him either. Billy wouldn't play with other children. His terrible tantrums upset his brother and sister. He used to look at me with a blank expression as if he didn't know me."

Their doctor referred the family to a pediatrician who in turn suggested a child-guidance clinic, the only one in the area. But the waiting list at the clinic was so long that Billy couldn't be seen for more than a year. At the Neuro-Psychiatric Hospital, the only New Jersey state institution with a unit for mentally ill children, no bed was available for a patient of Billy's age for at least two years. Finally, their doctor convinced the parents they should commit the boy to the county hospital.

"What else could we do?" Billy's mother pleaded, the tears welling up. "Maybe it was cruel to put him in that place, but we just couldn't bear to suffer any longer. And we thought he might get some help."

What hope is there for Billy? Without the treatment he so desperately needs, the child has a one-way ticket to a lifetime "in storage."

THIS BOY IS NOT ALONE. Throughout the U.S. an estimated *half-million* youngsters are considered to be psychotic, schizophrenic or borderline cases. As psychiatrists interpret these illnesses, a psychotic suffers from a general mental disorder in which the total personality is dis-

organized. Childhood schizophrenia is a specific condition where the child is unable to relate himself normally to other human beings or situations. Those considered borderline cases show symptoms of mental disorder which indicate that probably the entire personality will eventually be affected.

The first nationwide survey last year by the National Organization for Mentally Ill Children (NOMIC) revealed these tragic statistics:

- *Only 3,939 of these 500,000 seriously disturbed boys and girls—less than one percent—are receiving any kind of treatment.*
- *Twenty-six states have no publicly supported facilities where an emotionally sick child can be kept apart from psychotic adults.*
- *A third of our states completely ignores these children, offering neither public nor private facilities.*

In all of wealthy Texas, for instance, there is but one residential center—and that's private—where a mentally ill child can be treated. In New York State, according to Dr. Donald A. Bloch and Marjorie L. Behrens, who made a study of its residential treatment centers in 1959, 80 percent of the children who apply are turned away.

Elsewhere, many child-guidance clinics have had to close their waiting lists entirely.

The shameful situation was highlighted not long ago in Charlotte, North Carolina. The parents of an acutely disturbed five-year-old, applied in vain at overburdened mental-health clinics in the area. They were informed it would be at least

six months before a part-time psychiatrist could attempt to diagnose the child's illness. North Carolina has but one hospital unit for mentally ill children—the John Umstead State Hospital in Butner—which can take care of ten patients. All the frustrated father could do was put up a six-foot fence in his back yard and turn the child loose.

“Not a single state or community anywhere in the United States,” Judge Nathaniel Kaplan, chairman of the New York City Youth Board, states flatly, “is doing an adequate job in diagnosis, treatment or education for mentally ill children. Before they can be helped, they will long since have left their childhood behind, and with it the chance to grow up as contributing members of our society.”

EVIDENTLY THE NATION is lamentably blind and deaf to the problem—until a dramatic incident shocks us into awareness. Although by far most of these children are harmless, once in a while a senseless act of violence occurs. Not long ago, a 15-year-old Connecticut boy, later diagnosed as schizophrenic, picked up a gun and killed his father, mother and older brother. In Glen Head, Long Island, a 13-year-old whose parents had been warned by a psychiatrist that the boy was “subject to a breakdown,” shot his stepmother. In Nashville, Tennessee, a 12-year-old youngster, who was caught sniping at citizens with a rifle, was found to have received some help in a clinic but should have been in a mental hospital.

Just what is “childhood schizophrenia”? Until a bare 20 years ago, psychiatry in general hesitated to accept the idea that youngsters could possibly have this type of illness. Some authorities believe its roots are physiological—perhaps some defect in the genes, hormones or body chemistry; others contend environmental factors are to blame.

Schizophrenic children may show a variety of symptoms. Usually there's a lack of interest in other people, macabre speech, repetitious play patterns or absorption in fantasy. Some laugh wildly, make odd grimaces, utter animal sounds, croon tuneless melodies. Others are mute and want to be away from everyone. Still others are biters and screamers, kickers and scratchers. In thousands of American homes, such “queer” children are hidden from sight in back rooms and attics.

Consider the harrowing case of husky little Dan Phillips,* diagnosed as schizophrenic when he was seven in Portland, Oregon. Dan had hallucinations of being a cat, kept repeating phrases and was so obsessed with fire that he was excluded from school because he took to running out of the classroom to turn on the fire alarm.

As Mrs. Phillips, a young widow, recounted her story to me, after learning the nature of her son's illness she sought treatment for him. But all that Oregon has to offer is a state hospital where the boy would have been placed among men patients for custodial care, without

**All names of patients have been changed to preserve their anonymity.*

psychotherapy. He had also been referred to a school for the mentally retarded although Dan has a fairly high I.Q. In vain, Mrs. Phillips wrote to the Governor and to the University of Oregon Medical School. For the next four years, mother and son tried California, Ohio, Illinois and other states, but because they were outsiders the boy was not accepted.

Several months ago, they arrived in New York, where half of the 18 state hospitals have children's units. But thus far these hospitals have refused to take in the Oregon boy. So Mrs. Phillips and her son are now living in a furnished room, waiting to establish the required one-year's residence in New York.

While almost all states have some form of diagnostic facilities, actual treatment for severe cases like Dan is flagrantly lacking. Child-guidance clinics generally handle only the mildly disturbed. Thus, many a bright but seriously ill child has to be shut up in an institution for mental defectives or committed to a hospital alongside adult psychotics, as Billy was. When a child is thrown in with adults, improvement in his condition would be "virtually a miracle," Judge Kaplan points out. A troubled youngster who obviously should receive special attention in a nonthreatening environment may, instead, be abused by potentially dangerous psychotic adults and subjected to sexual overtures.

Moreover, doctors and attendants tend to give priority to grown-ups, leaving the young fry to fend for themselves, just vegetating, waiting

for meals, receiving little or no therapy. Such adult ward arrangements are particularly prevalent in the South and Midwest (Alabama, West Virginia, Mississippi and North Dakota, for example) as well as in Vermont and Wyoming.

On the other hand, hospitalized youngsters are apt to get a decent break if they're put in a special children's unit. Good programs of this type are carried on in California, New York, Massachusetts, Kansas, Michigan and Illinois where, besides therapy, the mentally ill children are also given some form of education. There are, of course, private residential treatment centers for children, such as the one at the Menninger Clinic in Topeka, Kansas (with a capacity of only 25 beds), but the annual fees at these living-in centers generally range from \$4,000 to \$12,000 and children may have to remain year after year.

Here and there, small-scale experiments in treatment are under way. In Boston, the Massachusetts Mental Health Center has a state-supported plan under which very disturbed children are allowed to leave the institution and go home week ends. This keeps a child from being lost to his family altogether, and gives him a chance to try out his new skills-in-living at home. At Wilkes Barre, Pennsylvania, the Children's Service Center of Wyoming Valley has mentally ill children living at the Center and going out to public schools during the day.

But hospitals alone are not the complete answer. Specialists in child psychiatry generally agree that in

many cases children are better off outside an institution, in a day-care center or supervised foster home. In desperation, many parents—defeated in efforts to find outside help for their children—have banded together to organize day-care centers.

In Northern New Jersey, one mother advertised in a newspaper for parents of mentally ill children. Some 60 parents gathered in a forum to discuss their mutual problems. Four of the fathers, whose children had been barred from the public schools, each put up \$500 to start their own school. They obtained the use of a Veterans of Foreign Wars building, members of the community contributed desks, merchants gave fruit juice and cookies, funds were raised through a thrift shop, tag days and door-to-door soliciting.

Today, the school, known as the Forum School, in Paterson, New Jersey, takes care of 15 children; it has a part-time psychiatrist and psychologist, and a teacher for every three pupils. In the seven years since it was launched, fully half the children have become well enough to be admitted to a public school.

The chief value of these day-care centers, first demonstrated by the pioneering League School for Seriously Disturbed Children in Brooklyn, New York,* is that they prove it's possible to treat certain of the youngsters without removing them permanently from their homes—and that *they can be educated*. But all such centers in the nation, while providing much needed care,

now handle a grand total of less than 500 children.

Only a few states, including Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York and New Jersey, have assumed some responsibility for educating our forgotten youth. New York's law, enacted in 1959, is not compulsory; the state merely offers to pay half the cost of schooling to any district willing to foot the rest of the bill. Thus far, only three counties have accepted the invitation.

More effective is the Massachusetts law passed last November. This calls first for a census of all mentally ill children in the state, to uncover those wrongly classified as "mentally retarded" and the many "attic" children hidden at home who have never been classified. The law also directs every township which has one or more disturbed children to provide special classes, with half the costs paid by the state.

With or without schooling, what future is there for a schizophrenic, psychotic or "borderline" child if he receives therapy? The word "cure" is never used by doctors; but such a child may have a fighting chance to function reasonably well as a grown-up. Dr. Leo Kanner of Johns Hopkins, a founder of child psychiatry, tells of a boy diagnosed as "autistic" (dwelling in fantasy only). Responding to treatment, the boy has grown up to be an "oddball"—but an outstanding physicist.

At a grass-roots day-care center in Connecticut, Ben, a dark-eyed, undersized boy diagnosed as schizophrenic, used to fling objects around and kick everyone in sight. Now,

*See CORONET, April 1958, "She Mends Young Minds."

at 17, Ben is not "cured" but he is able to ride a bus each day to work, earn a salary and, within the limits of his potential, can experience pleasure and a sense of achievement.

Symptoms of schizophrenia can be spotted in children as young as six months. Begun early enough, treatment can salvage 60 to 75 percent of such cases, in the opinion of Dr. W. C. Rippy, director of the Umstead State Hospital Children's Unit. The earlier treatment is given, the better the prognosis; the longer the wait, the more irreversible the damage. With no treatment, "They will probably wind up as adult psychotics in institutions," contends Michael Freeland, executive director of NOMIC.

What can be done to meet the critical lack of facilities? One plan, recommended by Dr. Bloch and Miss Behrens, is for small, community-based, day-treatment "child-care centers" to dot every state. These would offer a broad variety of techniques and services such as psychotherapy, family casework and remedial education. When advisable, certain patients would live at the center for intensive treatment.

Possibly the closest to this "ideal" concept is the unique Hawthorn Center at Northville, Michigan. Here, in a warm, friendly, country-like setting of tree-shaded lawns is a large treatment center for 64 resident boys and girls between the ages of six and 16, and 75 day patients between three and 16.

Services offered at Hawthorn also include an outpatient clinic, specialized therapy and schooling.

On the unusually complete staff are 13 psychiatrists, six psychologists, 15 teachers, six social workers, three researchers, 16 nurses and three occupational therapists. Fees are on a sliding scale according to what a family can pay. For day patients fees range from nothing to \$60 a month; for residents, from nothing to \$150 a month. But since Hawthorn Center is supported directly by the state, only children of Michigan residents are eligible.

Aside from Hawthorn and a few other progressive institutions, the nation is dragging its feet. The vital needs, as projected by NOMIC and leading authorities in child psychiatry, are these:

- *More extensive research into the physiological and organic causes of childhood mental illness; a Federal law providing grants for the training of special teachers.*
- *For the states, more specialized hospital units providing treatment, education and vocational training; assumption of responsibility by all states for educating the mentally ill within the public-school system framework.*
- *Community-based child-care centers for vocational guidance and rehabilitation; a guidance program to help parents care for mentally ill children at home.*

In this richest, most enlightened land, it seems incredible indeed that we can continue to neglect a half-million stricken children. Unless communities, states and the Federal Government are spurred to action, we stand guilty of sanctioning a wanton waste of youthful lives. 🏰

BY ARTHUR WHITMAN

*the
big name
game*

For avid collectors the
signatures of
the great are written in
glory and gold

EVER SINCE HIS FLIGHT across the Atlantic in 1927 made him a world hero, Charles A. Lindbergh has avoided autograph collectors. But America's 5,000,000 autograph hounds are a stubborn, ingenious lot. Their hobby may be one of the world's most ancient, and their motto is, "The harder they come, the bigger the thrill."

So when stumped by a client's request for a Lindbergh autograph, a

New Jersey dealer put his wits to work. He sent the flier a registered letter marked "return receipt requested." Back came a signature, acceptable to the Post Office, but so deliberately illegible it was worthless to anyone else.

Fortunately for those who treasure autographs, few great men have made their signatures difficult to obtain or to read. George Washington signed the discharge of every soldier in the Continental Army as his way of expressing personal thanks to his men. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow once wrote as many as 70 letters to his admirers in a day. But the signatures of all our presidents since Harding (with the exception of Hoover) have been unreadable.

Greatness, however, does not automatically bring value. The most valuable American signature, worth \$2,000, is that of Button Gwinnett, who signed the Declaration of Independence for Georgia. There are only about 45 complete sets of the 56 signers' autographs in existence, and Gwinnett's the rarest. By contrast, you can pick up the autograph of Robert Morris, who signed for Pennsylvania, for \$5 today.

Nor is age the criterion. No one knows to whom the oldest autograph belonged. Some say it is a Babylonian merchant's autograph, impressed in about 3,100 B.C. on a clay tablet by a signature stone with a design engraved on one surface. It's in the British Museum.

Value comes from a combination of scarcity, historical interest and demand by collectors. Signatures on documents or letters are consider-

S
S A S
X M Y /
XPO FERENS.

William Shakespeare

\$50,000: Columbus' code.¹ \$100,000: bad writing by W. Shakespeare.¹

ably more valuable than a lone autograph. For example: Christopher Columbus' signature alone is valued at \$3,000, on a letter at \$25,000 and on a document at \$50,000.

There are numbers of 4,000-year-old Egyptian signatures available through dealers, but few worth as much as \$1,000. The Babylonian signature stones fetch as little as \$10. On the other hand, Charlemagne's signature on three eighth-century parchments is worth at least \$10,000 today. Shakespeare's signature on a document brings top price for an autograph—\$100,000.

The beginning of serious interest in autographs in this country can actually be given a date—July 4, 1826, the 50th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence.

On that day, the only two signers who had become President, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, died within a few hours of each other. The stunning coincidence brought home to Americans the inescapable fact that all the Founding Fathers

would soon be dead, and conscious widespread efforts were made for the first time by libraries and individuals to collect their writings. Today the habit of preservation is deeply entrenched.

The number of collectors has grown considerably since 1826. The current 5,000,000 figure includes all those who chase celebrities, even though most of them collect only as proof they have glimpsed their heroes. Serious collectors number perhaps 2,500, according to the estimate of New York dealer-historian Charles Hamilton, and many have built collections of real value.

Autograph hounds are apt to reflect personal tastes in their collections. Franklin Roosevelt, known for his interest in naval matters, assembled a prize collection of American naval autographs. Others look for autographs of scientists, inventors, writers, actors, sports figures and military leaders. Winston Churchill seeks signatures of statesmen with whom he has dealt, though he takes

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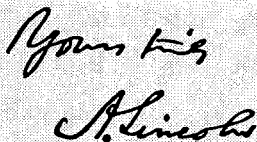
Martinus Luther D

\$3,000: Martin Luther² wrote in Latin;

\$50,000: Charlemagne's royal monogram.²

R
K S
L

(1) price for signature on document; (2) on letter; (3) alone.



Lincoln is worth \$100³ ...



but Jefferson brings only \$20.³

a lighthearted view of his hobby. When asked during World War II what he wanted most to add to his collection, Churchill replied: "Adolf Hitler." "His signature?" asked the shocked questioner. "No, sir," replied the great man. "His head."

Autographs can be a form of investment. In 1955, a prosperous German collector was forced by the Communists to close his chemical plant in East Germany. A year later, he was allowed to cross over into West Germany. Among the few odds and ends of personal possessions he was permitted to take with him were some "family papers," including two Martin Luther autographs worth \$3,000 apiece.

Where there are articles of such value, there will be forgers. Plague of American collectors was the elusive Joseph Cosey, who disappeared about ten years ago, after forging numerous signatures, letters and papers of Benjamin Franklin, Abraham Lincoln and Edgar Allan Poe, and at least one draft of the Decla-

ration of Independence—now a collector's item itself and worth \$250.

But for sheer gall, the all-time honors go to William Henry Ireland, an 18th-century Englishman. Then, as now, there were only five Shakespeare autographs in existence, but Ireland created a sixth for his father, who had it authenticated by the British Museum.

Before he was exposed, Ireland not only produced complete manuscripts of *Hamlet* and *King Lear*, but boldly created an "undiscovered" Shakespeare play, *Vortigern and Rowena*, which was produced at the Drury Lane Theater. Ireland's career came to an end when, at the second act line: "And when this solemn mockery is o'er," the restive audience exploded into uncontrolled hilarity.

The most infuriating forgery to many American collectors was perpetrated last year when the U.S. Post Office issued an "American Credo" series stamp bearing a clumsy, handwritten "G. Washing-



Two for \$5: Cody's name and nickname.³



\$1,000 for a plain John Smith?³
Yes, if Mrs. S. was Pocahontas.

ton." Frank Conley, the artist who designed the stamp, said he had changed Washington's characteristic "Go:" to "G." because "the Post Office desired a signature that was readable."

The Post Office Department has been careful not to take liberties with other autographs in the series. It has learned that collectors are in close communion with their heroes.

As dealer Charles Hamilton has said, "Autographs are the only direct contact most of us can ever have with great men. If someone gives me Napoleon's sword or Poe's quill, I may be delighted, but I have no as-

surance the great man ever used it. But when I have his autograph, I have a direct expression of a personality that brings to my own life a genuine whisper of greatness. To me that's worth any price or inconvenience."

The dealer who stalked Lindbergh would no doubt agree. So, especially, would the lady who once wrote John Barrymore for his autograph and, after weeks of waiting, received in reply an icy note reading: "Dear Madam: I am not in the habit of giving my valuable signature away to everyone who asks for it." The note was signed. 

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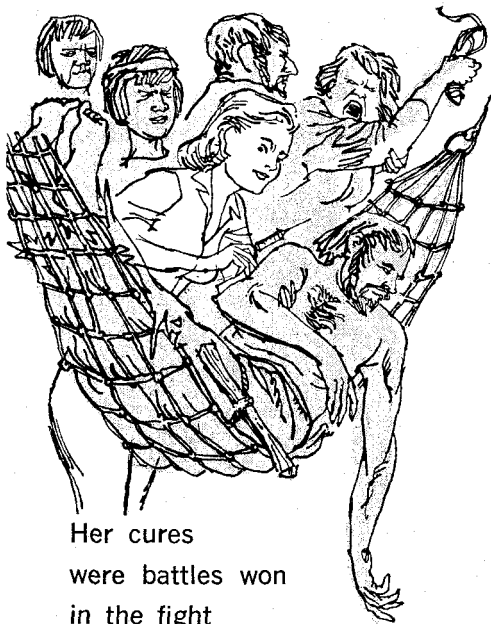
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Her cures
were battles won
in the fight
between ignorance
and faith

Confessions of a “witch doctor”

BY KARENA SHIELDS

I AM A WITCH DOCTOR. This did not come about because I meant it to. But that I am a witch doctor there is no doubt, at least in some people's minds. It all began seven

years ago when I went back to the mountains of Chiapas, southern Mexico, where I had lived as a child. I intended to plant chocolate, coffee and fruit in this beyond-the-frontier wilderness where my father once had a plantation. I hoped to find serenity and strength in a way of life far from the frantic haste of “civilization.”

Strength I have learned about, serenity comes for a few minutes sometimes in the calm of evening or late at night when I fall into my hammock. But most of my time is spent in a rush that equals anything the New York subway could offer. And instead of escaping the problem of human struggle, I am involved more closely than ever before.

It started early one morning that first year. I was having breakfast on the verandah of my thatched house. A boy came dashing into the compound. “A nau-yaca bit my brother this morning. By accident, you wouldn't have something that might help him?” he pleaded.

Nau-yacas are deadly snakes. Once when I was a child I saw a man die after being bitten. No one in these woods had ever saved a man once that venom had entered his body. I had none of the serums now available, but I did have a bottle of “anti-viporina,” a mild herb form of an anticoagulant which is sometimes of help if the conditions are right.

I rushed for the bottle and thrust it into his hand. “Here,” I said, much more agitated than he, “have your brother drink half of this, and then in half an hour he must drink

the rest of it. I'll come at once."

Excited by the urgency in my voice, the boy rode off pell-mell and I began to take stock of my rash promise. What could I do to help? I had no medical equipment worthy of the name and only limited knowledge and practice in medicine.

THE LITTLE VILLAGE, an hour's ride away, was inhabited by a variety of cutthroats, most of whom had escaped from some "unpleasantness" elsewhere. In the past they had demonstrated unfriendliness which ranged from burning our corn fields to shooting at passers-by from ambush. For them I was an outsider. Also, since they were hiding out from the law, my presence was a threat, for with my coming there also came other outsiders.

I hurriedly changed into riding clothes, knowing that I was surely heading into danger. One difficulty lay in the fact that if I did administer medicine and the man died, I might well be accused of having killed him. With considerable misgivings I rode into the jungled hills to the village of Aguazul.

The young man lay in a string hammock, his injured leg swollen twice its normal size and already turning a dark bluish-purple. He was in obvious agony, although no sound escaped his swollen lips, and he was spitting blood at intervals.

I took mental inventory, looking down at him with the family crowded about me in the small thatched hut. Outside a low murmur made a monody of sound: the mournful comment of the waiting

villagers. There was very little on my side for encouragement. I did have penicillin, which might help fight the infection already apparent in the stagnated leg. He had drunk the anti-viporina, but the symptoms had not lessened.

I made incisions over the wound in his foot with a razor blade and improvised a suction cup from an ear syringe bulb. When I drew out half a cup of yellow serum a murmur went around the group. This was the first hint that something besides simple first aid was involved.

Suddenly, with a high shriek, a woman began rushing about with a piece of the man's sandal in her hand. She beat it rhythmically at the walls, coming to him and striking the hammock strings with it from time to time and crying out again. I tried not to notice her, but went about the business of slowly loosening the tourniquet. As I gave the injection of penicillin, the woman rushed at me, attempting to hit me with the leather thong. An old man caught her hand and drew her back with a shamefaced apology.

"What is the trouble?" I asked uneasily.

"No trouble. She is just protecting you from the spirit of the nau-yaca. You are going to save the man and the nau-yaca will want revenge. This sandal that touched the snake will be powerful against the nau-yaca now."

"I cannot be sure the man will live," I said hastily. "There is no knowing about it."

The old man looked at me in astonishment. "But you made the

marks of the cross on his foot when you cut. I saw."

He was right. I had cut a cross that touched both fang puncture marks. There had been two crosses made, one running into the other.

Now I began to learn something about the strength of their growing belief in my "magic." I ordered some cool lemonade for the man. He drank it gratefully but insisted that I hold the cup for him before he touched it. Then the woman brought me the leather thong and asked me to step on it. I refused, saying that it held no power and my stepping on it could do nothing. The old man nodded and announced to all and sundry, "She does not need to step on it. Her power is greater than these things."

My worry over the sick man quickly became a genuine concern over what was going on in the minds of the villagers. I dug back into my mind for the things my childhood had taught me of mountain thinking in Chiapas, and made an attempt at a speech.

"Villagers," I began, "this man may get well or he may not. It is '*como Dios quiera*,' as God wishes. I have no power. If what I have done is acceptable to *Dios*, then the man will heal. None of these things have power." I pointed to the leather strap, the small pool of blood on the floor that the woman had already encircled with coals, and held out my own hands. "*Solo Dios*," I repeated. "Only God can help."

Mopping my forehead, I watched the agony slowly drain from the young man's face. The silence of the

people who watched with me began to fill with an awareness as though the concentration of their minds on me and my intentions were an alive thing, prying at my very being.

There was nothing more that I could do. I quickly gave instructions about the man's care and left. The ride down through the jungle to my plantation house was filled with the reverberations of drums being beaten—against me or for me?

The young man lived. Within a few hours the seepage of blood from the throat stopped. A week later he was back in the corn field working. The pot shots along the trails ceased and there was no more damage to our crops. I was no longer dispensable, but now I was a *bruja*, a witch doctor!

From that day, a stream of hurt and sick and even dying began to wear a wide trail through the jungle to my plantation. Being no longer dispensable had its merits. But the danger of the hill people's belief in my healing powers was increasing.

More than once since that first day of "curing" I awakened to find a group of men sitting on their heels outside my gate sharpening their machetes. Their question always was, "When are you going to come and cure the woman?"—or the man or child—whoever was in need. Often this need was several hours horseback ride away, and soon they were calling for me at any hour of the night, sometimes in the middle of a heavy tropic storm.

I sent for equipment, medicines. I built a large thatched building for an infirmary. Sometimes whole fam-

ilies camped out there, nursing their sick. I began a correspondence with doctors in the nearest available cities, asking for information, hoping that one day I could break the fear in the mountain people's minds and get them to more expert care.

One day, a pregnant woman came to the infirmary just as I was giving a very sick woman an injection. The sick woman's relatives were alarmed. They said it was bad that she was looked upon by a woman expecting a child. Nothing, they said, not even my "magic" could cure her now. They carried her away in a hammock strung on two poles and the next day she died. This is what decided me on a campaign to stop the belief in witchcraft. Curing them was not enough.

I built a small chapel near the infirmary. I began by telling them that I could do nothing without their help. (I was not changing their religion—they had none except for witchcraft.) I told them they could

help by praying I be given strength. But this strength could come only if God willed it. I asked them to go and kneel in front of the cross I had placed in the chapel and to ask the God who loved all men to give us faith and teach us not to be afraid.

I do not know what they are thinking or what they are praying in there. But I do know that they are silent, and that their faces are painfully hopeful when after a half-hour they come back to the infirmary to peer in at their sick and look at what I am doing.

And when I give them their child, laughing and gaining strength once again, or tell an old man his wife can go home, I remind them that there is no "evil wind" that blows, nor "bad eye" that can spoil this getting well—that love cures more things than witchcraft can spoil.

They are beginning to believe me. It may be a long time yet, but one day I hope I shall no longer be a witch doctor. 

OUT FOR THE COUNT!

THERE HAD BEEN a flu epidemic in town and the doctor who had had almost no sleep for a week called upon a patient who had caught the bug.

"Begin counting," directed the doctor, as he leaned over to hear the patient's respiration. Almost at once he fell asleep with his head on the sick man's chest.

It seemed only a moment when he awoke suddenly to hear the patient still counting, "10,888; 10,889 . . ."

—MRS. JAMES ALBERS

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Anything goes at
this famed
show-business club
as members
ham it up with gags,
acts and stunts



Broadway's merry Lambs

BY FARRELL CROSS

YOU COULD WANDER all day and night up and down New York's theatrical district without ever spotting as many celebrities as you can see during an ordinary luncheon at an unpretentious building at 130 West 44th Street. For this is The Lambs, most famous, best beloved

and least inhibited theatrical club in the world, often referred to as "the longest hit performance on Broadway."

What other club has members who hardly blink an eye at a colleague wandering around with a couple of trained chimpanzees in tow; a magician conjuring flaming paper out of a guest's pocket; or a three-piece band practicing rock-'n'-roll in the barbershop?

And what other club stays open 24 hours a day, 365 days of the year, encourages members to perform soft-shoe routines atop dining-room tables, allows stray pigeons to roost on the fireplace mantel and harbors a cat which wears hats, drinks beer and smokes cigarettes?

Typical of the shenanigans that go on at The Lambs is the time a formal banquet was scheduled in honor of the Chinese Ambassador. This distinguished guest, dressed in Oriental garb, sat strangely silent and aloof during the serving of many courses, and all eyes were upon him as it came time for him to speak, after dessert. Following a polite introduction, he rose and blurted out in broken English, "Food not so yumyum. I solly come here—Lambs plenty stink." It turned out, to the delight of all present, that the man was no ambassador at all, but the Chinese valet of Hollywood actor and club member, Leo Carrillo.

Members of The Lambs think nothing of rubbing elbows with famous personalities throughout history—"Franklin D. Roosevelt" or "Abraham Lincoln," for example—for the men who have played these

parts on Broadway, actors Ralph Bellamy and Raymond Massey, are members; and it is a common occurrence for Lambs to drop in from nearby theaters, still in make-up and costumes, between matinee and evening performances.

In this atmosphere of constant impersonation, it would seem impossible for any Lamb to be taken in by another's disguise. Yet, not long ago, a Lambkin (member under 30) spent 20 minutes engrossed in conversation with a heavily accented "United Nations delegate from Morocco" before discovering that he was really a fellow member taking a breather between TV rehearsals.

Often, well-known guests are brought into the act. Last spring, composer Fred Hillebrand, a handy man with a billiard cue, was duped into a contest with a "new member." After being roundly shellacked, he found out that his opponent was none other than billiard champ Willie Mosconi, a guest. And a few weeks later another Lamb met a similar crushing defeat, this time in bridge, when he innocently played opposite a guest who had been introduced as "Mr. Warren." It was bridge expert Charles Goren.

One day, a guest was standing with a member at the bar, his hat plunked down before him on the counter. Suddenly, smoke came billowing out from under the brim. "My hat's on fire!" he gasped, seizing a pitcher of water. But before he could let fly the member restrained him and calmly lifted the hat. It turned out that one of the Lambs, a sleight-of-hand artist perched half-

way down the bar, had somehow maneuvered a shot glass of water and dry ice under the hat without attracting the victim's attention.

The Lambs is strictly a male institution, composed of two-thirds show business people and one-third selected outsiders. Its roster of some 1,300 members includes stars such as Gary Cooper, Fred Astaire, Pat O'Brien, Danny Kaye, Eddie Bracken, Elliott Nugent, David Wayne, Eddie Foy Jr., Edward G. Robinson and others of similar stature. Leo Durocher, Mel Allen, Jack Dempsey and Bernard Baruch are typical non-show business members.

One fateful day in 1956 the governing board decided to let down the all-male restriction and admit ladies into the dining room as dinner guests. Several older members promptly resigned, and one well-to-do actor threatened to cut The Lambs out of his will. It was not so much that members objected to women as it was a fear that this new relaxation of rules would dilute the old-time spirit.

They recalled the time the late Ethel Barrymore applied make-up and disguised herself as a man in a dinner jacket. So successful was her disguise that she remained in the club's sacred precincts for more than an hour before being unmasked. Legend has it that the door attendant, chided for having been caught with his guard down, alibied, "The face looked so familiar, I thought it was her brother."

The only other time the inner sanctum was ever knowingly invaded by the opposite sex, prior to

the change of rules, was when the opera diva, Tetrizzini, made a bet that she could get into the club. Disguised as a cleaning woman, she shuffled her way as far as the grill room, where she was promptly recognized as an impostor and unceremoniously ousted.

The permanent stage setting for this unpredictable array of talent is a modest, six-story building of brick and stone which has housed the club for the last 55 of its 85 years. Dashing Douglas Fairbanks Sr. used to make memorable entrances, scrambling up the bricks, slipping in through a third-story window and then bounding happily down the trophy-lined stairs, as though storming a castle on a movie set.

SAD TO SAY, few actors today seem to have the feeling for this sort of thing. Outside of an occasional old school try, such as coming up the front steps on stilts or pogo stick, the last really noteworthy occasion was when a cowboy actor (who prefers to remain anonymous outside the fold) rode his horse right into the lobby. He wanted to prove to a doubtful colleague that he was no armchair equestrian. He was suspended for three months, "for failure to register a guest."

Naturally, The Lambs Club has its own theater, a 370-seat affair on the third floor, with a fully equipped stage and modern lighting. Here is where the famous *Lambs Gambols* originated. These dramas, musicals and other kinds of shows used to be staged several times a year and some were so good they became Broad-

way hits, such as *Stalag 17* and *The Caine Mutiny Court Martial*.

The typically Lamb-ish idea was to cast famous actors in bit parts, while relative unknowns took the leads; or to assign members to parts completely contrary to their usual roles. In the old days, Caruso used to blast out tin-pan alley numbers; Toscanini once led a ragtime band; and, more recently, Raymond Massey did a song-and-dance routine. John Barrymore first proved how skillfully he could handle Shakespeare when thrust into such a role by the "Collie" (Master of the Gambol) although at the time he was appearing as a sophisticated, suave, gentleman-about-town character in a Broadway play.

The third-floor theater, however, is not the only part of the building used for "tryouts." In the dining room during any lunch hour, for example, one table may be made up of a team of music and lyric writers jotting down hasty scores, while the next table is rocking under the gestures of a director and his associates trying to untangle a production knot (Frederick Loewe and Alan Jay Lerner first met at The Lambs and there worked out some of the details of their hit, *My Fair Lady*).

At the bar, comedians may be mussing their hair and rearranging their ties to demonstrate a new "bit" for a comic TV character. At any moment a tap dancer is likely to go into his act using, as a stage, one of the old hardwood tables which were purposely made so solid that they are practically tip-proof.

A regular habitué of the bar is

Thomas C. Lamb III (third in a succession of the club's pet cats). He not only mooches meals, but has acquired a liking for beer and is such a good performer that he does not object to wearing a hat. One member has patiently trained the animal in the art of "smoking" cigarettes. And though Thomas C. does not inhale, he gives a reasonably good impression that he is a tobacco addict.

One day in 1954 a stray pigeon somehow flew into the clubhouse through an open window and settled on a wide mantelpiece. When a club attendant rushed to bundle the unwelcome guest back out the window, he was admonished by one of the members, "Don't do that. It's probably an old actor reincarnated." The pigeon remained for hours, happily feeding on bits of bread offered by some of the members.

Apparently, the numerous day-to-day activities are not enough to satisfy the histrionic appetites of the Lambs in the Fold, for they always seem to be getting together to honor each other's birthdays, home-comings, stage successes, marriages or what-have-you.

When club president (known as "Shepherd") William Gaxton returned from an extended tour of the Orient last summer, he was feted at the "Round Table," a huge, hand-hewn oak job that has never been sullied by either a tablecloth or a nonmember. A special song, *Gaxton's in Town*, was composed and sung by Fred Hillebrand.

It is rare that nonmembers come in for this type of accolade, and even rarer when the guest happens

to be female. But one such event did occur two years ago when a charming grandmother was honor guest at a luncheon in tribute not only to a long career as an actress but to her 50th wedding anniversary. Reason for the exceptional affair: her husband, former actor Tom Terriss, is, at 88, the oldest yet one of the most active members of the club.

Most of The Lambs' evening affairs are followed by a form of Thespian madcappery known as "Low Jinks." This always takes place in the grill room and bar, continues from midnight until five or six A.M., and offers participants plenty of opportunity to quote an old club saying, "He came in like a Lamb and went out like a light."

Despite the name, "Low Jinks" are not so much drinking as *acting* binges. Several of the zanier and more exultant members may continue until dawn without ever touching anything more alcoholic than ginger ale.

At typical events in the past you might have seen Bobby Clark doing a burlesque act with his oversized painted goggles, old-timers Smith & Dale doing a vaudeville skit, Dave Mallen, former *Oklahoma* star, giving his famous impersonation of George M. Cohan.

Though traditionally emotional and highly susceptible to sentiment, the Lambs do make a gallant effort to keep their Thespian feet on the ground, as well as the stage. Whenever members have runs of bad luck in landing new roles or when serious illness strikes, it is little short of miraculous how many un-

expected "bonuses" appear from previous shows they worked in. Whenever a Lamb goes on the road with a show or travels abroad, some kind of grapevine seems to operate in advance so that he gets a resounding welcome from other Lambs he may meet along the way. And whenever a Lamb dies, no matter how minor his acting assignments may have been, his family can be sure that he will be well remembered by his associates.

Only one event seems ever to have seriously discombobulated The Lambs. That was when the comedian Joe Laurie Jr. died several years ago. In his will, he had requested that his body be cremated (which was done) and that his ashes "be

cast into a roaring fire some cold winter's day" in the big fireplace near the bar at The Lambs.

Officers of the club held a hurried and harried meeting. Legally, there seemed to be no reason why the request could not be fulfilled. And there was nothing in the by-laws pertaining to the proper disposition of departed members. But no one wanted to take the responsibility. Somehow, it did not seem quite right to have the final remains of a beloved Lamb go up the chimney in smoke.

Laurie's ashes are still in a vault. And the situation at the club remains unique—the only act in Lambs history on which no one will ever ring down the curtain. 

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LINDA IS THE DAUGHTER of my best friend. Four years ago she graduated summa cum laude in biology from an Eastern university, where her work in genetics was so original her professors urged a career in research. Two months after graduation, Linda married a young industrial engineer. She moved to a suburb of Detroit and is now bearing her third child. Not once in these four years has she had time to open a book on genetics, talk with a scientist or think about anything but her family and the day's news. By the common standards of society, Linda is lucky. Not only is she fulfilling her destiny as a woman, but she has a kind, intelligent husband, healthy children and an attractive house. Yet Linda shares a growing awareness that

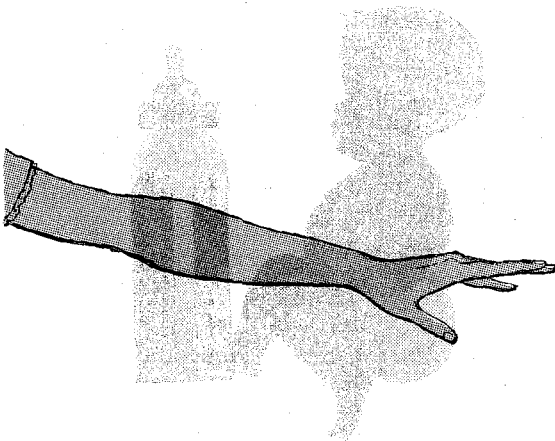
**Why
waste
our
gifted women?**



she and her kind are the victims of a major American paradox: the girl who is educated to use her intellect, but is expected to confine herself to domesticity. Like millions of her sisters, she is mother, wife, chauffeur, cleaning woman, cook, laundress, gardener, shopper and bookkeeper. The one thing she's *not* is a geneticist. Science has lost a promising talent and Linda has forfeited the satisfactions of using her brilliant mind to the full. The whole nation is the loser. It is time we woke up to the fact that we are wasting our gifted women. In a time of expanding national needs and keen world competition we can't afford to waste any national resource—brain power least of all. We need the women who can bring us the talents of a Dr. Janet Travell

***Creative women shouldn't be
trapped in housework. Their talents
need expression and
the nation needs their brain power***

by Claire Sewel



in medicine, a Senator Margaret Chase Smith in politics, a Marianne Moore in poetry, a Dr. Margaret Mead in anthropology.

"We need every trained person that we've got," Dr. Mead warns. "We especially need people in the jobs that women fill. . . . We haven't nearly enough of them."

What's more, many gifted women whose careers have been interrupted by marriage need challenging work to be happy. At first, the problems of child-rearing and home-making may be challenge enough. But as the children become self-sufficient and the household routine becomes a mindless habit, frustration sets in. Linda knows that something she used to have is missing, something that gave her the feeling of being not only a wife and mother, but an individual with talents and aspirations of her own.

President Mary Ingraham Bunting of Radcliffe College insists that far too many women are missing happiness because they aren't working hard enough, nor meaningfully, for fulfillment. They may feel exhausted at the end of a day's work, but it is often the fatigue of boredom and dissatisfaction. She deplores the way society's "hidden dissuaders" shunt intellectual girls off the track of career achievement.

Usually, the girls leave the track willingly. From childhood they have been conditioned by the myriad persuasive voices of society to regard marriage as a woman's highest calling. They can hardly wait to graduate before buying the trousseau and starting a family.

Though women have fought long and hard for equality, "career girl" is still an unflattering term. It implies an aggressive, unfeminine creature, working to compensate for a lack of emotional fulfillment—or a pitiable victim of economic necessity. Society insists that women with talents can contribute more by devoting them to the work of raising useful citizens and tending to hard-working husbands than by invading the man's world of a career. If they have energy to spare, the argument goes, let them do good works in their community. Their potential contributions in the world of intellect can be accomplished by others.

But can they? Of the approximately 7,000 doctors graduated in the U.S. each year only a few hundred are women. And America is so dangerously short of doctors we are "importing" thousands from abroad. Critical shortages exist in nursing, teaching and social work—fields women traditionally fill—as well as in realms of pure research where women have demonstrated their intellectual equality with men. Yet proportionately fewer women are taking Ph.D.s these days—only one out of ten in 1956, compared to one out of seven in 1920. Of those who do go on to become, for example, teachers, about as many drop out to become housewives each year as enter the profession.

By contrast, in Russia most of the family doctors are women. Our gifted women are certainly as capable, as was dramatically pointed up when President Kennedy appointed Dr. Janet Travell White House phy-

sician. He called her "a genius."

There is no lack of examples to prove that we have women of superior intelligence or that the country needs their talents. What is lacking is awareness that our old-fashioned attitudes give them little opportunity or incentive to serve.

"Of all the talented people who don't go to college today," says Mrs. Bunting, "the majority are women." Professor Emeritus Mabel Newcomer of Vassar concurs: "The problem today for women is lack of motivation . . ." If we are to stop wasting our gifted women, changes in attitudes and motivation must precede whatever practical solutions are presented.

For one thing, society—and the women themselves—must stop thinking of them as unfeminine or abnormal because home and family are not their only preoccupations. Just as there are men who feel cramped in organization life there are women who feel cramped in domesticity, and neither merits the stigma of society. You are good when you are one with yourself. And no woman is one with herself when she feels that half of herself is stifled.

Another change of attitude must come from men, as husbands and as employers and fellow workers. Pamela Hansford Johnson, wife of British scientist and author C. P. Snow and herself a novelist, commented at the end of a visit here that American women who work face "much hostility, both overt and hidden. . . . If a woman wants to get the top job, she still has to be at least five times as good as the competing male."

Many professional women would agree that this is no exaggeration, and that no matter how competent a woman may be, her sex often bars her from jobs she could fill with distinction. Sex, indeed, is the hostile man's basis for this unjustified discrimination, according to psychiatric theory. Some men subconsciously feel that having a woman as a boss or an equal on the job somehow undermines their masculinity.

The inconsistency of this attitude is clearly shown when it involves the wife's role in the home. In times of trouble, wives are expected to be strong, resourceful and decisive—then to resume their pretense of being the traditional helpless woman until the next crisis comes along. A man with a sound ego, however, has nothing to fear from a woman's intelligence and much to gain by encouraging her to use it openly. It is only the insecure man who confuses intellectual equality with sexual competition. "I'd like to have a society in which men's sense of themselves didn't depend on denigrating and lowering women in some way," Dr. Mead says.

ALL TOO OFTEN, social scientists who have studied the problem find our "unemployed" gifted women are a "discontented class." Housework is not enough to satisfy them and they may consequently make a poor job of it. This in turn may lead to marital frictions or add to the 14,000,000 tranquilizer prescriptions filled (in one year) for housewives.

The men who marry potentially creative women must know what

they are taking on: women who will be better mothers and wives if they are not *only* mothers and wives. If a man wants a stimulating companion he may have to settle for an imperfect housewife or be willing to pay for outside help.

"If mothers are trained to do something elaborate or complicated . . . and feel unhappy with housework and do it badly, it's better for the mother to be doing the things she does well and let someone else do the chores," advises Dr. Mead.

But *who* else? Domestic help is expensive and hard to come by in our servantless society. The grandmothers and spinster aunts who used to guard the young of former generations today are often in another city or can't be accommodated in the average city apartment or suburban split-level. Nor is working at home much of a solution if Junior is bawling in the next room and the dishwasher repair man is hammering in the kitchen.

One answer, already well established in Britain, France, Sweden, Russia and Israel, is a widespread system of day nurseries and day-care centers for infants and young children. In America mention of the idea often arouses an indignant, "No decent mother will delegate the care of her children to others!" These voices ignore the record (perhaps it's sour grapes, since we can no longer afford them) of the "Nannies" and "Mammies" who ruled over the children of many a home not so many generations ago.

On the other hand, many city agencies and persons with first-hand

experience with the day-care centers, here and abroad, report they are healthy, happy, expertly run places. During the day, young children benefit from skilled supervision, just as they do when away from home at school; in the evenings and on week ends they are surrounded by the loving attention of their parents in a home atmosphere free of at least one tension—the mother's discontent with domesticity.

But nurseries, vital as they may one day prove to be in this country, are now a rather remote solution and only part of the answer. For practical purposes, not many mothers, gifted or "normal," can take on serious work while there's a houseful of children to tend.

The average woman is 31 when her last child starts school, in her mid-40s when all are grown. She's still vigorous and will live to be 70. What is she going to do with her time? The vague doubts now besetting my young friend Linda will be a pressing problem for her in a few years.

An answer is suggested by Mrs. Randolph Guggenheimer, a 49-year-old grandmother who recently became the first woman member of the New York City Planning Commission: "We've got many productive years ahead for doing things besides grandma-baby-sitting. What we need is a speedy retraining, so that women who have a great deal of experience under their belts can be put back on the track."

A woman with an advanced degree, vintage 1940, will find when she tries to re-enter her field that not

only is she quite naturally rusty, but also there are a lot of modern developments to catch up on. Before she can be "put back on the track" she needs a refresher course. Such courses for the benefit of adult women are now rare, but there are encouraging signs that they may become an important means of bringing our gifted women back into the areas of their talents.

To help end what it called an "intolerable" loss of talent, Radcliffe College is establishing an Institute for Independent Study. Scholarships will be granted to "intellectually displaced" women—mostly women who have established themselves in their fields and whose careers have been interrupted by marriage—so their gifts may be put back to use. They may be writers, artists, historians, scientists, social scientists

or "women concerned with any reach of scholarship or creative art."

The experiment has aroused keen interest among educators. Other universities may eventually set up centers for married graduates who want to continue their chosen work or retain their skills. The way is indicated for hospitals, laboratories, social agencies and schools who need these women to set up part-time, on-the-job retraining programs for them so that when family circumstances permit they can step in full time.

Of course, not every gifted woman is pining to get back in harness. For many, volunteer work, learning a language or catching up on reading is fully satisfying when her leisure is won. But those who do should have the opportunity to use the faculties they possess and which the country, now more than ever, needs. 

LADIES AT THE WHEEL

WOMEN NOT ONLY DRIVE as well as men, but they can do it on either side of the road.

—General Features Corporation

AN INSURANCE CLAIM AGENT was teaching his wife to drive when the brakes failed on a steep grade.

"I can't stop," she screamed. "What shall I do?"

"Brace yourself," advised her husband, "and try to hit something cheap."

—SYBIL CONNOR

IT WAS DUSK when a lady motorist stopped at a roadside filling station.

"Please give me a quart of red oil," she told the attendant.

"A quart of red oil?"

"Yes, of course," she said firmly. "Can't you see my taillight has gone out?"

—MARY KALB

Your marvelous muscles

BY LESTER DAVID

You can't walk, talk,
breathe or raise
goose flesh without them;
and the best way
to abuse them is not
to use them

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW about your own muscles, those remarkable springs responsible for every move your body makes? Do you know, for example:

That you actually have a sixth sense, thanks to muscles?

That an average-sized human being has billions of muscle fibers in his body?

Without muscles you couldn't eat, sing, whistle, breathe, take a step—or even raise a “goose bump”?

At the base of every single hair, you have a tiny muscle that contracts when stimulated by a nerve, producing that bumpy look. In fact, without muscles you couldn't live because the heart itself is a muscle.

More than half your body is composed of muscle. Nature has endowed men with more muscle tissue than women, who have only 60 to 70 percent as much muscle for body mass as males. That's why an average woman can't lift as much, throw as far or hit as hard as an average man. But her figure depends on the firmness of her muscles.

A famous German zoologist points out that we actually have at least *eight* senses! One is the *muscular* sense. This, he explains, “sees to it we use our muscles intelligently, to the exact extent required by the action to be performed.” The other two: the *temperature* sense to detect heat and cold; and the *pain* sense.

You use your muscular sense every waking hour. It worked for you, for instance, when you picked up this magazine. Your hand reached out to where it lay. Certain sensory nerves linking the muscles to the brain stopped your hand at the correct spot. This automatic perception of the position of muscles is your muscular sense in action.

What do muscles look like? They are stringy bundles of fibers, varying in length from 1/500th of an inch to about three inches. Under a high-powered microscope, muscle tissue is seen as long, slender cells with a grainy texture like wood.

Muscles possess three unique characteristics—they can become shorter

and thicker; they can stretch and they can retract to their original positions. There are three main types in your body—voluntary (striped), involuntary (smooth) and cardiac (checkerboard).

The voluntary muscles are those we move consciously. When we cut our food, lift a forkful and chew, we are using these. We have more than 500 of them.

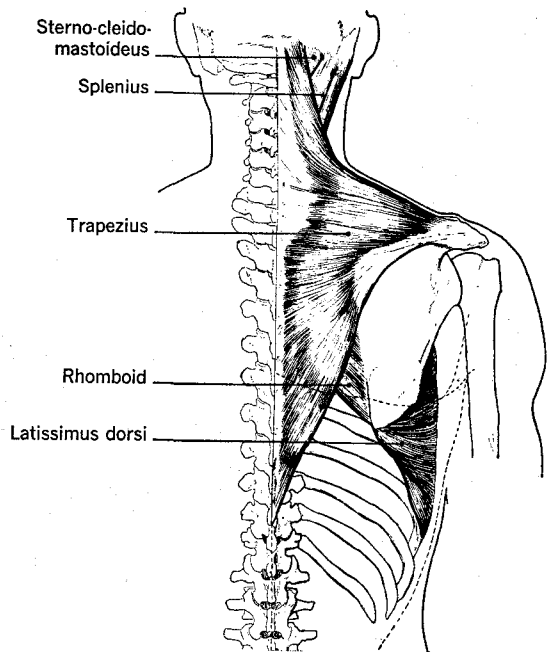
The involuntary muscles work without conscious direction. After we have chewed and swallowed food, these take over in the stomach and intestines to help in digestion. The arterial walls, too, have an involuntary muscle layer that helps propel blood from the heart. *Your life depends on the marvelous elasticity of the arterial muscles.* At each beat of the heart the fibers contract—and then immediately relax.

The cardiac muscle is a combination of both. It is voluntary because it resembles that type in construction; and involuntary because it needs no deliberate effort on our part to work.

Involuntary muscles are sparked into action by your autonomic nervous system, centered in the brain and spinal cord. Nerve fibers extend into the glands and into the involuntary muscles. While your involuntary muscles operate independently of your will, they respond promptly to your glands and to your emo-

tions. Thus under stress your heart beats faster, your stomach and intestinal muscles contract.

Voluntary muscle fibers are longer than the involuntary, weakened with disuse and demand rest. Involuntary muscles function steadily, never demanding rest, although some can be abused, such as the heart muscle. Some can stay in a state of contraction for long periods without becoming fatigued while others may remain inert for many years, then go into action and perform flawlessly; for example, the uterus of a woman when it must adapt to a growing infant. Most



Muscles of upper trunk, arm, shoulder form layers of opposing stresses.

voluntary muscles are bound together with strong connective tissue, encased in a fibrous sheath. These are attached to tendons—tough white extensions of the muscles—which are connected to a tissue that covers the bones. Thus, the muscle can exert a pulling power on the bone without ripping itself away from its moorings.

IN YOUR FACE you have more than a dozen of the finest and most delicate voluntary muscles which can respond to any shade of feeling. When you are sad, four muscles around your mouth pull your lips downward. When you are happy, two others pull your mouth upward in a smile. A single muscle in your chin permits you to alter the set of your lower lips and chin. Opposing muscle teams control your movements. Thus, the biceps contract to raise your arm, relax as you lower it. Meanwhile, the triceps at the back of the upper arm contract to lower the hand, relax when it is being raised.

Similar muscle teams are in your hands, feet, legs, neck, trunk, mouth—even in your eyes. The sets of muscles there travel together back and forth as you read these lines.

How about muscle—what's good for it, what's bad, why does it hurt when abused?

The health of your voluntary muscles depends on two vital factors—strength and *tone*. When doctors speak of *muscle tone* they refer to over-all condition. If muscle is flabby, it has poor tone; if it is firm and elastic, it has good tone.

Well-toned muscles work better and don't tire as readily. Exercise strengthens and firms up the fibers, increasing their power to stretch and contract.

What actually happens when you exercise? You call on muscles to supply more energy. The fibers are willing—but need food and oxygen to respond. Accordingly, they send out a call for more blood, which carries these substances.

To supply the blood, the heart pumps harder, the blood vessels bear an extra load and the lungs take in more air to supply oxygen for the blood. Your rate of breathing during exercise can increase from about 18 breaths per minute to 30 or 40.

When your heart muscle is well-toned, it beats more powerfully; that is, pushes more blood at each stroke. However, if it has been weakened through disease or disuse, it needs more strokes. That's why the person who's "out of condition" feels his heart pumping away rapidly when he does some unaccustomed exercise.

Why do muscles get bigger when you exercise? With constant use, the muscle fibers become enlarged. Thus the entire muscle will become larger. Exercise improves muscle tone, causing the fibers to firm up rather than lie flaccid.

Why are swimmers less muscular-looking than boxers or weight lifters? Swimming is just about the best all-around exercise for the muscles because nearly all are put to use. Thus swimmers use many muscles equally rather than favoring a few. Also, swimmers exercise

their muscles less violently than do boxers or weight lifters.

What weighs more, muscle or fat? The same quantity of muscle weighs ten percent more than fat because of its greater density. To put it briefly, muscle is "packed" better.

Muscles always work a lot more efficiently when they are warm. That's why athletes or dancers bend, stretch and trot before performing. When muscles are hard at work, they generate heat which in turn improves their power and performance. As a matter of fact, Dr. Benjamin F. Miller, director of the May Institute for Medical Research in Cincinnati, Ohio, points out that at the end of a three-mile race, a runner's temperature may be as high as 105 degrees.

If you play a couple of hours of hard tennis after being idle all winter, you're apt to come down with soreness, stiffness or worse. There are several reasons for this. When a muscle is contracted too often and too long the fibers may be injured. They are especially injury-prone if they lack tone. If the contractions are especially violent the fibers may break or a tendon may be partially torn loose. This is the agony known as "Charley horse."

When you exercise, a carbohydrate called glycogen, stored in your muscles, is changed to sugar which in turn is oxidized, freeing energy. Lactic acid is also created in the process of making the sugar. With moderate exercise, you can get rid of lactic acid almost as fast as it's created. But if too much accumulates, it interferes with proper mus-

cle function, causing fatigue. The body must remove the lactic acid before the muscles feel like working once again.

To operate efficiently, your muscles need proper nourishment as well as sufficient exercise. A balanced diet contains all the sugar and protein required to keep muscle in good repair.

Evidence is accumulating that vast numbers of Americans are neglecting to exercise their muscles. Note the following disturbing facts:

—In six tests of strength and coordination, nearly 60 percent of U.S. children were unable to score passing grades on one or more, compared with only 8.7 percent of European youngsters.

—*The Nebraska State Medical Journal* reports that heavy labor has been so largely eliminated from American industry that "work breaks" soon may be needed to keep employees fit.

—Varsity sports in high schools and colleges, with emphasis on star performers, are producing 100 spectators for every participant, says Dr. R. A. McGuigan, member of the School Health Committee of the American Academy of Pediatrics.

Most of us would rather ride than walk. Few must chop wood, pump water or haul coal and ashes. Nor is it easy to get recreational exercise. Golf requires a trip to a course and frequent waiting. Tennis courts are generally crowded, calisthenics are frankly boring. Yet exercise we must.

We can garden, walk, bicycle, play ball with the youngsters. We can park our cars a few blocks from

our destinations and walk the rest of the way. We can insist that our children use their legs for reasonable distances.

There is also an ingenious form of electronic exercise which tones the muscles while one sits or lies quietly. A number of experiments, including one by the U.S. Navy, have shown that involuntary exercise by means of this unique method can tone muscles as much as a brisk walk does.

The machine, called a Relax-A-cizor, was tested aboard the atomic submarine *Seawolf* in 1958 during its historic 60-day, 14,500-mile underwater cruise. Lieut. Comdr. John H. Ebersole, the vessel's medical officer, found that the men using the electronic exerciser for one half-hour daily received the benefits of exercise although they never rose from their bunks. Their blood pressure and pulse rates increased just as they would during a brisk walk. One man took more than three inches off his waistline while the net

average loss of the others was 1.9 inches. Dr. Ebersole also discovered that half the men found it easier to sleep following the treatments.

The device is about the size of a small overnight case. Pads plugged into the machine are strapped over motor points which control the muscles on the body. When these points are stimulated by a mild electronic current, they produce a rhythmic contraction 40 times a minute of the voluntary muscle involved. When you exercise voluntarily, your metabolism—the rate at which you burn up bodily fuel—rises. The same happens when you use the machine.

Whether you take your exercise on foot, in a pool, sitting up or lying down, here are five sensible rules for muscle care:

1. Eat a balanced diet.
2. Get enough rest and sleep.
3. Always warm up before exercising.
4. Get some exercise every day.
5. Never overexert. 

FRANKLY SPEAKING

THE PIONEERS HAD one advantage over today's tourist—they didn't have to make the trip with 18 pounds of camera equipment around their necks.

—BILL VAUGHAN (*The Detroit News*)

THE SECRET OF ECONOMY is to live as cheaply the first few days after payday as you lived the last few days before.

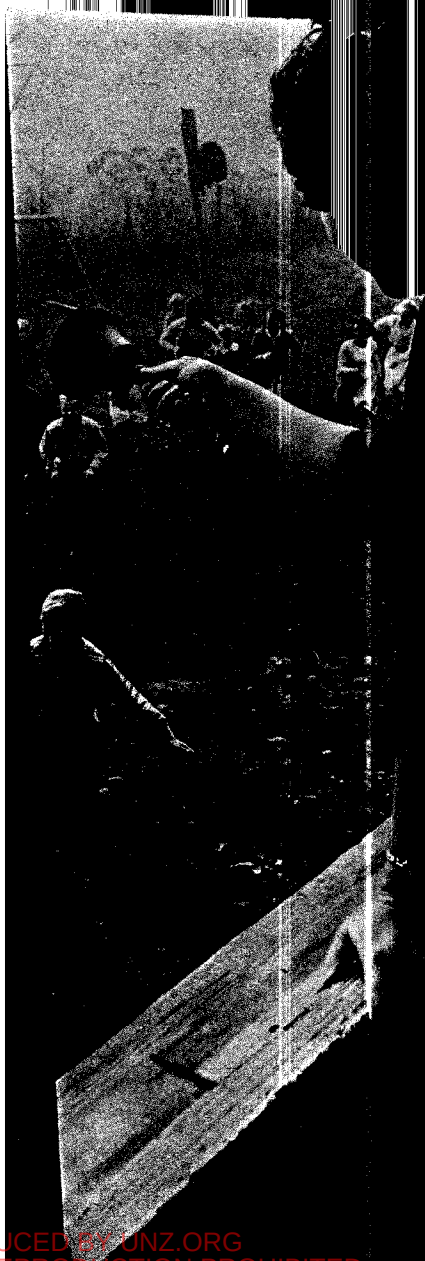
—GEORGE MEYERS

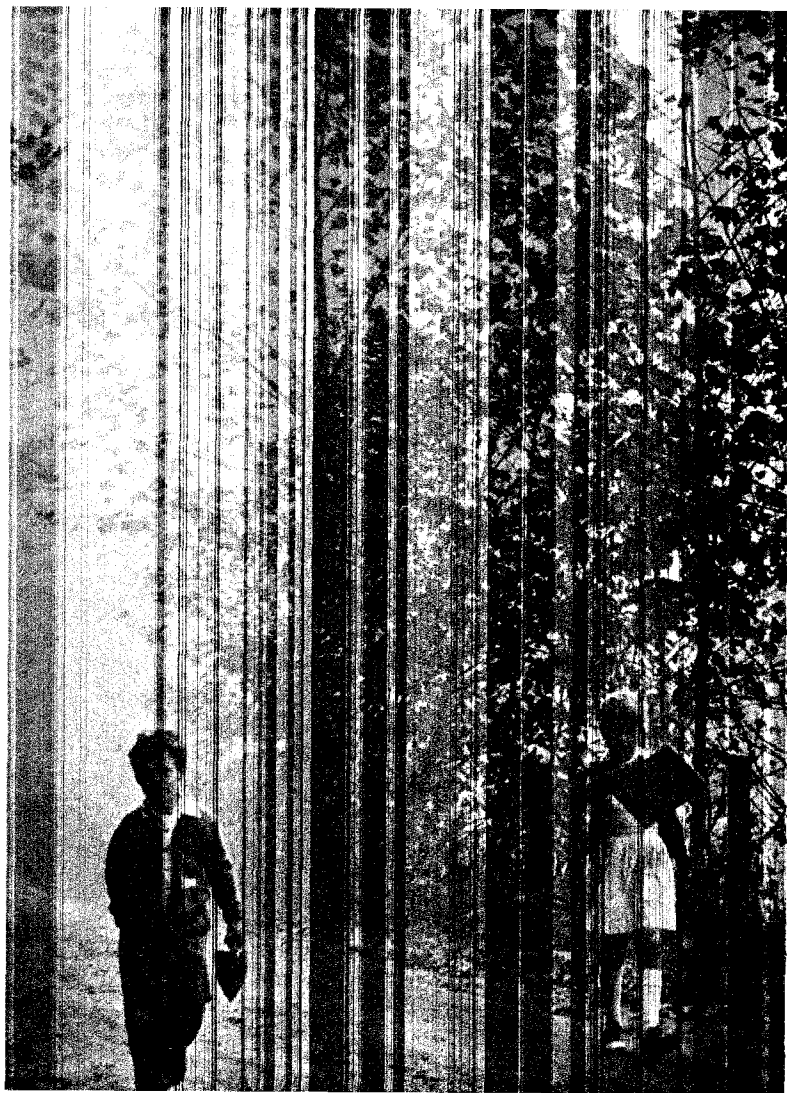
THE WIFE WHO used to complain about dishpan hands now is suffering from push-button fingers.

—ADELAIDE SIMPSON

For what may be
the last time
these children run to
the summons
of the bell rung
from this
one-room schoolhouse
at Little Bullskin,
Kentucky.
A new building
will try to
replace the way of
life these
pictures show. But
progress
has its price.

Text by
Donald A. Allan
Photographs by
Leonard Kamsler



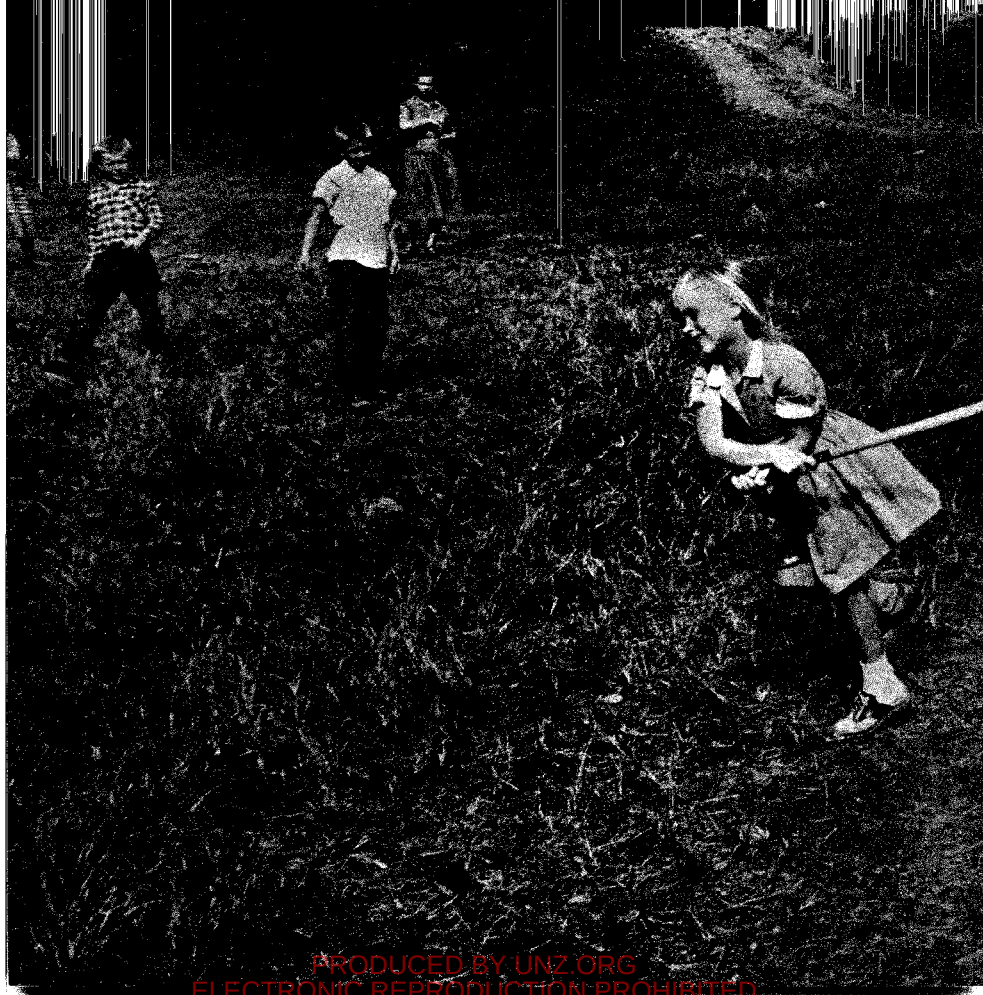


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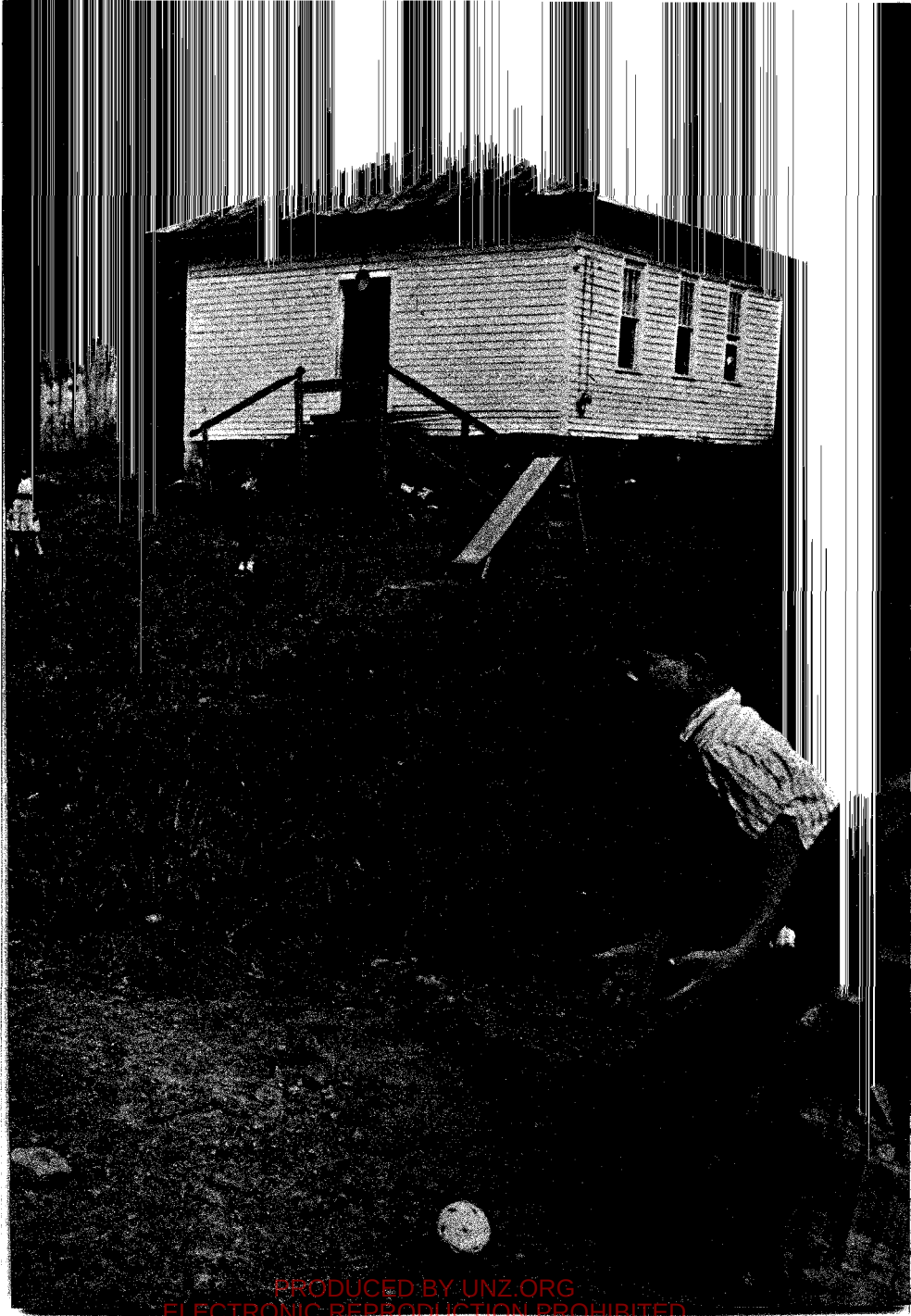


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The playing fields are really fields, the classroom a clapboard shack, without plumbing and shared by six grades. But to the children of Little Bullskin's isolated farms, it has been a window on the world, a meeting place, a corner all their own.



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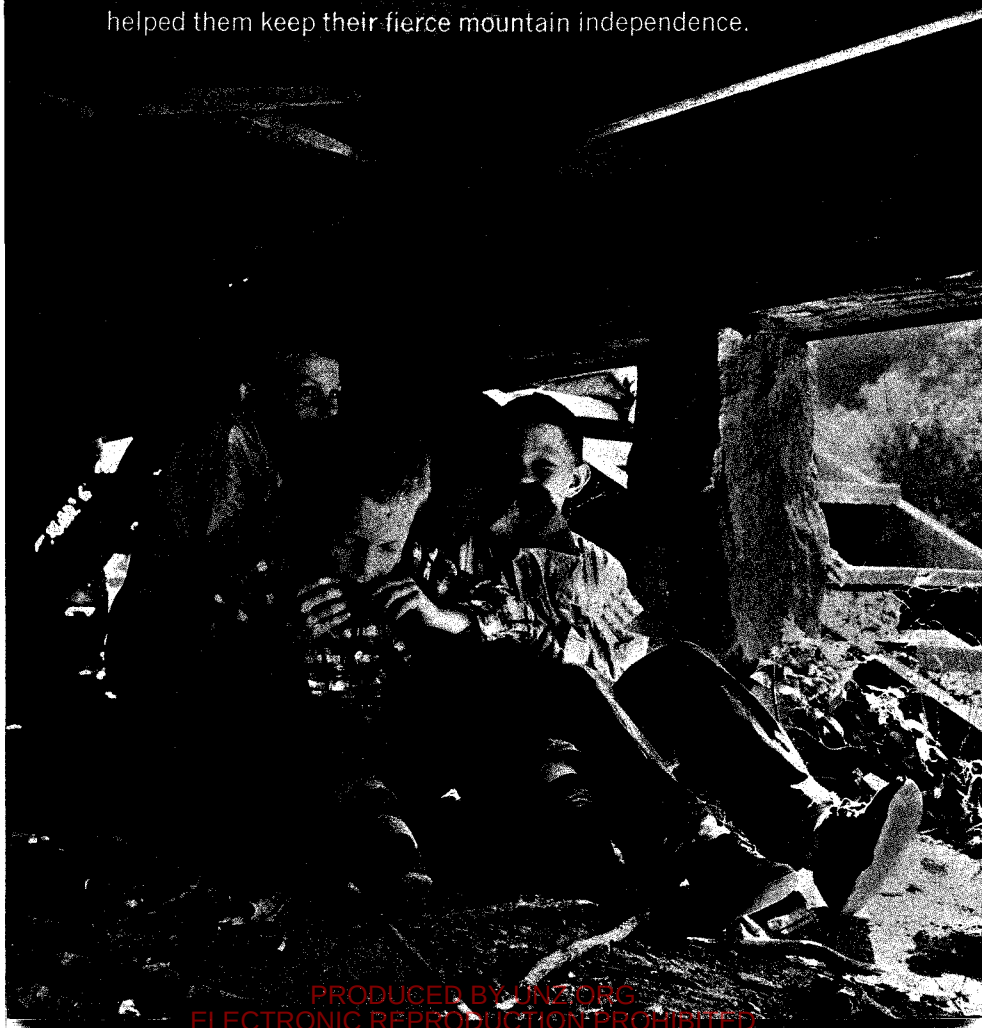


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Girls Keep Out! It's a man's world
under the floor boards, better than a cafeteria any day.
What counts in a school isn't shiny equipment
—or even shoes—but a teacher who stimulates. Mrs. Cord
D. Wilson grew up in Clay County, serves her
charges with devoted understanding. Scholastically, she's
prepared them for the new school; spiritually, she's
helped them keep their fierce mountain independence.



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The glistening
glass and brick of
Oneida
Consolidated
School sparkles
excitingly in
these young eyes.
It will be fun.
But as Mrs. Wilson
nears the end
of an era, she hopes
the road from
Little Bullskin will
lead forward,
linking fundamental
values of the
past to the bright
promise
of the future. 🏰





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BY
GORDON GASKILL



The four miracles of Corrado Macaggi

Each time they
said he was
through he forced
his twisted
body to perform
new, more
amazing feats

IF YOU WOULD LIKE to see a real miracle," an Italian friend promised, "I'll show you one tonight at the circus." Intrigued, I joined him, but although the acts were very good indeed, none was miraculous.

"*Pazienza!*" my friend urged, "the miracle is still to come."

At last the ringmaster belled out an introduction which seemed more emotional than usual. The crowd fell silent and out into the lights of the ring moved a slender young man with a sensitive, fine-boned face. He wore a light gray tuxedo—but the left leg did not touch the ground. The lights sparkled on a chromium-plated crutch he used to hobble slowly to a table in the center of the ring. Here he turned to the crowd. He smiled a shy, almost apologetic smile and bowed.

Then he mounted the table, tossed away his crutch and—once off his feet—became as free and light as a bird, doing a series of astonishing feats to deafening applause. He climaxed his act with an almost impossible feat I had never seen anywhere before.

"He's wonderful," I agreed, when he had hobbled away. "Even for a man with a perfect body, his act would be wonderful. But with that leg, it's a . . . a . . ."

"Miracle?" suggested my friend.

When, later, I did learn all the story of Corrado Macaggi, I

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decided it really did qualify for at least one dictionary definition of miracle: "a wonderful thing, a marvel." Few human beings have ever won such triumphs of will power over such disaster.

Corrado was born, in 1927, into a family noted for generations as circus acrobats—the Flying Macagis of Italy. Everybody else in the family was an acrobat. But polio had struck Corrado when he was three, leaving his left leg withered.

Night after night, for years, he watched his family thrilling the circus crowds. Day after day, he asked his father if there weren't some act he could learn. Each time his father looked away and said: "Perhaps . . . later. We will talk of it another time." At last Corrado stopped asking and retired into his own private unhappy world.

He told nobody at all of an iron resolve he made when he was 12. No matter what, *he* would become an *acrobata*. The English equivalent, but a word rarely used, is equilibrist: "one who balances himself in unnatural positions or while making hazardous movements." An *acrobata*'s power and skill lie in the muscles of his trunk, his back, above all, in his arms.

First Corrado set out to develop his muscles—secretly. When nobody else was there, he stole into the circus tent to use the rings, to climb a rope, over and over, using only his arms and his back muscles. If anybody caught him practicing, he pretended he was only playing. Usually the intruders went off shaking their heads and muttering: "Ah,

il poveretto! . . . poor little one!"

Lynx-eyed, Corrado watched *acrobati* in their acts, noting exactly what they did—and trying the same thing later, secretly. Balance was the main trouble. In a normal body, two legs and two arms make a natural balance. But a withered, lighter leg throws things off. Painfully, in four years of practice he learned to compensate for this.

Then one day (he was 16 then), just after the family finished lunch, he said: "Look, I want to show you something." Before the staring family, Corrado went through his stunts. At the end, trying hard to sound casual, but with a wildly beating heart, he asked: "Now can I act with you?"

Stunned, almost awed, his father nodded: "Yes, *figlio mio*, you can act with us." And that was the first victory of Corrado Macaggi.

He has mixed memories of his first public appearance. "They began applauding as soon as they saw me coming out on a crutch, *before* they saw what I could do. So it was only pity and I was humiliated. I trembled from head to foot, but I got hold of myself and did my acts." The applause *afterward* he did not mind, and some people burst into the ring and carried him away on their shoulders.

But he knew he was not yet a really good *acrobata*. He wanted to be admired for his ability, not pitied for his disability. This meant practice and more practice. Gradually he mastered some excellent feats. One was to do a handstand on a table edge, then slowly lower his

body until most of it was *under* the table, but not touching the ground. There he hung, his body locked into one rigid unit, supported only by the butts of his hands on the table.

Then he learned how to do a handstand on a table edge and leap to the ground, alighting on his hands, and then *get back up on the table*, never once abandoning the handstand. It is one of the most difficult of all stunts.

A one-hand stand came next, seemingly defying gravity.

He became so good and so confident that in 1954 he decided to leave the Flying Macaggis and find complete independence on his own. For one thing, the year before he had married a non-circus girl, Vanna Morbelli of Cuneo, daughter of a pensioned railway worker.

"She never seemed to notice there was anything wrong with my leg," he says, still wonderingly. "She treated me like anybody else." Before the year was out, he was a star with one of Italy's largest circuses, the Circo Orfei.

Macaggi never stopped practicing and learning. He improved his one-hand stand until he could even do it balanced on a single cane. At last he could almost lose the nagging suspicion that the crowd might be applauding out of pity.

In November 1956, the circus played Naples. One night Corrado waited outside the tent for his cue. Inside, the band struck up one of his favorite numbers, a rousing march by Sousa. Corrado began coming in on his crutch, over a carpet laid on bare ground. It concealed a hole in

the earth. His crutch went into the hole and caught. He lurched forward, off balance, helpless, and instinctively threw out his right arm to protect his face as he fell. When he tried to get up, he screamed with pain. His right arm was broken.

He was in the hospital two months. The fracture was an ugly compound one, and the doctors had to remove nearly an inch of splintered bone. They agreed there was not the slightest chance the damaged arm could ever again support the enormous strains of a circus act.

"First my leg, now my arm!" Corrado groaned. "What good will I be in the circus now? How can I ever make a living?"

On January 6, 1957—Epiphany, the day Italians give "Christmas" presents to children—a brass band came to cheer up hospital patients.

"I forgot where I was or why I was there," Corrado recalls. "In my mind, I was back in the circus. It was the music, that same Sousa march . . ."

Unnoticed by the other patients, he hobbled back alone into his ward, went straight to a table, mounted it and did a handstand. "*Dio mio*, how it hurt! I saw stars! But I was crazy with joy and didn't care. I could do it again!" The second victory of Corrado Macaggi.

But when he left the hospital, the doctors warned him solemnly: "Never try a one-hand stand on that right arm again. And never that trick of jumping off a table and landing on your hands. If you do, you'll be right back here."

The next three months were

among the worst of his life. He managed to do a poor one-hand stand on his *left* arm, but all his life's training had been concentrated on the right arm, now mended but pitifully weak. One night he nearly gave up. Looking through newspaper clippings of his old triumphs his eyes filled with tears and he hurled the album against the wall, crying, "I'll never be able to do it again. Not a tenth of what I did before." Vanna came to soothe him. Calmed down, he went on practicing.

Not until seven months after he had broken his arm did he feel up to appearing in public again. He knew his act was nothing like what it had been before. Again he felt the old nagging worries that the applause came only from pity. If he could only do his old, great acts again . . .

But Vanna was as adamant as the doctors had been.

Nevertheless, he began practicing them again, without letting even Vanna know. He did it while she was shopping, and outdoors at night. After weeks of practice, at last he decided to let her in on the secret. One night he slipped his table outdoors. He called softly to his wife, "Vanna! Look out the window!"

Horrified, she saw him up in a one-hand stand on the *right* arm again. Before she could cry out or stop him, he dropped into a two-hand stand on the table's edge, then leaped lightly to the ground landing on his hands. He looked up at her in triumph. "That," he recalls, "was quite a night." And the third victory of Corrado Macaggi.

He did not do the acts in public

for many more weeks—weeks of solid practice. When at last he did, it was in his typical way—without telling a soul, even Vanna. One night he went through his normal act, to normal applause. Then, without warning, he went into the old, difficult feats.

The ringmaster stared, stopped the band and emotionally told the crowd what they had just seen, and the story behind it. A hurricane of applause burst from the crowd. "It was," wrote an Italian reporter, "a new link between Corrado Macaggi and humanity."

TODAY HIS ACT is even better than it ever was. Cripple or no cripple, Corrado is among the continent's top performers. Yet, unquestionably, to the great skill of his act is added the drama of his lameness. No spectator can help thinking: "What if he falls? A normal acrobat could recover himself and not be hurt. But for *him*, with that leg . . ." Even Vanna cannot bear to watch his act. During it she stands outside the tent, fearful of hearing the crowd groan with horror.

Corrado and his wife live an almost hermitlike life. He rarely leaves their circus trailer, except to act in the tent or at hospitals when requested. Vanna does all the cooking in the trailer, carefully planning meals so as not to let him gain an ounce above his 140 pounds. (He is five feet five.) Unlike many circus people, Corrado is not at all superstitious, but he is deeply religious. He has never gone into his act without first pausing just outside the tent to

cross himself and pray silently: "God give me strength!"

And he will need all the strength he can find. Several years ago he read of an Austrian acrobat who claimed to be the only one in the world to do a one-finger stand. Calmly Corrado told his wife: "One day I'll be able to do that, too."

After two years of grueling practice, he has mastered it. As always, he refused to use a wrist strap, even to help support this still greater pressure. One day his right wrist rebelled and gave way. That meant more weeks in a cast, more weeks of radiotherapy. When it was healed, he went right back to practicing the

one-finger stand, and still with no wrist support.

It is an eerie thing to watch: his body upside-down in the air, resting on nothing but his right index finger. The awe-struck spectator gets tired just thinking of the infinite pressure that single finger must be bearing.

"I can only hold that pose about 30 seconds now," Macaggi says apologetically, "but I think with more practice I can do a lot better."

It is easy to lose count of his triumphs, but this is at least the fourth victory of Corrado Macaggi. And there is no telling how many more lie ahead. 

TALES OUT OF SCHOOL

THE LITTLE FIRST-GRADER was told to come directly home from school, but she arrived late almost every day. The difference in time amounted to as much as 30 minutes.

"You get out of school the same time every day," the mother said. "Why can't you get home the same time?"

"It depends on the cars," was the reply.

"What do cars have to do with it?"

The youngster explained, "The patrol boy who takes us across the street makes us wait until some cars come along so he can stop them." —ERNEST BLEVINS (*Family Weekly*)

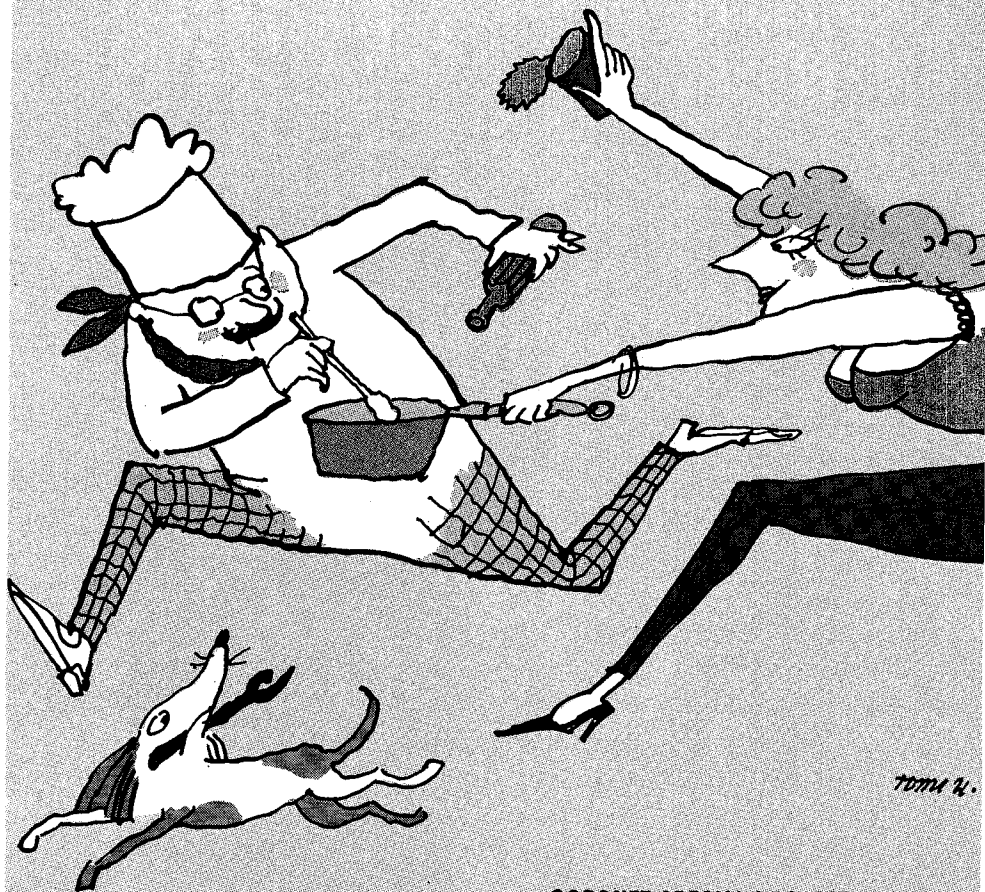
NOBODY WAS HAPPIER to see Johnny start to school than his parents. In his short life, he had left the house a shambles and his parents nervous wrecks. For several days, peace reigned during the school hours. Then one day the phone rang and a man identified himself as the school principal.

"Frankly," he told the mother, "young Johnny is more than we can handle. I'm forced to ask your help."

"Listen," she replied, "all those years I had him alone —did I call you for help?" —MRS. F. G. MAZZEO (*Family Weekly*)

BY POPPY CANNON with the Editors of Coronet

The Fast and Fancy Gourmet Cookbook



TOM N.

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Today, you can be not merely a passable cook but a great one—without much effort, sometimes without any cooking at all!

You can now make the great sauces—that turn common food into fabulous dishes—sauces that took the great chefs hours or even days—in a matter of minutes.

You can serve a magnificent dinner for six people without servants—and without a lot of extra work.

You can turn even baby food into a delight for the whole family—as well as baby.

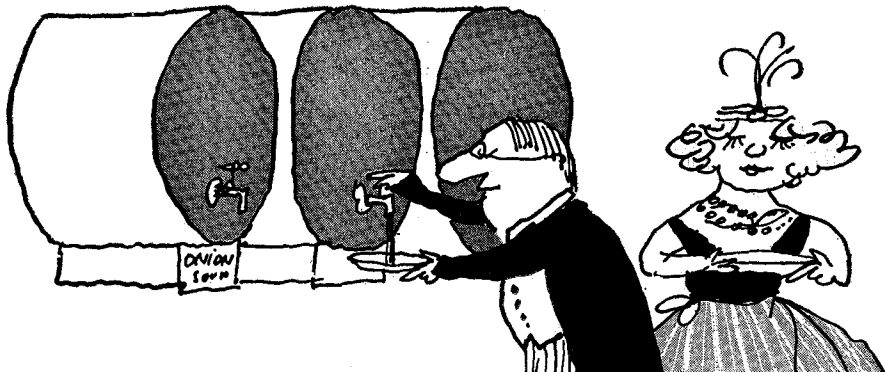
You'll find more than 100 fresh ideas to do these and other tasty things with little or no effort in CORONET's Fast and Fancy Gourmet Cookbook.

The secret is simple: rid yourself of the old notion that something must be difficult to be worthwhile. The easy way is actually the better way!

Food processors and scientists have been working together for years to create totally new kinds of prepared and semiprepared foods that are genuine short cuts to great eating.

There are more than 1,200 new products on the market—many you've probably never heard of, and new ones come out almost daily.

The way to start: take a notebook and a fresh eye to your market. You'll find that creative shopping for the new foods will be worth more than a course in cooking. If your market isn't well-stocked, you can get ideas and buy foods by mail. A list of fine mail-order food shops, some of which publish free catalogues and ship anywhere, is on p. 152.



NEW MEALS FROM NEW FOODS

FIVE SOUPS, NEW AND SUPERIOR

1. **Onion Soup** (canned) comes in four styles: with consommé base; with sherry; à la Bretonne with a little tomato and spice; and cream of onion soup. To dress up regular onion soup, soak toasted French bread with a little cognac on a platter at the table, light with a match and add the flaming croutets to each bowl. Onion soup with sherry tastes better with a little extra sherry and a sprinkle of chopped parsley. Onion soup à la Bretonne may be served with a whole or half of a canned (and drained) or a broiled tomato instead of the crust of bread. Serve with grated cheese and parsley. Serve cream of onion soup with or without toast. Provide garnish of slivered almonds or pine nuts.

2. **Spanish Garbanzo Soup** is a whole meal soup of beans and

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meat. Serve with croutons of bread that have been browned in garlic butter. (Garlic-scented croutons can be bought in bags or jars.)

3. **The Newest Condensed Clam Chowder** becomes clam chowder New England style when you add milk; add tomato juice or soup and it's Manhattan.

4. **Condensed Cream of Cheese Soup.** For a soup with all the zest of a Welsh rarebit, add a few spoonfuls of beer or ale to taste and a touch of prepared mustard. Garnish with strips of toast.

5. **Canned Bouillabaisse**, now imported from Europe, is expensive, so you may want to stretch it by adding bottled clam juice or tomato juice. Serve with toast, like onion soup, and provide a tiny dish of rouille (see p. 146).

TEN NEW CANNED ENTREES AND HOW TO SERVE THEM

1. **Beef Stroganoff.** Thin strips of beef with mushrooms in a sour cream sauce. Surround with heated julienne potato sticks.

2. **Chicken or Veal Cacciatore.** Italian specialties with a rich tomato sauce. Serve in a ring of polenta, which is corn-meal mush often flavored with grated cheese.

3. **Clams à la King.** Clams in the same sauce as for chicken à la king. Add a tablespoon of dry sherry. Serve on toast triangles.

4. **Curried Beef.** Serve with rice and classic curry accompaniments, i.e. chutney, grated coconut, chopped green peppers, peanuts, sliced bananas or mangoes.

5. **Hungarian-style Goulash.** Garnish with sour cream and serve with buttered noodles sprinkled with poppy seeds, chopped almonds or buttered crumbs.

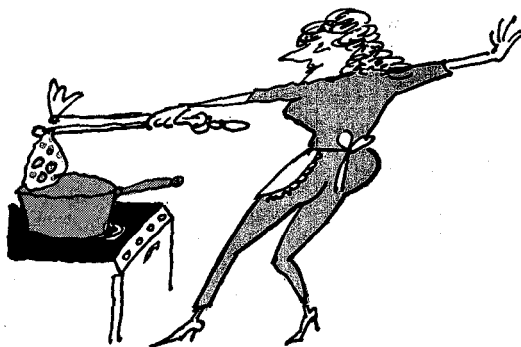
6. **Meat-stuffed Ravioli in Sauce.** Heat in a casserole that can come to the table. The casserole should be rubbed first with garlic and then brushed with olive oil. Serve grated cheese.

7. **Swedish Meat Balls** (known as *Kottbullar*). These are tiny meat balls in a delicately spiced sour-cream gravy flavored with dill. Serve from a chafing dish or electric skillet. Sprinkle with fresh chopped dill or dried dill weed and serve with boiled potatoes, green beans and preserved lingonberries (Scandinavian version of cranberries).

8. **Barbecued Sliced Beef.** Serve on toasted and buttered halves of hamburger rolls. Provide Tabasco sauce for those who like their barbecue really hot. Cole slaw and pickles on the side.

9. **Barbecued Turkey with Ham.** Serve with rice or on squares of hot corn bread made from a mix.

10. **Ready-cooked Wagon Wheels, Twists or Corkscrews with Tomato Sauce.** Add basil or oregano (see p. 147) to the sauce. Mound on a heaping platter that has been rubbed with garlic. Sprinkle with chopped herbs and top with Italian ricotta or cottage cheese.



TEN NEW CANNED OR FROZEN VEGETABLES AND HOW TO FIX THEM

1. **Scalloped Potatoes** (canned or frozen). Add bits of cooked ham or sliced hard-cooked eggs. Sprinkle lavishly with chopped parsley.

2. **Au Gratin Potatoes** (canned or frozen). These come in a rich cheese sauce with mushrooms and diced red peppers. Heat in shallow casserole, sprinkling top with buttered crumbs and grated cheese.

3. **Harvard Beets, also Beets in Orange Juice** (canned). Especially effective served in scooped-out orange shells around a roast.

4. **Pickled Beets** (in jars). Place in a bowl with half a dozen hard-cooked eggs and allow to stand covered several hours. This is a famous, old Pennsylvania Dutch specialty.

5. **Pickled Mushrooms** (in jars). Easiest of cocktail snacks. Spear on toothpicks and impale on a cucumber or zucchini.

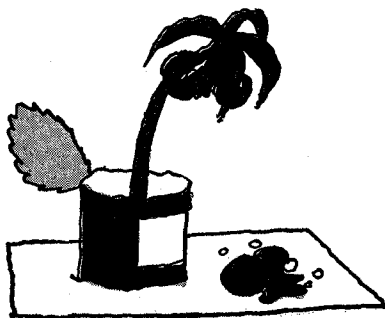
6. **Sweet and Sour Red Cabbage** (in jars). Very good with pork or duck. Can be combined with canned apple slices or applesauce.

7. **Wild Rice** (ready-cooked in cans). Should be heated in a strainer over hot water. Try adding a couple of tablespoons of raisins that have been "plumped" in warm water or sherry wine.

8. **Wild Rice and Mushrooms** (canned). Buy separately and mix. Good as stuffing for large mushroom caps. A glorious garnish for canned Cornish game hen or smoked turkey breast.

9. **Cooked Black-eyed Peas** (canned or frozen). Sometimes combined with snap beans. Season with a little extra hot pepper and serve with rice to make old-fashioned Southern Hopping-John.

10. **Petits Pois** (canned or frozen). Known sometimes as Peas Parisienne. The miniatures beloved by the French and Italians, now grown in the U.S., are sometimes combined with tiny, white onions. Try adding about one-fourth teaspoon sugar. It makes quite a difference!



TEN UNUSUAL FRUITS IN UNUSUAL WAYS

Among the fruits—canned, jarred or frozen—many of the new arrivals are tropical.

1. **Mangoes** come sliced in cans or cubed and frozen. Very good when served well chilled with a sprinkle of lime or lemon juice.

2. **Papayas** canned and, in some cases, frozen. Well chilled, they are delectable drained and served with yogurt or sour cream.

3. **Guava**, the preserved fruit, looks and tastes rather like figs. Serve cold with sour cream.

4. **Guava Shells** are served for dessert with cream cheese, Puerto Rican white cheese or any very mild white cheese such as Monterey Jack or a gentle Muenster.

5. **Goldenberries** or **Cape Gooseberries** come in cans. Excellent as a compote served with simple cookies or as a garnish for lemon or orange sherbet.

6. **Lichee Nuts** (not dried) are a Chinese specialty canned in Florida. They look and taste like pale pink plums with the fragrance of

wild roses. Very dramatic when arranged on a pyramid of crushed ice, the base decorated with fresh green leaves.

7. Preserved Kumquats or Canned Mandarin Oranges make a beautiful dessert for a buffet when impaled with toothpicks on a whole fresh pineapple. The leaves of the pineapple should be left intact.

8. Pineapple Chunks or Pineapple Fingers (canned) make a good, simple dessert when served with this slightly sweetened Dessert Dip inspired by Italy: combine one cup Italian ricotta or creamed cottage cheese with one cup sour cream, two tablespoons Jamaica rum, two tablespoons sugar. Mix thoroughly. Sprinkle lightly with powdered allspice.

9. Spiced or Pickled Fruits (in cans) such as apple rings, tiny Seckel pears, plums, pineapple or peaches make delightful accompaniments to almost any meat. Try the Viennese custom of combining two or more spiced fruits. Garnish with a cinnamon stick, serve with crisply fried chicken.

10. Canned Loganberries, Youngberries or Blueberries livened by a dash of lemon juice or a teaspoon of pure vanilla extract make an excellent compote. Serve with crisp wafers.

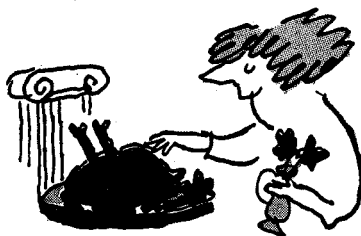
TIPS ON FROZEN SPECIALTIES

Cotelettes Kiev, Rock Cornish Game Hens stuffed with wild rice and flavored with cognac, chicken

à la king, beef in red wine, Swedish meat balls, veal scallopini, Mexican tortillas and tacos, baked fish in wine sauce or bonne femme or creole sauce are some examples. Frozen prepared foods vary in type, quality and price. Here are a few serving suggestions which will add extra glamor:

1. Unless desperately hurried, do not serve frozen specialties in the containers in which they come. Even a TV Dinner, after heating, can be made much more palatable by being served on a heated plate.

2. Always try to add something in the way of personalized seasoning; i.e. a few grains of nutmeg do wonders for creamed spinach or mashed potato. A little freshly ground black pepper is excellent with succotash. A touch of basil is magic sprinkled on canned or frozen Welsh rarebit or almost any cheese sauce. A note of oregano makes music with tomatoes.



3. Don't neglect the garnish-decoration. You'll be amazed by the difference it makes when you add spiced fruits or a currant or cranberry jelly to a chicken dinner. Use plenty of fresh parsley, wa-

ter cress or celery leaves or the greenery from carrots or fennel.

4. **Enjoy the taste and looks of a goodly sprinkle of chopped fresh parsley or chopped chives or young green onion tops.** When fresh garnish is not available, dried parsley or chives may be used. These should be sprinkled on ahead of time so they may absorb moisture.

5. **Au gratin (cheese) dishes and most creamed dishes are improved by an extra sprinkle of grated cheese and/or buttered crumbs—and a few moments under the broiler or in a hot oven.**

6. **Improve the color of chicken pies or other casseroles by brushing the top with cream (sweet or sour) or use melted butter and sprinkle with a little paprika.**

7. **A lovely topping for a casserole of mashed or Delmonico po-**

tatoes is made by combining one-half cup whipped cream with four tablespoons of grated cheese. Tan lightly under broiler or in oven.

8. **Brown 'n' serve rolls or bread are infinitely improved by a brushing of melted butter and/or beaten egg or egg yolk.**

9. **A variety of cooked frozen foods comes in plastic bags which, according to the package, need only to be dropped into boiling water for a few minutes, then cut open and served. The heating period must lengthen if more than one bag goes into the pot. It is simpler to cut the bags first and remove the frozen food. (Get a spare package or two to provide generous portions.) For each bag, add two tablespoons of appropriate liquid—water, milk, bouillon or wine—and heat in the oven or covered on top of the stove.**

IS THERE A GOURMET IN THE NURSERY?



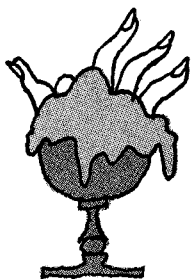
Baby foods can supply many inspired adult menus. By raiding the infant's department, you can have some of the most delicate

purées, the most exquisitely prepared fruits, vegetables, custards, puddings and combination dishes. Here are some suggestions:

1. **Add a couple of spoonfuls of sherry, white wine, rum or cognac to baby's strained peaches and you have the most elegant peach sauce to spoon over cake or puddings or ice cream.**

2. **Combine stiffly beaten egg whites or whipped cream with strained bananas or applesauce and season to taste with cinnamon**

or allspice. Serve with lady fingers—an enchanting dessert.



3. Stir a can or jar of strained applesauce with apricots into four egg yolks, and then add four stiffly beaten egg whites, and make a French omelet of distinction.

4. Add a little orange juice to strained fruit dessert and serve cold as a pudding sauce, or heat it and serve hot over squares of cake, with or without whipped cream, as a cottage pudding.

5. Make a banana whip combining strained bananas with pineapple, flavor delicately with rum extract or a note of sherry.

6. Add milk or an appropriate fruit juice or even wine to vanilla, chocolate or orange custard pudding. Serve along with frozen ice-box cake.

7. **Family soup.** Feed father, son and yourself simultaneously and happily with this rich beefy soup: combine two jars strained peas with one soup-can milk, one can condensed tomato soup in a saucepan, blending thoroughly. Add one container (can or jar) Junior Beef; warm over low heat, stirring while it heats. This makes

one big bowl for Dad, a middle-sized bowl for Mom, and a small one for Baby.

8. **Babies Borsht.** Only a highly sophisticated baby—or his parents—will want this delicious soup: combine one can condensed consommé with one soup-can water, add two jars strained beets and two tablespoons lemon juice and one-half of a bay leaf. Simmer five minutes. Top each serving with a spoonful of sour cream, and if you



want to be very authentic, also add a quarter of a boiled potato or rings of dill pickle. Serve with pumpernickel or onion rolls.

9. **A Golden Ring of Rice.** Prepare one package (about 5 oz.) of pre-cooked rice according to directions. Add two tablespoons strained egg yolk, one-fourth cup melted butter or margarine, salt and pepper to taste. Press into individual ring molds and after ten minutes in a warm place unmold on serving plates. Fill centers with heated chicken à la king (see p. 144) or the so-called "Junior High Meat Dinners." You can get either chicken, beef, ham, veal or turkey. A squeeze of

lemon juice, a spoonful of sherry wine and/or a dash of herbs will give a completely grown-up zest to Junior meat dishes.

10. Fruit Soup. Use equal quantities of strained plums and ice water. Plums with tapioca will do very well, indeed. Season to taste with lemon juice and/or white wine. Add a slight dash of salt. Chill thoroughly and into each glass place a large tablespoonful of seedless white grapes, fresh or canned, and a bit of chopped, unpeeled apple or pear. Garnish with a wisp of sour cream or a fluff of egg white.

11. Nutty Bananas. Corn sticks baked in special pans look rather like bananas and taste like them, too: add two containers of strained bananas (about one-half cup) and one-half cup chopped almonds or pecans to a package of corn muffin mix. Add eggs and liquid according to package directions, but count the strained bananas as part of the liquid. Bake in well-greased corn-stick pans as directed. Serve piping hot or warm, and if any sticks should be left over, which is unlikely, wrap them in foil and toast under the broiler the next day.

Babies and Cocktails

12. A baby and a cocktail party in the same house at the same time may present some difficulties, but the baby's food can be a help. Here are some interesting sandwich and canapé mixtures made with infant fodder:



a. Chived lamb spread: *Combine two containers Junior Lamb with one tablespoon chopped chives, one tablespoon mayonnaise and one teaspoon drained, prepared horseradish.*

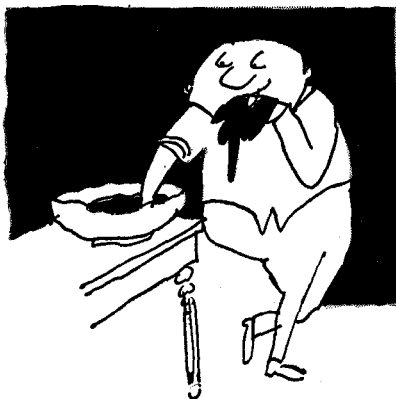
b. Veal with black olives: *Add to two containers Junior Veal two tablespoons chopped black olives, one tablespoon sour cream, one-fourth teaspoon curry powder and a dash of pepper.*

c. Deviled beef: *Combine with two containers Junior Beef one-fourth teaspoon dry mustard, two tablespoons salad dressing and one-fourth teaspoon chili powder.*

13. Stuffed Rolled Canapés. These look as if they had been made by an expert caterer, but are extremely easy. All you need are long rolls or French bread which you hollow neatly with an apple corer. Stuff with filling (p. 138); wrap in aluminum foil, chill thoroughly. To serve, cut cross-

wise in quarter-inch slices. Particularly good is a filling made by combining two containers of almost any Junior meat with two tablespoons each of finely shredded carrot, green peppers, celery and/or onion. Add mayonnaise to moisten, a dash of salt if desired. This fills three club rolls or a French bread.

14. Non-Dreary Dip. A delicious dip with *plenty* of character is made by adding to two containers of Strained Liver and Bacon a cup of creamed cottage cheese, two tablespoons chili sauce, one-half teaspoon prepared mustard and one or two cloves of garlic put through the press. Beat everything together until smooth. Add a little cream, sweet or sour, and a drop of Tabasco sauce. This dip



can be made beforehand, covered and stored in the refrigerator. It gets mellow as it stands. Serve with a sprinkle of chopped chives or parsley, surrounded with potato chips, waffled potatoes, potato biscuits, celery, raw carrots or cauliflower.

TEN HAPPY HOST AND HOSTESS SECRETS —AND FOUR MENUS

For most of us, party-giving means buffet serving. But a good sit-down dinner for four to six can be managed easily without help.

- 1. Plan your menu around one "made" dish**—one that does not require last-minute babying.
- 2. Develop two or three specialty menus.** Learn to cook these very well. Have at least one dress rehearsal for the family circle. Even the world's greatest chefs cook test dinners beforehand.
- 3. Wash and prepare salad greens early in the day,** as soon as

bought. Then *wrap in waxed or other protective paper*, and chill. Your salads will be crisper, tastier, and you'll save precious time.

- 4. Begin with the "main event" at the dinner table.** If you must have a starter, bring it on as a cocktail course in the living room. A cup of delicious hot soup served as an appetizer is a cheering thought. Once at the table, have *everything* on hand.

- 5. Place a low coffee table or a rolling cart at your right hand**—a perfect harbor for serving dishes,

water pitcher, salad fixings, etc.
Simple and no-end helpful!
6. Cook at the table whenever

possible—toss salads, bake waffles,
pancakes, fry eggs. Table cooking
can be a shambles unless you col-

COOKED-WITHOUT-COOKING MENUS

LATE BREAKFAST-LUNCH

Frozen melon balls in orange juice
Sautéed canned Scotch kippers
Dehydrated sliced potatoes au gratin or
Brown 'n' serve sausages
Canned big hominy (drained, buttered and sprinkled with peppers)
Brown 'n' serve brioches or
Ready-to-bake cinnamon buns or
Buttermilk biscuits
Coffee

GOURMET LUNCHEON

Canned or dehydrated French onion soup with imported Parmesan
cheese
Frozen broiled breast of chicken with flaming fruits¹
Boxed instant wheat pilaf
Canned Blue Lake green beans Amandine (see p. 144)
Canned tomato aspic with green mayonnaise
Frozen cheese cake topped with sour cream and mandarin orange
sections

DINNER FOR FOUR

Fruit soup (made from baby food, see p. 137)
Cotelettes Kiev (frozen)
Canned spiced fruit compote
Canned instant wild rice
Viennese chocolate torte (made from quick-frozen chocolate cake cut
into layers crosswise, put together with raspberry jam, sprinkled
with nuts and served with canned whipped cream flavored with a bit
of cinnamon)

BUFFET SUPPER

Glazed baked canned ham with curried pears²
Canned buttered julienne beets with chives
Scalloped potatoes (from Minute sliced potatoes)
Ready-to-bake biscuits
Escarole salad
Cheese and crackers
Brownies (frozen or from a mix)

¹Combine $\frac{1}{2}$ cup syrup from canned pineapple, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup kumquat syrup in skillet. Add (one large can of each) drained pineapple chunks, preserved kumquats, apricot halves, plums. Heat. Warm $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brandy in pan of hot water. Light brandy, pour over fruits. Serves 12.

²Arrange 12 pear halves in buttered baking dish. Combine two tps. curry powder with six tbsps. dark brown sugar. Place mixture in pears; bake 15-20 minutes in 400°F. oven, or until all is bubbly and brown. Serves six.

lect every needful item on a tray beforehand. Keep the host and hostess in the limelight instead of in the kitchen.

7. Refuse, gently, table-clearing assistance. Nothing is drearier than a half-deserted dinner table. You can do the job alone much more quickly. Have a rolling cart or a big sturdy tray with handles for clearing the table—why try to be formal? Do the job as quickly as possible . . . but *don't scrape plates at the table.*

8. Postpone the dishwashing. Things seem to work out better if dishes are stacked while the party is on and washed later.

9. Keep things simple. There's

only one sure means of ruining a party: "I strain."

10. A useful can for parties is the very large size known as the #10. This holds about six-and-a-half pounds (12 to 13 cupfuls, or three quarts) and is called, the "institutional" size. A #10 can of fruit or vegetables is supposed to serve 25 people but 20 is a more realistic figure. These big cans are timesaving and economical. Formerly #10 cans were available only to restaurants, schools, camps. But nowadays supermarkets carry or will order #10s to accommodate party-givers. If you have to order them, allow at least ten days' notice.

CHARCOAL COOKING: FOR MEN ONLY



Blazemanship. At least half the secret of outdoor or charcoal cookery is not cooking at all. It comes under the heading of blazemanship, which means starting the fire and keeping it going at exactly the right temperature. Paradoxically, an absolute requirement of good blazemanship is—*no blaze*. Flame and char are the enemies of proper charcoal cooking.

Placing the Food. The most popular outdoor cooking fuel at the moment is charcoal, which is satisfactory either as lumps or in briquettes. Most people use much too much fuel. It is not necessary to cover the entire fire bed. The layer of glowing coals needs only to be a little larger

than the surface of the food. If you are using a solid metal fire box such as a brazier, cover the bottom with a level layer of sand or gravel before you build the fire—keeps the metal from burning through. To avoid mess, line it with aluminum foil, using an extra wide roll of heavy duty foil.

Starting and Holding. A fire must be started at least 30 minutes before cooking; 45-60 minutes are even better. Sure-fire method: cut the bottom out of a two-pound shortening can. With a beer can opener punch eight holes in the sides of the can. Stuff a crushed milk carton into the can, fill the can with charcoal or briquettes, put it in your brazier or grill. Light the milk carton at the bottom. The charcoal will be glowing red in about 15 minutes. Remove the can and add enough briquettes to cover the bottom of the barbecue one layer deep. Allow to become fully lit and to show a gray ash. This will take at least 30 minutes.

Ten hints on charcoal cookery

1. To give an extra zest and delightful taste and fragrance, sprinkle any one of the following on the hot coals during the last quarter of cooking: dried bay leaves or fennel seeds or celery tops, dried or fresh parsley, oregano or tarragon. (Tarragon is particularly delicious if you are barbecuing or grilling chicken or turkey.)

2. Baste grilled foods once or twice with the juices from the

meat or with melted butter mixed with wine, vermouth or whisky.

3. When grilling poultry be sure to do it slowly. Chicken should be cooked at least six inches away from the heat and should not be allowed to get dark brown or dry.

4. Fish is best grilled inside aluminum foil. Grease the foil well with butter or salad oil. Cook over or under the hot coals. Be particularly careful not to overcook.

5. Keep the menu simple with the emphasis on the barbecued meat or fish. A casserole of macaroni and cheese, scalloped potatoes or potatoes and onions baked in foil are ideal accompaniments. For dessert have fruit and cheese or cookies, ice cream cones or Eskimo Pies.

6. Let everybody get into the party, but let only one man cook. Too many cooks spoil a barbecue even more than a broth. A soup can take abuse. A steak can't.



7. If you use paper cups and plates, be sure they are *sturdy and proof against heat and liquids*. Provide more than you think you could possibly use. Serve seconds on fresh plates. Have plenty of large, good-quality paper napkins handy.

8. Keep an eagle eye on the coals and douse any flames with water as soon as you see them. Use a clothes-sprinkler, your son's water pistol or a wet lettuce leaf.

9. To keep foods from sticking to the grill, brush not only the food but the grids with salad oil.

10. Go easy with the seasonings.

OUTDOORS—INDOORS

It is not the charcoal or the wood that gives an outdoor flavor to food cooked over an open fire, but cooking in open air rather than in an enclosed oven or broiler. Many of our hints will be equally useful whether you do your broiling, barbecuing or spit cookery outdoors over charcoal or indoors with electric or gas equipment. You may also use your indoor fireplace for grilling. There are special devices to fit the fireplace, hold grills, etc. The new portable "Hibachi" grills can easily be set in a fireplace, too.

Grill & Barbecue Recipes

1. **A Perfect Steak**—right out of the freezer. Get quick-frozen steak two inches thick—you can plunge it into the broiler or onto the grill without thawing! Pre-heat broiler. Brush the steak—solid-frozen—with olive oil; do



not salt and pepper it. Sprinkle Kitchen Bouquet over the steak, including the fat. To prevent blaze, sprinkle a thick layer of salt in the bottom of the broiling pan—but don't add water. For charcoal cooks: keep the steak farther than usual from the fire. For rare, cook 20 minutes on each side. Figure twice as much cooking time as needed for steak at room temperature.

Variation: Pepper Steak. *Rub the steak with dry mustard and sprinkle, after browning, with salt and a lot of coarsely crushed black peppercorns. And now you know the secret of the internationally famous pepper steaks (steak au poivre, like that served by Le Pavillon in New York and Holiday House near Los Angeles).*

2. **Very Varied Vegetables.** Not only meat or fish but a wide variety of vegetables can be broiled over charcoal or in the broiler. Halved or thickly sliced tomatoes are excellent broiled. The tomatoes may be green or not too ripe. Sliced eggplant is very good broiled, with or without the peel. So are thickly sliced

potatoes or wedges and thick slices of zucchini or carrots. Method is this simple: brush fresh or *parboiled* vegetables with salad oil or melted butter, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Broil until tender and lightly browned. Need not be turned.

3. Rotisserie Potatoes. Small whole potatoes, peeled or unpeeled, or larger potatoes cut in halves or quarters are delicious when parboiled for five to ten minutes, drained and placed in the broiler dripping pan to catch the juice. Cook under the meat at least one hour. Turn once during the cooking period. The longer the cooking time, the browner and crustier the potatoes. One large or two small potatoes will be necessary for each serving.

Variation: *Sweet Potatoes, parboiled or canned, may be used, but in that case the cooking time must be shortened by half.*

4. Spring Lamb on a Spit. Rub a leg, rack or baron of lamb all over with both the cut lemon and the peel side. Cut cloves of garlic and rub these into the meat, then massage with olive oil. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and herbs, using oregano, rosemary or thyme or

a mixture of all three. If you are roasting a leg of lamb, do not have the bone removed. Simply put the spit parallel with the bone and make sure that the meat is nicely balanced. Cook about 15 minutes to the pound or until the meat thermometer registers about 160° F. for rare or pink, and 180° for well done. Baste every now and then with a sauce made by adding one-fourth cup of lemon juice to the drippings in the pan. If you need extra liquid for basting, add some olive oil, too.

At Serving Time: *Circle the lamb with a garland of parsley or water cress.*

5. Chicken in Silver. One of the best ways to feed a large party is to broil halved or quartered chicken over charcoal or in the broiler. Place each portion on a square of aluminum foil, add one or two tablespoons of barbecue sauce (see p. 144) and wrap the chicken in the foil. Keep warm in the oven, set at 200° F., or at a distance from the coals. Done up in this fashion, the barbecued chicken stays juicy and tender for hours.

To serve, place the foil package on individual plates and add baked potato, salad, vegetables.

A SAUCE MAKES THE DIFFERENCE

The difference between dull cooking and bright cooking is often a sauce. Sauces are no longer the exclusive domain of the master chef. Ready-to-heat or use, they



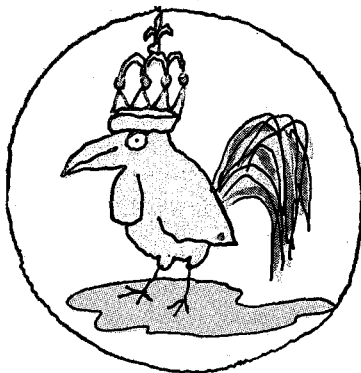
appear in many guises on shelves or bins. They can also be made quickly and easily from various soups. Combined with cooked or left-over meats, fish, poultry, vegetables—or even hard-cooked eggs—they constitute an inspired bevy of gastronomic wonderworkers. Here are the simplest recipes for 19 of the most useful—and what they are best on:

1. Amandine Sauce is perfect on asparagus, broccoli, cauliflower, delicately fried fish and on broiled or sautéed chicken. To make: melt one-half cup butter or margarine. Stir until slightly browned. Add four tablespoons canned ready-chopped or slivered almonds, two or three teaspoons lemon juice, salt and pepper to taste, and a sprinkle of chopped parsley or chives—if desired.

2. Barbecue Sauce (an *American* classic). This barbecue sauce can be used for basting almost any grilled meat or poured over broiled meats or chicken. Start with one cup warm water, add four tablespoons minced (tearless) dehydrated onion, one clove garlic put through the press, one 12-oz. bottle chili sauce, one teaspoon powdered oregano, one teaspoon dry tarragon, three tablespoons lemon juice, one-fourth cup salad oil, one teaspoon salt, one teaspoon dry mustard, three dashes Tabasco sauce, one tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, one tablespoon sugar, one-fourth cup red wine. Bring to a boil and simmer, stirring constantly for two or three minutes. Allow to mel-

low at least an hour or longer before using.

3. Béarnaise Sauce. Béarnaise sauce is for broiled steak, chops, hamburger, and wonderful also to serve with roast beef. This is a tarragon-flavored cousin of hollandaise (see p. 145). You begin with hollandaise sauce, your own or prepared. In a small pan combine two tablespoons white wine with one tablespoon tarragon vinegar or one teaspoon dry tarragon, one teaspoon minced dried onions or chopped shallots, one-fourth teaspoon freshly ground pepper. Bring liquid to a boil and cook rapidly until it almost all disappears. Don't let it burn. Pour remaining mixture into hollandaise sauce and stir or blend for two or three seconds.



4. À La King. Cubes of ham or almost any cooked or canned fish or meat can be served à la king. Also quartered or sliced hard-cooked eggs. Sauté until tender one chopped green pepper in one tablespoon butter, add one can condensed mushroom soup, one-

third cup milk. Heat the sauce and, at serving time, add one canned pimento cut into strips.

5. Curry Sauce—a glorious dress-up for shrimp, crabmeat, diced cooked chicken or halved hard-cooked eggs. The trick here is to cook one tablespoon (more or less, according to your taste) of curry powder and one small onion, chopped, in three tablespoons of butter for three minutes. This brings out all the proper zests. Add the cooked curry powder to one can chicken gravy along with one-fourth teaspoon ginger or one clove crushed garlic and about four tablespoons of applesauce.

6. Hollandaise ready-made. Hollandaise is classic for cooked broccoli, asparagus and cauliflower; excellent, too, on green beans; perfect with lightly poached or steamed fish and also on poached eggs. Good hollandaise comes in jars ready to use. You may warm it but do so gently in a bowl set in hot (not boiling) water or in the top of a double boiler. The water in double boiler should not boil. Since hollandaise is always served with hot vegetables or fish, it is not necessary to warm it. Can be used at room temperature, but not chilled.

Blender-made hollandaise: *All the cooking you do is to melt one cup (two sticks) of butter in a saucepan until it begins to bubble. Do not let it brown. Place in an electric blender four egg yolks, three tablespoons lemon juice, one-fourth teaspoon salt, a pinch of*

cayenne pepper or a drop of Tabasco. Cover and turn motor on high. Immediately remove the cover and quickly pour in the hot butter. When all the butter is added, turn off the motor. This makes one-and-a-half cups.



To make Eggs Benedict, *put a thin slice of ham on a lightly toasted, buttered English muffin. Top with a fried or poached egg. Cover with hollandaise sauce. Toast may be substituted for the muffin.*

7. Béchamel Sauces or cream sauces with a wide variety of flavorings can be made by adding less than the usual amount of liquid to canned or frozen condensed soups or dehydrated soups; for mushroom sauce, for example, add one-third to one-half cup milk, cream or wine to one can condensed cream of mushroom soup. Or use two cups cold milk with one small package dehydrated mushroom soup mix. Shrimp, lobster, celery, asparagus, tomato or other cream soups may be substituted.

8. Brown Sauce or Classic Gravy for all meats. Open a can of beef gravy (the most popular and

largest selling brand in this country is the best). Add one-half teaspoon Gravymaster or Kitchen Bouquet if you like an especially dark color, and add also, if you wish, one tablespoon red wine. Heat.

9. Madeira Sauce for steak and elegant beef and veal dishes. You make it in moments, and exquisitely too, by adding one to two tablespoons of Madeira wine to canned beef or mushroom gravy. Add a few grains of cayenne also, or one single drop of Tabasco.

10. Marinara de luxe Sauce. Serve with pasta or rice. To one cup of any good canned or frozen tomato-base spaghetti sauce, add pinch of basil or oregano, a teaspoonful of virgin olive oil and a tablespoonful of wine.



11. Your Own Mayonnaise. With a blender it's almost as easy to make mayonnaise as it is to take it out of a jar. You can vary it by using different types of oils and seasonings, choosing vinegar, lime juice or lemon juice. Place two eggs in the blender along with one-half teaspoon dry mustard, one-half teaspoon salt, one-eighth teaspoon pepper, four

tablespoons vinegar or lemon juice, one-half cup salad oil and a couple of drops of Tabasco sauce or a few grains of cayenne. Cover the container and turn the motor on high. Immediately remove cover and quickly add one-and-a-half cups additional oil in a steady stream. When all oil has been added, turn off the motor. Your mayonnaise is ready. This makes about two-and-a-half cups.

12. Aioli is a green herb-flecked mayonnaise redolent of garlic, served with a boiled codfish dinner, boiled vegetables or with any other well-flavored dish that requires mayonnaise. A quickly made version of Aioli: add one or two cloves of garlic, put through the press, to one cup mayonnaise. Stir in a pinch of fresh or dried chopped herbs.

13. Rouille. Hot mayonnaise for fish soup. To one-fourth cup of mayonnaise add one clove of crushed garlic and two or three dashes of Tabasco or one-eighth teaspoon cayenne pepper. Add one teaspoon of paprika for color. Mix thoroughly.

14. Mint Sauce. Serve with roast lamb or lamb chops or on sliced tomatoes or cucumbers. Available in jars, or can be made at home from dried mint leaves. Choose the most fragrant leaves. Dissolve one tablespoon superfine sugar in one-half cup cider or white wine vinegar. Pour over three tablespoons dried mint leaves. Allow to stand about 30 minutes in a warm place. If fresh

leaves are available, use one-fourth cup of leaves.

15. Mornay Sauce. Good with cooked vegetables, fish or eggs. For a mild version combine one can condensed cream of cheese soup with one can chicken gravy. Heat slowly. If you want a richer flavor and a thicker sauce, stir in one-fourth to one-half cup of grated cheese; Swiss or Parmesan-and-Swiss is excellent.

16. Newburg New Style Sauce—for lobster, shrimp or crabmeat. Use a can of condensed cream of mushroom soup, adding one-fourth to one-half soup-can dry sherry, or use equal parts of cream and sherry. Heat but do not boil. Add a bit of the hot sauce to one slightly beaten egg and stir the whole egg into the sauce. Final touch: season with

nutmeg and sprinkle with paprika.

17. Supreme Sauce. An absolute glory with vegetables, chicken or fish; and a matter of a moment to make. Simply add to a can of chicken gravy four tablespoons cream. Heat and just before serving stir in two slightly beaten egg yolks and two teaspoons lemon juice. Season with a few grains of nutmeg.

18. Tarragon Sauce. Serve with almost any meat except salty ham. Add one tablespoon tarragon vinegar and a few fresh tarragon leaves or one teaspoon dried tarragon to one can of heated beef or mushroom gravy.

19. Velouté Sauce—for poultry, veal or pork. Just open and heat a can of chicken gravy (the most popular brand is best) and you have it made.

A VARIETY OF SPICE

The difference between an herb and a spice is sometimes shadowy. Practically speaking, most of the popular herbs are the leaves of plants, while the spices are more likely to be seeds, berries or bark. Salt, the most popular of all condiments, is neither an herb nor a spice but a mineral obtained either from water or from mines. The herbs most frequently used for flavoring are generally known as sweet herbs, as contrasted with the pot herbs known as greens, like spinach. Twelve herbs you should know well are:



1. Basil—wonderful with anything that has tomato in it.

2. Bay leaf—a little does a lot for almost any meat or fish dish but

be careful. Half a leaf is better than one.

3. **Chervil**—tastes like slightly anise-flavored parsley. Excellent with eggs.

4. **Orégano**—very versatile; good in or on cheese dishes, omelets, pork or hamburger, stews, vegetables and spaghetti sauces.

5. **Dill weed**—the fronds of the dill plant as contrasted with the seeds which are used in pickling. Specially good with lamb or fish.

6. **Marjoram**—the perfect herb to go with chicken in any form.

7. **Mint**—adds a joyous note to lamb, also boiled potatoes, peas and almost any fruit.

8. **Sage**—heaven-ordained to go with poultry and pork. But remember to take it easy.

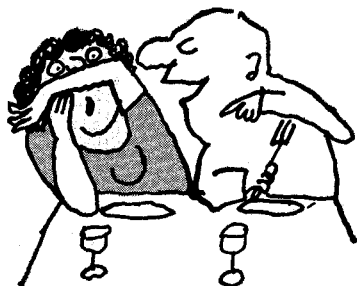
9. **Summer savory**—especially devoted to eggs and cheese dishes.

10. **Rosemary**—just right with pork and also leg of lamb.

11. **Tarragon**—slightly licorice-flavored, a glorifying thing for chicken and eggs particularly.

12. **Thyme**—a slight flicker is exquisite in almost any soup but too much is ruinous.

Garlic deserves a niche of honor all its own. The secret of using garlic effectively is discretion.



Garlic should whisper, never shout. Not only salad bowls but serving dishes may be rubbed lightly with a cut clove of garlic. For recipes where finely chopped or cut garlic is required, use a garlic press. Bottled garlic juice, garlic salt and garlic powder are for emergencies only.

Dried herbs should be bought in small containers and kept closely covered in a dry place, for they readily absorb moisture and become moldy. If kept too long, they lose their flavors.

When using dried herbs, take half or one-third of the quantity of fresh herbs, depending upon the strength of the flavor. (Judge by sniffing!) To release the oils in dried herbs, rub them between the hands or allow to soak in a small quantity of liquid. Too much of an herb makes food taste like medicine. A one-fourth teaspoonful to flavor four portions "is a good starting rule." You can always add, but you can't subtract.

12 MOST POPULAR SPICES

1. **Allspice** (berries or powdered). So-called because it tastes like a mixture of cinnamon, cloves and ginger. Add a few grains to any cream soup.

2. **Cinnamon** (sticks or powdered). Add a dash to sweet potatoes, squash or pumpkin.

3. **Cloves** (whole or powdered). Whole cloves are the buds of the tree. Cloves also come powdered. A touch of cloves goes very well in tomato sauces.

4. **Curry.** A mixture of several different spices, generally including various hot peppers, turmeric, garlic, cumin, ginger, etc. All sorts of meats, fish, hard-cooked eggs and even vegetables may be curried. A note of curry powder may be added to mayonnaise or sour cream to use as a dip.

5. **Ginger** (fresh, dried, powdered). You can get fresh ginger root in Chinatown; dried ginger root or powdered ginger everywhere. Add a little ginger to any kind of beets. It also perks up Chinese dishes.

6. **Horse-radish.** Comes as a root; grated with vinegar; dehydrated; or frozen. Add a little to applesauce to go along with pork. Serve with gefilte fish balls as an appetizer. Classic with boiled beef or hot dogs.

7. **Mace** (whole or powdered). A perfect note for chicken dishes.

8. **Mustard.** Many types and natures—dry, prepared, mild, fiery.

Cheese and beefy dishes scream for it!

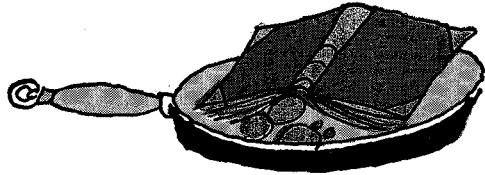
9. **Nutmeg** (whole or powdered). The kernel freshly grated is most flavorful. Add a few grains to spinach or mashed potatoes.

10. **Paprika** used mostly for color and fragrance. Has comparatively little taste unless used in large quantities. Add to sour cream and use as a topping for leaf spinach, broccoli or asparagus.

11. **Pepper.** There are many peppers—black, white and red. Red is red-hot and known as cayenne pepper. Pepper comes in “corns” or seeds which you grind in a mill or blender or coarsely cracked or powdered. Almost anything except dessert is improved by a touch of pepper.

12. **Saffron.** The dried stigmas of the autumn crocus. Probably the most expensive of spices. Gives color and unusual flavor to a wide variety of rice and fish dishes, i.e. bouillabaisse.





VALUABLE READING MATTER

Some of the best information in cooking is yours for the asking. It comes in booklets which may be frankly commercial but contain invaluable hints, tips, bits of information and instructions that are difficult if not impossible to obtain in any other way. And they are all free, except where noted. Here's a list to send for:

Chiquita Banana's Cookbook—(Dept. C, United Fruit Co., 30 St. James Avenue, Boston 16, Massachusetts; request by postcard)

Hot Roll Mix Baking Book—(The Pillsbury Co., Box 353, Minneapolis 60, Minnesota; 25 cents)

Buttermilk and Buckwheat Pancake Recipes . . . for Breakfast, Lunch, Dinner or Dessert—(The Pillsbury Co., Box 353, Minneapolis 60, Minnesota)

Let's Make Something Chocolate—Make it Glorious with Nestle's Morsels! Give it Glamour with Alcoa Wrap!—(Aluminum Company of America, 784 Alcoa Bldg., Pittsburgh 19, Pennsylvania)

Danish Blue Cheese—All New Recipe Booklet—(Denmark Cheese Association, Box 1279, Grand Central Station, New York 17, New York)

The Wonder of the Waring Blendor—Blend and Serve—(Box C, Winsted, Connecticut; ten cents)

Take a Can of Salmon—(Circular #60, U.S. Dept. of the Interior, Fish & Wildlife Service, Bureau of Commercial Fisheries, Washington, D.C.; 25 cents)

Prize-Winning Gel-Cookery Recipes—Salads and Desserts—(Knox Gelatin Co., Box C, Johnstown, New York)

Silhouette Recipes (Low Calorie Desserts, Salads, Main Dishes in Modern Knox Gel-Cookery)—(Knox Gelatin Co., Box C, Johnstown, New York)

Attractive, Inexpensive, Easy-to-Make Decorations from Saran Wrap—(The Dow Chemical Co., Specialty Products Division C, First and Water Streets, Bay City, Michigan)

Something Special in the Lunch Box—(The Dow Chemical Co., Specialty Products Division C, First and Water Streets, Bay City, Michigan)

Crabmeat Cookery—(Room 1814, 343 Madison Avenue, New York 17, New York)

How to Barbecue a Turkey with Originality—(The California Turkey Advisory Board, Box C, 2636 East Olive Avenue, Fresno, California)

50 Wonderful Ways to Use Sour Cream from Appetizers to Desserts—(The American Dairy Association, Dept. C, P.O. Box 641, Milwaukee, Wisconsin; ten cents)

Asparagus Recipes from New Jersey—(New Jersey Asparagus Industry Council Inc., New Jersey Dept. of Agriculture, Trenton 25, New Jersey)

Salads, Spreads, Cocktail Dips Made with New Jersey Asparagus—(New Jersey Asparagus Industry Council Inc., New Jersey Dept. of Agriculture, Trenton 25, New Jersey)

Chive Menu-Maker—(California Chive Institute, 250 Williams Street, San Francisco, California)

For Variety, Cook with Soup—(H. J. Heinz Co., P.O. Box 28, Pittsburgh 30, Pennsylvania)

For Variety, Cook with Ketchup—(H. J. Heinz Co., P.O. Box 28, Pittsburgh 30, Pennsylvania)

Recipes with a Difference! Made with Borden's Instant Whipped Potatoes—(The Borden Co., Consumer Services, Box C, 350 Madison Avenue, New York 17, New York)

POLLY-O Recipe Book (Ricotta and Mozzarella)—Pollio Dairy Products Corp., 3480 Fulton Street, Dept. C, Brooklyn, New York; 25 cents)

1961 Cheese Encyclopaedia—(Phil Alpert's Cheese of All Nations, Box C, 235 Fulton Street, New York 7, New York)

Entertaining with Cognac—(French National Association of Cognac Producers, 13th floor, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, New York)

GOOD FOOD BY MAIL

Here is a list of 15 of the best-known mail-order food shops in the U.S. Some publish catalogues (see *) sent free on request. In most cases you can open charge accounts. Only one (see #) specialty shop will mail frozen foods, however.



- Balzer's, 133 North Larchmont Blvd., Los Angeles 4, California *
- Farmers Market, 6333 West Third Street, Los Angeles 36, California
- City of Paris, Appetizers Shop Box C, San Francisco, California *
- Karl's Caterers, Inc., 2643 Connecticut Avenue, Washington 8, D. C.
- Rich's Grocery, 1195 Lucile Avenue S.W., Atlanta, Georgia
- D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd., Candy & Food Dept., 819 Canal Street, New Orleans, Louisiana
- S. S. Pierce Co., 131 Brookline Avenue, Boston 17, Massachusetts*
- B. Altman & Co., 34th Street and Fifth Avenue, New York, New York *
- Bloomindale's, Delicacies Shop, 59th Street and Lexington Avenue, New York, New York
- R. H. Macy & Co., Grocery Dept. 8th floor, 34th Street and Broadway, New York, New York
- Charles & Co., Inc., 340 Madison Avenue, New York 17, New York*
- Fraser-Morris & Co., Inc., 872 Madison Avenue, New York 21, New York*#
- Paprikás Weiss Importer, 1504 Second Avenue, New York 21, New York*
- Gimbels—International Pure Food Store, Ninth and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania
- Thalhimers, Fine Foods Store, Broad Street, Richmond 19, Virginia

COMING IN AUGUST

A child who can't read—a wife who finds no satisfaction in marriage—a husband frustrated at work—

CORONET, in August, analyzes such dilemmas in depth and tells where to get help in resolving them in a

special 24-page section: "How To Solve Your Emotional Problems."

When is 6% not 6%?
12-month, 12,000-mile new car
warranties—are they for real?
most food value for your money;
how to get a second job;
precious stockholders' rights

money-wise

BORROWING MONEY: when is 6% not 6%?

Costs for borrowing money are not what they seem. What does it really cost when a bank says that it is charging you six percent for the loan?

If you borrow \$100 for a year at a true six percent interest, you get \$100 and, 12 months later, pay back \$106. But if you borrow \$100 today at "six percent" you will probably get only \$94 (\$100 minus the charge for the loan). Paying \$6 annual interest on \$94 is paying almost six and one-half percent interest.

More than likely, too, you will be asked to pay off the loan peri-

odically in equal monthly installments—\$8.33 a month. So, you're not borrowing \$94 for a year, but for one month only. The second month, since you paid back \$8.33, you are borrowing only \$85.67 and so on through the year. Add the monthly balances and divide by 12, and you get an average figure of \$48.18 borrowed for the year. Yet, you are charged six percent for a full \$100.

For figuring credit rates Californians were given the following lists by their State Consumer Counsel. *If the interest is added to the purchase price and the total*

money-wise

is repaid in 12 equal monthly payments, then, according to this analysis:

When they say	You really pay
4% per yr.:	7.3% per yr.
6% per yr.:	10.9% per yr.
8% per yr.:	14.5% per yr.
10% per yr.:	18.0% per yr.
1% per mo.:	21.5% per yr.

If the cost of credit is charged "only on the unpaid balance":

When they say	You pay
$\frac{3}{4}$ of 1% per mo.:	9% per yr.
$\frac{5}{6}$ of 1% per mo.:	10% per yr.
1% per mo.:	12% per yr.
$1\frac{1}{4}$ % per mo.:	15% per yr.
$1\frac{1}{2}$ % per mo.:	18% per yr.
$2\frac{1}{2}$ % per mo.:	30% per yr.

FOOD VALUES: more protein for your pennies

Which foods, dollar for dollar, give the most useful nutrients? To answer the question, Dr. Michael J. Walsh, prominent nutritionist, analyzed the nutrients in typical foods purchased at a given retail price, which naturally varies with the locale.

Protein is the most vital and usually the most expensive nutrient in our daily diets.

1. Of all high-protein items, skim-milk powder provides for the dollar more protein of high biological value and more calcium and phosphorus than any other food. Soybean flour has more total protein than skim-milk powder but fewer essential amino acids. Best

way to stretch meat: add skim-milk powder and soybean flour to ground meat; the housewife who adds potatoes or bread crumbs dilutes the protein of the meat.

2. Lamb or beef kidney gives more for the dollar than any other meat, followed by "good" grade beef—the least expensive grade of beef generally available in stores.

3. Halibut gives more for the dollar than even "good" beef.

4. You get less for your money in strip bacon than in any other meat with the possible exception of filet mignon.

5. You probably get more for your dollar in whole milk than in any other food you can buy.

MOONLIGHTING: two jobs are better

Despite recession and unemployment, about 3,500,000 Americans are now believed to be moonlighters—holders of two jobs.

How do you get a second job?

If you work 9-to-5 every weekday, look for work at other-than-normal hours. For example:

Department stores are open some evenings; many bookshops,

drugstores, supermarkets and package stores stay open every night in the week.

Banks and insurance companies do much clerical work in the evenings. The Post Office has seasonal rushes, when it hires part-time workers for mail-sorting and carrier work.

Hotels are open around the clock. During evening hours, restaurants need food checkers and handlers as well as waitresses; movie houses need cashiers and usherettes.

Factories often work night shifts. Schools need teachers for night sessions, morning newspapers do much of their work at

night, transportation lines need employees at all hours.

If you're too tired to work evenings, think of the week ends. Saturday is a big retail day, of course, while Sunday is a big day for restaurants and theaters.

To get an extra job, try employment agencies and personnel offices of particular companies.

You can create your own spare-time second job. For example, a stenographer can do public stenography at home; a bookkeeper may work for a neighborhood shop; a musician might form an orchestra with instrument-playing friends, playing at evening or week-end social events.

12-12 NEW CAR WARRANTY: does it stand up?

The warranty on new 1961 cars has been greatly extended. Previously, new cars were covered against defects for 90 days or 4,000 miles, whichever came first. *Now they're protected for 12 months or 12,000 miles.* Today all U. S.-manufactured cars have this warranty except Lincoln Continentals, where it's 24 months or 24,000 miles. American Motors and Studebaker Packard have made the new warranty retroactive to 1960 models in use less than 12 months or driven under 12,000 miles. Many foreign cars, too, now offer the 12-12 warranty in the U. S.

The manufacturer warrants

your new car free of defects in workmanship or material. Any part that fails because of such a defect will be *replaced and installed free of charge during the warranty period.*

Warranties do *not* cover repairs brought about by neglect, abuse or accident. Nor do they cover normal maintenance, such as oil changes, brake inspection, engine tune-ups. Tires, tubes and batteries are guaranteed by their own manufacturers. Sealed-beam headlights are guaranteed under the automobile warranty provisions.

What is the difference between normal maintenance and

money-wise

defect? As an example, one manufacturer recommends that the oil filter be changed at 1,000 miles and at every subsequent 4,000 miles as part of normal maintenance; under such circumstance it is *not* covered by the warranty. However, if the filter has to be replaced because of a defect then

it *is* covered by the warranty.

Since the dealer is sole judge of what is a defective part, you should deal with one who has a reputation for being fair. You are encouraged to get warranty service from your own dealer, but you can get service from any authorized dealer in the same make.

STOCKHOLDER RIGHTS: they're mighty valuable

If you were one of the 1,900,000 stockholders of the American Telephone and Telegraph Co., you were offered "rights" last February to buy extra A. T. & T. shares well below the then market price.

Many corporations issue such rights. The reason: when a corporation wants to sell more stock, many states say it must offer this new stock to its stockholders in proportion to what they already own. Thus, stockholders may continue to own the same proportion of the company.

Since the new shares are issued

below the market price, the *right* to buy them has a monetary value for the limited period in which the right can be used.

Some stockholders sell their rights, others buy rights. Some investors speculate in rights. So, while they are usable, the rights can be traded like stocks.

Shares can be bought with rights on as little as 25 percent margin. The balance is loaned by your stockbroker at interest. On regular stock transactions you have to put up (at present) at least 70 percent cash. 

LILLIPUTIAN LOGIC

A FIVE-YEAR-OLD girl in Higley, Arizona, paused at the front door just before she left for her first day in kindergarten and told her mother: "At last I'm going to learn all about life."

—MARY ELLEN JOHNSON

A MOTHER AND her small daughter were attending a symphony concert. During a brilliant movement, the child, who was watching the conductor intently, whispered: "Mama, what makes the man so mad? They're playing as fast as they can, aren't they?"

—GEORGE MEYERS



BY SENATOR RALPH YARBOROUGH

as told to Keith Elliott

"Dreadful threat
from the national shrine!"

We must make a stand now against those
who—in the name of “progress”—would shatter the
priceless historical image of our land

IN 460 A.D. THE ROMANS DECREED that anyone destroying an ancient building or shrine would be whipped and would have both his hands chopped off! The magistrate who granted a license permitting such destruction would be fined 50 gold pounds—about \$46,000. I do not advocate such stern measures. But

JUNE, 1961

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Americans today could take a lesson in historical awareness from the old Romans. A callous disregard of our cultural values is robbing future generations of an irreplaceable American resource—their tangible past.

"If America forgets where she came from," wrote Carl Sandburg, "then will begin the rot and dissolution."

Americans, many of them, are forgetting. George Washington's Morristown, New Jersey, headquarters is threatened by a proposed freeway. In New Mexico, pueblos dating to prehistoric times have been bulldozed for highways. A syndicate once sought to obliterate the hallowed Alamo in Texas—to make room for a hotel!

"Progress" is taking an appalling toll of our nation's wonders. A study by the National Trust for Historic Preservation shows that at least 25 percent of the finest historic and architectural shrines in the U.S. have been leveled since 1941.

A recent survey reveals that New York City, Richmond and St. Louis have lost one-third of their ancient structures worth saving in the past decade. Many of these were vitally linked to our nation's past.

John Ruskin said of architecture: "We may live without her and worship without her, but we cannot remember without her." Yet the structures of which our memories are made are dwindling alarmingly.

Belle Grove, a magnificent plantation house in Louisiana, was neglected for years, finally burned down in 1952. The picturesque iron-

front buildings of St. Louis were ripped down by the hundreds in 1939, to be replaced by a Jefferson National Expansion Memorial which has not yet been completed. Castle Stevens at Hoboken, New Jersey, a landmark for over a century, was recently razed so a 13-story building could take its place. A lighthouse at Buffalo, New York, beacon to sailors for 126 years, has been abandoned and may be destroyed.

Built in 1904, the Larkin Building at Buffalo had been called "the most influential building in modern architecture." More than any other in the U.S., possibly, this Frank Lloyd Wright structure was an architectural breakthrough. Yet it was ripped down mercilessly in 1950 after the city sold the property to a trucking firm. The site's use now: a parking lot for trucks.

THE PROBLEM in the U.S. is not only one of preserving our architectural heritage but of preserving it intact. The Brooklyn Bridge, for instance, so long an inspiration to poets, lovers and song-makers, is now cluttered with structural additions, utility lines, debris. Greenwich Village's sylvan Washington Square is threatened by a proposed highway interchange which city planning expert Lewis Mumford has called "an almost classic example of bad planning."

"The concrete cloverleaf," that critic has said, "is becoming our national flower." And it well may be—if we let it.

Yet as a 41,000-mile network of interstate highways slashes—useful-

ly but sometimes indiscriminately—across the face of our land, there is a growing concern with protecting our historical and natural treasures.

More than 300 American communities now boast conservation groups dedicated to sparing shrines, parks and plazas from needless encroachment of shopping centers, superhighways, skyscrapers, parking lots, even jails. Their efforts have been heartening.

In San Antonio, Texas, for example, the Conservation Society carried on a people-to-people campaign against a proposed expressway route that would scar peaceful Brackenridge Park and other tourist attractions. Voters were convinced. Overwhelmingly, they voted down a \$9,000,000 bond issued to finance the project. However, in January 1961, developers poured more than \$50,000 into an unprecedented second bond election which carried. Conservationists are now fighting the reversal in Texas courts.

Ten years before, the same group saved a charming, tree-dotted downtown plaza from becoming an underground parking lot. "We can station ten women at every tree," promised fiery president Wanda Ford. "You'll have to chop us down before you can tackle the trees." Developers gave up the project.

American women have fortunately long taken an active interest in historical conservation. It was stubborn little Ann Pamela Cunningham of South Carolina who pioneered the U.S.-heritage-saving movement in 1859. Learning that Mount Vernon, George Washington's home,

was an abandoned shambles, she organized the Mount Vernon Ladies Association to restore it. Result: last year more 1,200,000 visitors wandered within the resurrected walls and grounds, emerging with new appreciation for their nation's past.

Miss Cunningham's inspiration has sparked the preservation of America's heritage. Since her battle, more than 2,000 historic house museums have come into existence. Such preservations as Thomas Jefferson's home in Virginia, Shelburne Village in Vermont, Little Norway in Wisconsin and Fort Bridger in Wyoming provide a graphic insight into what has made America great.

There is abundant hope for more preservation of American memorabilia in the future if we open our hearts to the past. Thousands of Americans showed concern, for instance, for Boston's Old North Church, Paul Revere's signal tower, after a hurricane nearly destroyed it in 1954. Contributions poured in from every state and the historic shrine was rebuilt.

The public reacted similarly when New York's ancient Carnegie Hall was threatened by demolition in 1959. Led by violinist Isaac Stern, a citizens' committee won the cooperation of Mayor Robert Wagner in saving it. The city purchased the building for \$5,000,000. Stern's committee raised funds to renovate the interior. Now the acoustically perfect musician's mecca will live on as a nonprofit institution—headed, fittingly enough, by Isaac Stern.

If cities can save our shrines, so

can our courts. In a historic decision last year, Judge Donald S. McKinlay of Chicago ruled that an owner can be denied permission to wreck his own building—when “public esthetic interest” is involved. The decision prevented destruction of the 68-year-old Garrick Theater, a landmark in Chicago’s downtown loop.

MANY RELICS of our past might have been allowed to crumble if someone hadn’t suggested a contemporary use for them. In Hannibal, Missouri, for example, the stately residence of Mark Twain’s childhood sweetheart, Laura Hawkins, has been restored as the Becky Thatcher Book Shop and Café. At Waterford, Virginia, an 18th-century jail is now a tourist reception center. A Quaker meeting house built in 1699 serves as a children’s community center in Newport, Rhode Island.

Caring for the past, an association in Philadelphia found a permanent berth for the flagship, *Olympia*, birthplace of the rallying cry, “You may fire when ready, Gridley!” Through state-wide donations the battleship *Texas* is now docked for good near Houston, 50 miles from the sea. In upper New York State, De Witt Clinton’s “great ditch,” the Erie Canal, is now being restored. It may soon accommodate mule-drawn barges—loaded with tourists—once again.

In Colorado and Utah we almost lost 200,000 acres of magnificent wilderness and prehistoric remains to a huge Upper Colorado River Storage project. Fortunately, a bill

was introduced in the Senate’s last regular session to preserve the area as the Dinosaur National Park.

Yet many places where history holds hands with nature are sad victims of America’s growing pains. Take Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, for instance. Not long ago Congressman James M. Quigley of Pennsylvania admitted forlornly: “The second Battle of Gettysburg, the battle to save the historic battlefield from commercial encroachment, is on the way to being lost.”

Already a motel and ice-cream stand sit smugly on land over which Confederate Gen. George Edward Pickett led his famous charge. A miniature golf course nestles near the headquarters of Gen. George Gordon Meade, the Union commander. A bowling alley now squats where Gen. James Longstreet’s Texans battled.

Commercialism threatens other battlegrounds of the Civil War. In Maryland, Antietam, scene of that war’s bloodiest one-day engagement (23,000 killed and wounded), is one. Others: Fort Donelson and Lookout Mountain in Tennessee, Vicksburg in Mississippi and Manassas, Virginia, site of the Battle of Bull Run.

But our national shrines are more than buildings and battlefields. “Our purple mountain majesties” and our rock-bound coasts, to say nothing of our beautiful beaches, are as much a part of America’s heritage as anything we have built or fought over. Thus, I have sponsored a bill to preserve for public recreation a portion of the remaining few miles of unspoiled shore line left in this country.

Of our 3,700 miles of shore line, only 265 miles have so far been marked as public preserve—and only a fraction is suitable for sea-shore recreation. The largest stretch of undeveloped beach frontage in the U.S. is Padre Island, in the Gulf of Mexico near Corpus Christi, Texas. Padre must be spared the fate of other waterfront wonderlands which are littered by honky-tonks, jerry-built cabins, shabby bait stands.

The Department of the Interior has called for 88 miles of 118-mile Padre Island to be set aside as a National Seashore Area. My bill would give the status of a National Seashore Recreation Area, like Cape Hatteras off North Carolina, to the peaceful beaches and dunes of Padre Island. Congress, alarmed over our vanishing vistas, is considering other measures to save them.

One bill would establish ten shoreline parks like Padre Island over the nation. Three other bills would authorize three National Seashore Areas: Padre, Cape Cod, Massachusetts, and Point Reyes in California. The Wilderness Bill would earmark millions of acres in various parts of the U.S. as "areas where the earth and its community of life are untrammelled by man."

Saving our shrines is good business. Luring just 25 tourists a day to a town, says the U.S. Department of Commerce, is equal in income to establishing an industry with a \$100,000 payroll.

In Richmond, Virginia, Providence, Rhode Island, Newburyport, Massachusetts, and Washington, D.C., business people have organized

to buy properties of historical interest, restore them and lease them to suitable tenants. Traffic flow is dramatically increased by visitors who yearn for yesteryear.

More than 36 American cities have put historic areas under control, such as the Old Charleston District in South Carolina, The Vieux Carre in New Orleans, Boston's Beacon Hill, Old Georgetown in Washington, Gratz Park at Lexington, Kentucky, and the Moravian section of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.

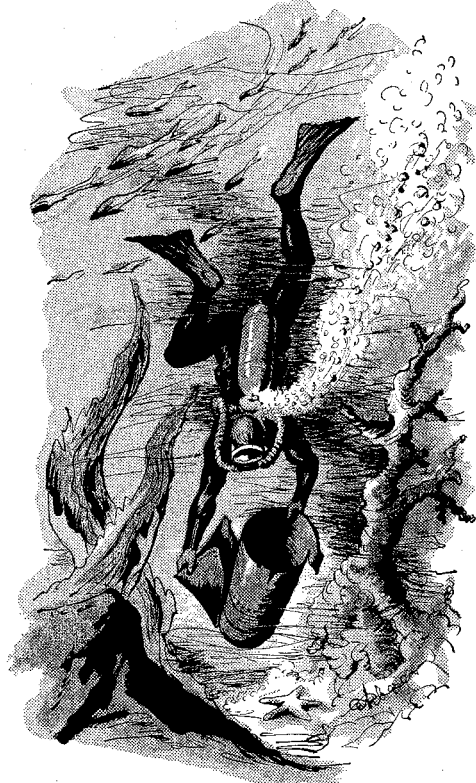
Yet in Dallas, Texas, tree-shaded Turtle Creek Drive is being widened against the protests of thousands who signed petitions saying they preferred the view. And urban sprawl is pre-empting some of the loveliest remaining vistas of San Francisco's Golden Gate.

"The preservation of open space is the most important single problem that we face today in the physical development of communities," says Hugh R. Pomeroy, Commissioner of Planning of Westchester County, New York. Yet our cities' spaces are becoming increasingly crowded, while the wide-open spaces of America continue to vanish in the paths of bulldozers.

Now is the time for Americans to take stock of their irreplaceable spiritual resources—and take steps to save what remains of historical and cultural importance. A part of our national character and strength will be forever lost if we bury our past in our plans and projects for the future.

While there is still time, let's preserve America's heritage. 🍷

BY HOWARD EISENBERG



Vital clues from
the deep help solve baffling
missile mysteries

The skin-diving sleuths of Cape Canaveral

FOR 77 SECONDS on the morning of August 17, 1958, America's first lunar probe, trailing triumphant ribbons of flame, thundered gallantly onward and upward.

Suddenly, faltering unaccountably, the U.S. Air Force's Thor-Able vehicle swerved sharply off-course. In one of Cape Canaveral's concrete-block Central Control buildings far below, the Range Safety Officer ruefully pressed his Command Destruct Button. An electronic impulse sped swiftly after the missile, overtook it, stabbed at the explosive in its heart. High over the Atlantic, the missile ruptured into a thousand pieces and dropped into explosion-racked oblivion.

An Air Force project officer quietly turned to an ex-Seabee lieutenant commander.

"Lou," he said, "tell your boys we'll probably be needing a lot of those pieces."

He was talking to resourceful 56-year-old Louis Berger, head of a small salvage firm—a group of skin-diver "detectives." Since 1954, Berger's Marine Salvage Contractors, under subcontract to Pan American World Airways (operator of the Atlantic Missile Range's 5,000 miles of "real estate"), has had as "client" every U.S. missile since Matador. Its mission: to find and bring back components of missiles which have malfunctioned and/or have been exploded in flight.

A tiny 79-cent Titan tube or an entire stage of a Jupiter-C may be the object of the search in murky, shark-thick waters. A two-inch strand of blackened wire may reveal

CORONET

to missile engineers the flaw in a guidance or propulsion system. This may save the U.S. precious months and millions of dollars.

As one test director put it: "There are times when . . . recovery is the only final proof of what conditions actually existed." Berger's men, bringing back that proof a remarkable 90 percent of the time, help Air Research and Development Command's scientists pinpoint the "bugs" until the missile is operational.

Thus, to missile men there are no "failures" at Canaveral—only lessons. But rarely in the Cape's 12-year history has success seemed more remote than during the search for missile fragments from the aborted first moon shot in August 1958.

The 150,000-pound-thrust Rocketdyne first-stage engine, vital to several missile programs, still had bugs in it. However, it had never before fallen where it might be recovered and studied. Should salvage attempts fail, there would be no alternative but to build and flight-test a new engine, a slow and uncertain process at best.

Twenty minutes after the explosion, while debris was still falling, Berger's boats were on the scene. Chunks of floating Styrofoam insulation were being hauled aboard. And skin divers were slipping into the water.

In the next days, crews worked dawn to dusk—leaving their base long before the first light, returning long after it failed. Fragments of assorted shapes, sizes and functions were swung gently onto the decks, but never the needed ones—the sec-

ond-stage engine but not the elusive first. As pressure mounted, Berger chartered two shrimp boats. Then, two more. Tirelessly, they plowed the two-by-ten-mile impact area—north-south, then east-west, taking no chance their 60-foot nets might fail to snag a protruding tip.

A week passed. Ten days. On the 12th day, the Navy was called in. Mine-hunter ships, equipped with ultramodern electronic devices and with frogmen aboard, steamed down the coast from Charleston.

On Labor Day, a sudden cry went up from a shrimp boat. It was the long-lost first-stage engine—four deceptive miles away from where neighboring first-stage elements had been found. The search was over.

Impatient engineers went over every millimeter of the salvaged engine. As a result, on October 11, a missile boosted by Rocketdyne's now bug-free engine hurled Pioneer I's payload upward for 79,173 miles—deeper into space than any man-made object had ever penetrated.

Marine Salvage estimates it has made more than 100 recoveries since. In skintight neoprene suits, face masks and SCUBA equipment (self-contained underwater breathing apparatus)—and, for sustained periods, with air lines attached to a compressor aboard the boat above—Berger's divers do painstaking detective work. Their "beat"—from inches off the beach in shallows to 200-foot depths 20 miles offshore, and, in special cases, as far as 500 miles out in the Bahamas—involves substantial hazards.

Most of the time, the sediment-

stirring undercurrents off Cape Canaveral limit vision to 12 inches. Unable to fight the current, the diver joins it. Forcing an anchor weight into the ocean floor, he grips a line attached to it. Half-drifting, half-scuttling like a crab, he lets the current carry him in a radius search. Groping as he goes, he gets a flabby handful of jellyfish here, the scimitar-edge of a fragment there—sometimes from a missile or from one of the 200-odd shipwrecks that litter the bottom off Canaveral.

Moving his anchor weight, the diver continues his painfully slow progress, avoiding jagged missile skin-metal when he can, but sometimes forced to burrow under ten-foot mounds of missile debris “to get at the goodies.”

“It is,” says a diver, “like crawling around on a field of razor blades.” In water so icy even the Florida sun can’t warm its depths, he feels no pain when gashed, and may not know that he is bleeding until he notices dark wisps trailing behind him. He must then hope that the hammerhead sharks above him are not hungry. “When I’m bleeding and see sharks,” says one diver, “I can’t help feeling just a little bit self-conscious.”

Once a crew hauled the shell of a Redstone booster aboard and found more than 100 meaty jumbo lobsters inside. Although technically Government property, the tasty crustaceans never made it back to Washington.

Divers must know what to look for, so periodically they get guided

tours of contractor hangars to see the latest in missilery. (“Our men,” says Salvage-master Vern Nealey, “need top security clearance. They see more missiles, dressed and undressed, than anyone else.”) They must also know what to look out for—unused “destruct” packages, potentially explosive Polaris solid fuel and entrapped residues of such liquid fuel elements as red fuming nitric acid.

WHILE everyone else is in blockhouses or off the firing line, Berger’s men are out where the missiles fly and often close enough to where they fall so they are showered with fragments. Yet, the only injury to date has been to a diver who came up under his boat and cut his head on the propeller.

One day a Thor narrowly missed a boat on the south range. In the afternoon, on the north range, two Polaris halves, screaming down a mile and a quarter apart, bracketed another boat between two angrily foaming pillars of water. The imperturbable skipper says, “I didn’t know which way to go first to drop a marker buoy.”

Marine Salvage men have sweated out hundreds of shoots. Tension mounts with the countdown—relayed by radio-phone to the company’s cinderblock headquarters building at Port Canaveral, and to the two or three boats out on the range. “Your stomach really starts to churn when the missile leaves the pad,” says amiable, 6’3” ex-paratrooper Nealey. “When you see it pass a certain point—you get to

know where it is after a while—you relax. If it doesn't—well, suddenly you get real busy!"

The decision to retrieve may not come for two or three days while scientists decide whether there is doubt enough of what went wrong to warrant the expense of recovery. Meanwhile, keenly aware that currents and sand are at work, Berger and Nealey don't sit around on their afterdecks.

While boats are checking the impact area for telltale fuel slicks or marker dyes, Nealey charts sighting from radar tracking stations and visual observers. He relays his "educated estimations" to the boats.

If these clues do not prove out, divers continue the search, and Nealey calls on the astute mathematicians and giant computers of nearby Patrick Technical Laboratory. They spend long hours hypothesizing where the missile might fall. Divers check them out—sometimes with success.

The hunt is not always that taxing. When an early U.S. Navy Polaris "fell" into the nearby Banana River, Nealey, racing there by car, found a buoy already bobbing in place. An ex-diver, living in a tourist court some 1,500 feet away, had borrowed a skiff, rowed out and dropped the marker as a favor.

Luck helps, too. Finding a spoon-sized Snark component in deep water sounded like a big order, but the tiny tube was quickly located standing alone, upright on the ocean floor, as though it were waiting to be discovered.

"Though the rubble they find

may be twisted and charred," says Berger, "or inconvenient to handle, no wires are ever cut. Sometimes, the part that's suspected turns out to be O.K. Then the requirement changes, and we may wind up bringing in practically the whole bird. It's amazing how a few inches of wire can give an answer—it's like solving a murder with a chewing-gum wrapper."

Once a chewing-gum wrapper actually did turn up in the melted plastic innards of a Matador. A report was filed. There was excited talk about "sabotage." But study established that the paper had nothing to do with flight failure, and the case was speedily closed.

Pinpointing craters so that exact missile flight distances can be calculated is another chore for boat crews. Proving out nose-cone recovery equipment is still another. Assorted smoke, flare, dye and radar packages have been tested and more will be, as part of preliminary studies for Project Mercury—gaining know-how that one day will bring American's first astronaut back alive.

Marine Salvage Contractors, Inc.—bringing back the goods in rough seas or calm, in shallow waters or deep—has grown from four employees to nearly 34, from one boat to five. Since the merry Christmas day in 1954 when they retrieved their first Matador, they have built a bulging file of commendation letters. When the Polaris program, plagued by early mishaps, needed unexpended solid fuel samples, Berger's men came through. When

Wernher von Braun needed a key Redstone missile, the divers made the find.

Thanks, in part, to the only commercial missile recovery firm in the U.S., many endings have been happy. None perhaps more so, nor more rewarding, than the story tersely summarized in a memorandum dated April 1958, following a February re-

covery by Berger's diver-detectives:

"Immediate recovery of certain critical controls systems of . . . stage one . . . substantially contributed . . . to remedial modifications to subsequent vehicles. . . . The next vehicle succeeded in establishing a test satellite in orbit."

The "test satellite": our first successful Vanguard. 

CAUTION, WIVES AT WORK!

THE WIFE WAS complaining to her husband, "That uppity Mrs. Jones didn't speak to me today when I passed her on the street."

"What's so terrible about that?" he asked. "I thought you told me yesterday you weren't going to speak to her again."

"That's what makes me mad," the wife replied. "She didn't speak to me before I had a chance not to speak to her."

—DR. L. BINDER

WHEN SMITH TOOK a friend home to dinner, his wife gave him strict orders that he must not offer his guest sherry, as they had none in the house. But Smith forgot the injunction.

"Won't you have a glass of sherry, old man?" he said.

The guest turned very red, and stammered that he never drank it.

"What rubbish," said Smith. "I know that's not true. Do try it."

"No, no. I would much rather not," he said imploringly and turned redder than ever.

When the evening was finished and the guest was gone, Mrs. Smith said to her husband: "Why on earth did you press for sherry when I kept kicking you under the table to remind you that there wasn't any in the house?"

Smith looked at her. "My dear," he said, "it wasn't me you kicked."

—ANNE BLACK

Feeding Gila monsters, operating on skunks, stripping webs from black widow spiders make expert scientists of curious kids



Dayton's nursery for naturalists

BY ALLAN W. ECKERT

LAST SUMMER the telephone at the Dayton (Ohio) Museum of Natural History was answered by a 13-year-old boy. "We're a construction company," the caller said, "and we need a black widow spider's web to repair a broken surveying instrument. Do you have one?"

The boy assured him that they did. The man came over; and pieces of the web appropriated from the poisonous spider were fitted as cross-hairs into the delicate lens of the surveying instrument.

The youngster who helped meet this unusual request is only one of

scores of children from seven to 18 years of age seriously studying entomology, ornithology, ichthyology and other natural sciences in a program developed by E. J. Koestner, soft-spoken director of the museum.

The Dayton Museum is unique in that it is not the usual "junior" or "children's" museum—of which there are many. The Dayton Museum is a full-fledged museum of natural history which gives youngsters the opportunity to accept responsibility and become part of the operation.

For example, a fourth grader enters the museum and becomes

fascinated with the work of other youngsters. He approaches Koestner. "I want to learn about animals and plants and stuff like that," he says. "Would you let me work here?"

Koestner's response is to offer the boy a chance to clean animal cages, sweep floors or wash windows. Almost invariably the answer is a resounding "Sure!" and the child is given a trial. He gets no pay but is given the title of junior naturalist. In addition to his chores, he attends a variety of nature classes. How many classes the youngster takes is up to him. The minimum is one course of one hour each week for two to eight weeks. Most of the kids, however, take three or four and some as many as 11.

As soon as the youthful scientist reaches the age of 13 and proves his interest and desire to learn, he is promoted to junior curator. He still must do museum chores but is also given a chance to work in his chosen field. If his interest doesn't flag and he begins to show real ability, the youngster is given the title of junior staff member and paid a token wage of 50 cents per hour to start. Top wage is 75 cents per hour. The museum has about 15 junior staff members although not all of them may be employed at the same time. They teach summer classes in which some 320 children study 16 subjects at the museum.

Once the museum acquired a skunk not yet "deodorized." Fourteen-year-old Merrill Carrigan, who had been studying the operation for this, asked permission to perform the surgery. Koestner gave approval and

the boy took on the job. The skunk survived and for over a year was handled by many children. As it grew older, however, it became more easily alarmed. At one point, when the youngsters were removing his collar, the skunk became frightened. Carrigan's operation was abruptly a distinct failure. Now an adult, he teaches biology in Indiana.

As much as possible, Koestner allows the junior curators and junior staff members to operate the museum—collecting for it, cataloguing the more than 75,000 specimens, doing research, handling sales at the museum store and answering dozens of telephone calls daily requesting information.

One man called to say he'd found a long, white worm in a chicken he was cleaning for dinner. He had discarded the bird but saved the worm and would bring it in. He was chagrined when one of the junior curators promptly and correctly identified it as a chicken's windpipe.

Unusual questions are always being called in. "I'm filling out a questionnaire regarding the new model cars," said a man's voice on the phone one day. "They ask what I think of the new taillights. What I want to know is the name of that big baboon with the repulsively colored rear end?"

The answer, of course, which the junior curator supplied the grateful caller, was the mandrill. It was never ascertained what the auto company thought of the remark, but the next year's model was considerably toned down.

The love of the Dayton young-

sters for their museum was demonstrated in spectacular fashion some years back. In 1952 the museum was housed in a decrepit, city-owned warehouse in the downtown district. City commissioners voted to destroy this building to make a parking lot. With no new home available, it seemed the death knell for the museum.

Some people wrote fiery letters to newspapers asking citizens to weigh the relative values of culture and parking space. But it was the kids who finally touched the hearts and pocketbooks of the people.

Children began collecting pennies, nickels, dimes and dollars. The most ever before collected by and from children in a community fund drive was \$10,000. In short order, however, these youngsters turned in to the museum an amazing \$25,000.

One 13-year-old ran into Koestner's office and handed over his paper-route earnings—20 one-dollar bills—and then ran out again promising, "I'll be back with more!" Over \$600 was raised by Girl Scouts through paper drives. Kids made insect collections to sell and did odd jobs to make donations. Many even contributed their allowances.

"These boys and girls," said Koestner, "suddenly made the hard-nosed businessmen realize that the museum was a very worthwhile investment." Soon there was enough money to start construction on the ten-acre wooded tract which the Dayton Society of Natural History convinced city fathers to donate from the city's Triangle Park.

John Ripley Forbes, former na-

tional director of Nature Centers for Young America, says, "The Dayton Museum is one of the nation's most important museums. It is not just another museum. It puts the business of youth first."

THE NEW museum building was designed by Richard J. Neutra, world-famous architect. Blending with its natural surroundings, it overlooks the Stillwater River. Neutra's design leaves no inch of space unfunctional.

Built on one level, the museum contains an area of 10,000 square feet (not including the planetarium). A continuous loop exhibit path surrounds working space—enclosing a storage and research area, a shop and darkroom and a central heating plant.

When Neutra drew his plans he made allowance for a future planetarium, auditorium, observatory, conservatory and, eventually, a completely new museum. Already one of these has become reality. In September 1960, the planetarium addition was dedicated, made possible through funds collected by the Junior League of Dayton, Ohio, Inc. The museum itself was dedicated April 27, 1958.

Forbes was much impressed when he visited the new museum. "I like its modern design very much," he commented. "It is not only functional and pleasing to the eye, but it seems to have a sort of openness about it which draws you through it with keen interest—and most important, it is not a *dusty* museum."

One unique feature of the Dayton

Museum is Animal Fair, its room of live animals common to the Ohio scene and from other parts of the world. This is one of the most popular exhibits. It demands, of course, a great deal of attention. The youngsters not only feed and care for the animals and clean their cages, but learn to handle them regularly. These include Gila monsters, venomous snakes, bobcats, hawks, owls and many others.

Each year the junior staff members and selected junior curators take some of these animals on tours of schools and Boy Scout and Girl Scout groups. They instruct over 6,000 children annually in the history of each specimen.

Attendance at the museum in 1960 was 129,689; roughly 75,000 to 85,000 were children. The director believes this stems from the fact that it is an activities museum rather than an exhibit museum.

"We rely," Koestner said recently, "on people coming to see what we are doing rather than what has already been done."

Some years ago, 11-year-old William Duellman entered the museum and gazed longingly at the various exhibits, particularly the live reptiles. He begged to be allowed to sweep floors, merely to be working near the reptiles. Today, Bill Duellman is head of the department of herpetology at the University of Kansas Museum and a widely recognized authority.

Virginia Gerald became interested in anthropology at the museum when she was eight years old. Today holding an M.A. from the

University of Arizona, she is with the Dayton Museum as its curator of anthropology and as one of its five adult staff members.

Bill Christman, now a geology major at Earlham College in Richmond, Indiana, was asked when he was a high school sophomore what a stalagmite was and how it came to be formed. Rather than try to explain in words, Christman built a model incorporating the conditions found in a cave and artificially produced a stalagmite in a few weeks. (Real stalagmites take thousands of years to form.) For this he received an award and considerable scientific recognition.

Another youngster, Jim MacMahon, 12, became interested in studying reptiles. He progressed rapidly.

"I was teaching a class one day," Koestner recalled, "when Jim stuck his head in the door and asked if he could see me. I asked, 'Can't it wait until this class is over?'"

"It's rather imperative, Mr. Koestner," the boy said softly.

Koestner walked out into the hall. The youth had a large, ugly-tempered boa constrictor coiled around one of his bare arms. Its powerful jaws were locked on his other forearm. "I tried to make him let go, Mr. Koestner," the boy apologized, "but I'm afraid I need some help."

"I had to pry that snake's jaws apart," the director recalls. "It wasn't poisonous, of course, but it gave Jim a nasty bite."

Before graduating from high school, MacMahon wrote a paper on turtles which was adjudged one of two best scientific papers submit-

ted by a student to the American Society of Ichthyologists and Herpetologists meeting at New Orleans, Louisiana. The other top paper was submitted by a university student working toward his Ph.D. Jim has now entered the University of Notre Dame under a National Science Foundation research fellowship to specialize in the physical ecology of the vertebrates.

Koestner does not feel MacMahon, now 22, is a genius. He is merely a youngster with an absorbing interest in a specific branch of biology who was given opportunity and encouragement to pursue his

bent. Such successes inspire other museums throughout the nation to request information on how to set up a youth program comparable to that at the Dayton Museum.

There can be no doubt as to the value of the unique operational set-up of the Dayton Museum of Natural History. Not only does it fill a definite need for understanding and opportunity in the lives of youngsters, it is an extremely important program in the operation of the museum and a guarantee of continued interest from one generation to the next. What more could any museum ask? 

ALL TOO TRUE

A PARKING METER is an automatic device that bets \$3 to your nickel that you can't get back before the red flag pops up.

—General Features Corporation

A GO-GETTER, in some offices, is the fellow they send out for coffee.

—HAROLD COFFIN (Wall Street Journal)

THESE DAYS WOMEN'S clothing is designed to make men look good.

—HAROLD COFFIN

INFLATION AND DIETING go hand in hand. Inflation is when you can't have your cake and diet is when you can't eat it.

—STEPHEN KLINGER

BUDGET TIP for housewives: in supermarkets, exercise shelf-control.

—Catholic Digest

IF YOU WANT to write something that will live forever, sign a mortgage.

—CHESTER DUNCAN

A SMALL TOWN is one where the postmaster knows more than the schoolmaster.

—ARNOLD HOLT

The magnificent martyrdom of Prudence Crandall

Alone against
a hate-blinded town, the
shy schoolmarm
defended her 20 helpless
girls—and
a cherished principle

BY EUGENE RACHLIS

PRUDENCE CRANDALL was a 19th-century New England schoolmarm—genteel, plain-featured and boyishly thin. By no burst of imagination could anyone have considered her a wild radical.

Yet from the spring of 1833 to the fall of 1834, Prudence Crandall tenaciously fought to defend a principle against the townspeople of

Canterbury, Connecticut, a bucolic town of 1,881, nestled in a green valley 40 miles southeast of Hartford. During this same period, the people of Canterbury degenerated into a bitter, angry mob, resorting to clubs, arson and rotten eggs to grind her under.

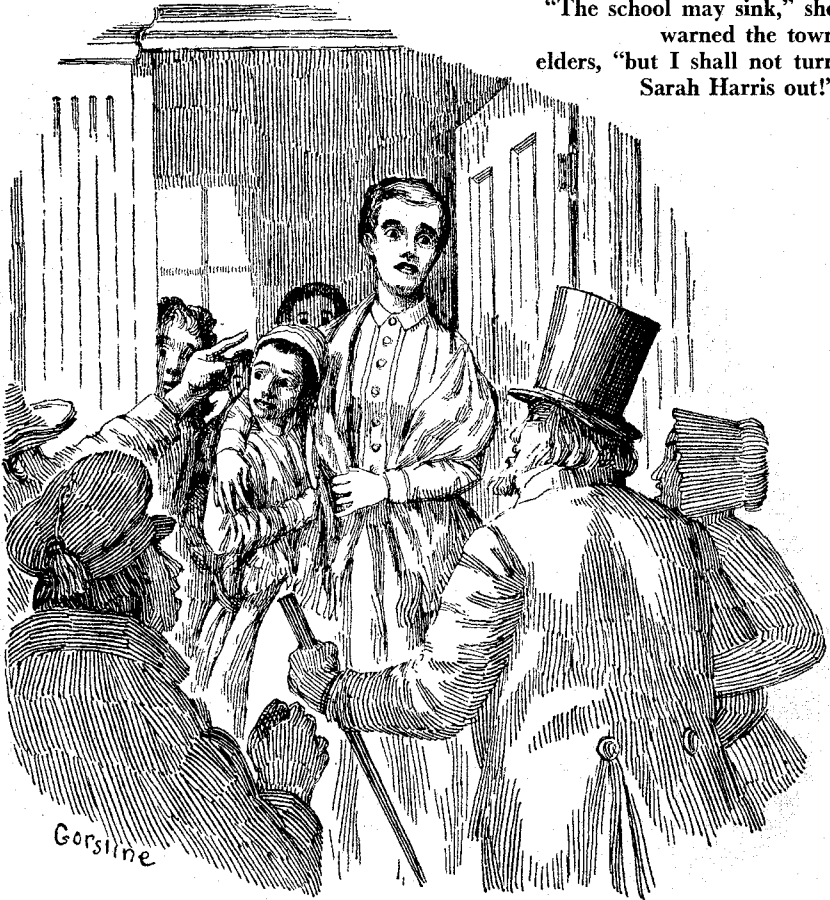
Prudence Crandall and Canterbury came into conflict over an issue that is now familiar, but which in 1833 was new to the U.S.A.: school desegregation. The case of the State of Connecticut vs. Prudence Crandall marked the first time an American court was asked to decide whether Negroes had a right to an education.

Early in 1831, Miss Crandall, then 27, was engaged as headmistress of Canterbury's new seminary for young ladies. But one day in 1832, she picked up a copy of the *Liberator*, an abolitionist newspaper edited by the fiery William Lloyd Garrison. The young Quaker schoolmarm wept over articles describing the plight of slaves in the South and the problems confronting free Negroes in the North.

"My feelings began to awaken," she wrote a friend. "I saw that the prejudice of the whites against color was deep and inveterate . . . I contemplated the manner in which I might best serve the people of color. As wealth was not mine, I saw no other means of benefiting them than by imparting to those of my own sex that were anxious to learn, all the instruction I might be able to give, however small the amount."

Her initial contribution was indeed small. Sarah Harris, a Negro

"The school may sink," she
warned the town
elders, "but I shall not turn
Sarah Harris out!"



girl, who lived just outside of Canterbury, wanted to become a teacher but lacked the necessary education. She brought her problem to Prudence Crandall.

Miss Crandall knew that permitting Sarah to attend her school would create a furor. Many of her Canterbury sponsors belonged to the American Colonization Society—an

organization that favored deporting free Negroes to Africa. Nevertheless, she decided to help Sarah Harris. In January 1833, the girl was admitted to the Canterbury Female Boarding School—the only Negro in a roomful of white girls.

Within a few days Prudence Crandall felt the first shock waves of opposition from outraged par-

ents. Her first caller, the wife of the Episcopal minister, coldly warned that unless Sarah was expelled immediately the school's financial support would be cut off. But Prudence Crandall would not budge.

"The school may sink," she told the town elders, "but I shall not turn Sarah Harris out."

Seeking help, the embattled teacher wrote William Lloyd Garrison, asking if it were possible "to obtain 25 young ladies of color to enter the school for the term of one year." Garrison invited her to Boston to discuss the proposal, and subsequently she visited abolitionists in Providence and New York. All promised to recruit Negro students. In February 1833, Prudence Crandall dismissed all her white students, closed the school and announced that she would reopen in April for Negro girls only.

In desperation, civic leaders called a special town meeting for the evening of March 9. Prudence Crandall thought it would be wiser if she did not attend, but was represented by abolitionist Samuel May, the Unitarian minister in the nearby village of Brooklyn, and Arnold Buffum of the New England Anti-slavery Society.

The town meeting drew a full house at the Congregational Church. Speaker after speaker roundly condemned Miss Crandall. When her spokesmen rose to oppose a vote of censure, they were drowned out by angry shouts, and the resolutions were adopted unanimously.

News of the meeting focused wide attention on Prudence Crandall,

however. "Miss Crandall must be sustained at all costs," wrote William Lloyd Garrison.

On April 1, Prudence Crandall's school opened, with 20 Negro girls from Massachusetts, New York, Rhode Island and Connecticut in attendance. Almost immediately, the Negro students were annoyed on the streets and refused church pews, while shopkeepers refused to sell the school food or supplies.

More ominously, the sheriff invoked a musty ordinance, the Pauper and Vagrancy Law. It required nonresidents to post a bond or pay a fine of \$1.67 a week. Nonpayment within ten days was punishable by ten whiplashes across the back.

The first student to be charged with breach of the law was 16-year-old Eliza Hammond of Providence. She refused to pay the fine and offered herself for whipping. At the last moment, however, the abolitionists posted the necessary bond, thus saving the town from the criticism it certainly would have drawn for whipping a child.

Abruptly, Miss Crandall's foes changed their tactics. They persuaded the State Legislature to enact a "Black Law," stipulating that no Negroes from outside Connecticut could be taught in a private school in the state without permission of local authorities. When news of this victory reached Canterbury, church bells pealed jubilantly for half an hour, and the cannon on the village green boomed. Prudence Crandall couldn't maintain her school now!

She did, though, and late in June

she was arrested for violating the "Black Law." Pending trial, she was given a chance to go free by posting bond. To the dismay of her opponents, the schoolteacher chose jail—a propaganda stratagem devised by her abolitionist backers. They reported that she had been placed in a cell last inhabited by a wife-murderer—who had gone from it to the gallows.

Actually, the abolitionists were not going to permit the martyred schoolmarm to suffer. Her friend Samuel May saw that her cell was thoroughly cleaned and a new bed substituted for its regular dirty pallet. He also arranged for a young local girl to spend the night with her. The next day, he posted bond, and Miss Crandall was released.

Outwitted, Canterbury responded with fresh abuse. Townsmen blew horns and fired pistols in the air whenever the Negro students ventured on the streets. The school was barraged daily with rotten eggs and stones, a doctor refused to answer calls for medical help, and a load of manure was dumped into the school's well.

To keep up the students' spirits, Miss Crandall led them to Sunday services at churches in less hostile communities, and sympathetic visitors to the little assemblies held at Miss Crandall's school were touched to hear the harassed Negro girls singing:

But we forgive, forgive the men,

That persecute us so.

*May God in mercy save their
souls*

From everlasting woe.

In August 1833, Prudence Crandall went on trial. Her lawyers quickly challenged the constitutionality of Connecticut's "Black Law." Three times the jury returned to the courtroom to announce it could not reach a decision. Exasperated, the judge ordered the jury excused.

But Canterbury did not consider this defeat as final; in Superior Court, fresh charges were brought against Prudence Crandall.

THE ARGUMENTS offered by the prosecution and defense now have a familiar ring. Said Miss Crandall's attorneys, W.W. Ellsworth and Calvin Goddard: "These pupils are human beings, born in these states, and owe the *same obligation* to the state . . . as white citizens. . . . If allegiance is due from our colored population, its correlative is due from the Government. . . . If allegiance is an ordination of heaven, it reaches and binds and confers rights upon every man. . . . Here the free man of color may . . . demand his political rights."

Prosecutor Andrew Judson denied that free Negroes were citizens of any state. The principles set forth by Prudence Crandall's lawyers, he said, would "destroy the government itself . . . blotting out this nation of white men and substituting one from the African race. . . . The state does possess the power to regulate its own schools, and pursue its own systems of education, in its own chosen way . . ."

In his charge to the jury, Judge David Daggett said that the "evils and degrading consequences" of

slavery were not at issue. Neither were "the benefits, blessings and advantages of education." The only question before the jury was whether the "Black Law" was in keeping with the U.S. Constitution. This, he said, depended solely on whether free Negroes were citizens.

It was Judge Daggett's opinion that they were not—and the jury returned a verdict against Prudence Crandall. At once her lawyers appealed the case to the Supreme Court of Errors, Connecticut's highest court. There, Judge Daggett reversed the lower court decision on a technicality—ruling that the charges brought against Prudence Crandall had been improperly drawn up.

It was a personal victory for the Quaker schoolmistress, but a disappointment to her abolitionist supporters, who had hoped to establish a legal precedent. And it was a bitter defeat for the town of Canterbury, which once more turned to violence.

Early in September, a mysterious fire broke out in the school building. Miss Crandall and her terrified students managed to put it out, but the charred walls remained as a reminder of the town's determination to rid itself of the stubborn teacher and her "little misses of color."

And shortly after midnight on September 9, 1834, men armed with iron bars smashed in five windows on the ground floor of the school. While the Negro girls cowered in their upstairs bedrooms, the vandals

demolished the downstairs rooms and furnishings.

Fearing for herself and for her students, Prudence Crandall decided to close the school. Amid tearful farewells, the girls were sent home, and Miss Crandall herself left Canterbury and dropped out of sight. Education for Negroes seemed to be a lost cause.

In 1886, a Connecticut traveler met Prudence Crandall in Elk Falls, Kansas, a widow of 82, still lively and still interested in the lot of the American Negro. Belatedly, the Connecticut Legislature voted her an annual pension of \$400 as partial compensation for the loss she had suffered in Canterbury. Miss Crandall accepted the money as a "just debt" of the state which had destroyed her hopes. She was grateful, too, for "the change that has been wrought in the views and feelings of the mass of the people."

Four years later, on January 28, 1890, she died.

In 1954 the U.S. Supreme Court issued its controversial decision ordering the desegregation of all public schools. While presenting their arguments, lawyers for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People cited the Crandall case as the "first comprehensive crystallization of antislavery constitutional theory in America."

Prudence Crandall would have appreciated this recognition. History had paid its "just debt." 

A PHILADELPHIA movie theater advertises: "Absolutely No Interruptions for Commercials."

—FRANK BROOKHOUSER (*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*)

HOW'S THAT AGAIN?

THE POLITE FELICITATIONS on the sermon I had just given took a refreshing turn when a little Southern lady came up with the comment: "Fascinatin' chattin' this mornin' pars'n!"

—REV. ERNEST C. WILSON

THEN THERE WAS the agricultural college student who was voted by his class "The kid most likely to sack seed."

—ALMA MINZER

A SMALL GIRL was showing her friend her elder sister's bedroom. "She's 16," said the youngster sadly. "I was promised her room one day, but she never married."

—A.M.A. Journal

A MOTORIST who received a 50-cent ticket for overtime parking in Titusville, Pennsylvania, remitted his fine in the form of 20 checks—ten for three cents each and ten for two cents each.

—HERMAN E. KRIMMEL

ON CHICAGO neighborhood movie marquee:

TEN WHO DARED

GO NAKED IN THE WORLD

—ANNE SPONG

SUCCESSFUL DOOR-TO-DOOR salesman to housewife: "I'd like to show you a little item your neighbors said you couldn't afford."

—Liguorian

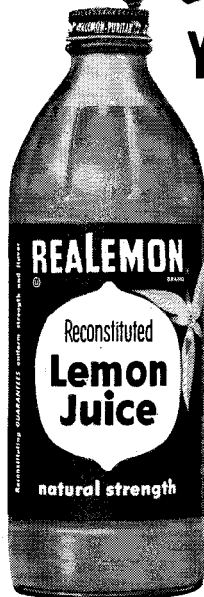
PATROLMAN GEORGE F. HEALEY of Lynn, Massachusetts, was honored at a special dinner yesterday as the city's policeman of the year—but he wasn't there to accept his bronze plaque. "Nobody invited me," he explained later.

—ALLISON COOPER



**HOW
TO STICK
TO
YOUR DIET!**

REALEMON
RECONSTITUTED
Lemon Juice



Adding too many calories with summer drinks? Stick to your diet with ReaLemonade—be refreshed with a minimum of calories. When you fix lemonade with ReaLemon YOU decide the "sweetness." ReaLemon makes it easy because... **we squeeze, you pour**

Send for your **FREE ReaLemon Recipe Book**, full of exciting new ideas.

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GRIN AND SHARE IT

TWELVE-YEAR-OLD Billy was suddenly smitten with a classmate, and announced on Friday afternoon that he was going to phone and ask her to the movies that night. His mother was horrified.

"You don't call a girl in the afternoon and ask her for a date that night," she said. "It's insulting! You should call a week ahead of time."

"A week!" Billy exclaimed.

"Well," she said, relenting a bit, "at least not later than Monday before your week-end date."

"Monday!" Bill said. "But, Mom, I couldn't ask her Monday. I didn't even like her until *Wednesday*!"

—ERNEST BLEVINS (*Family Weekly*)

THE YOUNG CANDIDATE for admission to the Navy was being given a test to determine his general education. One of the questions was: "What kind of animals eat grass?"

The young man fidgeted and apparently could think of no answer.

"Come, come," said the examining officer. "Surely you can answer a simple question like that. What kind of animals eat grass?"

The boy brightened. "Animals?" he exclaimed. "I thought you said admirals!"

—WILLIAM PAYNE

A MAN WENT into a restaurant and ordered a bowl of soup. The waiter brought the soup and started walking away when the man called, "Waiter, tell me what this fly is doing in my soup?"

(continued)

Relax in a state of excitement...

OREGON



Friendly Oregon invites you to an enchanting variety of playlands—from shining mountain peaks to 400 miles of Pacific seashore. You'll have fun everywhere. So, come to Oregon soon.

For FREE booklet write to:

TRAVEL INFORMATION, Room 861, Highway Department, Salem, Oregon

The waiter looked and replied,
"The back stroke." —SYLVIA GOLDSTEIN

TWO MEN STOPPED their car at an English village pub and asked the proprietor whether anyone in the village had a black cat with a white ring around its neck.

"Yes," was the answer, "there's one in a cottage up the road."

"Is it a very, very big cat?" asked the driver.

"No, just a kitten."

"Well, is there a huge, black dog with a white ring around the neck?"

"No, no dog," said the proprietor.

The driver turned to his friend. "Then," groaned the driver, "it *was* the vicar we ran over!" —MRS. ELMER HIERS

A MAN WAS BUSY fishing along a quiet stream when a stranger came by and inquired, "Catch anything yet?"

"No," was the answer.

"That's strange. I heard this was a fine place for trout."

"It must be," was the answer.

"They refuse to leave it." —DR. L. BINDER

THE CASHIER at the supermarket handed a woman customer the long adding-machine tape itemizing her purchases. The woman looked it over casually and said, "Yes, that's just about right. I usually pay around \$25 a foot for my groceries."

—MACK GRIMES

NOW THAT WE'VE won our case," smiled the lawyer, "for my fee, I would like you to pay me \$500 down and \$100 a month."

"Sounds like you're buying a car," commented the client dryly.

Explained the lawyer, "I am."

—MRS. G. TEEL

SUMMER CONSTIPATION and the "Regularity Breakfast"



Backyard barbecues, weekend trips and vacations are fun—but they often create a problem.

Mealtime irregularities tend to interrupt nature's schedule, and constipation caused by lack of "food bulk" can follow.

There is a simple precaution that many sensible people depend on. Kellogg's "Regularity Breakfast" can help correct the constipation so common in summer.

The "Regularity Breakfast" always includes a bowl of Kellogg's All-Bran, with milk. This high-bulk cereal works with nature to help correct the irregularity that follows irregular eating.

Why don't you let the "Regularity Breakfast" help you?

Kellogg's **ALL-BRAN**

“Pay as you go” prisoners



They help
earn their keep,
support their
families—while
serving
their time

BY DAVID GREY

LATE ON MOST WEEKDAY afternoons, Julian R., 33, hops a commuter bus in San Jose, California, to his \$2-an-hour assembly line job at a nearby food-packing plant. Getting off the swing shift about 2 A.M., he's given a lift "home" by car.

Such an eight-hour work routine is typical for millions of people. There's one big difference in Mr. R's case, however: he's a prisoner and his "home" is a county jail.

He has been arrested 15 times in about as many years. His police file includes convictions for burglary, nonsupport, drunk driving, driving without a license and disturbing the peace. But under a work-furlough law being used in California and a growing number of other states, Julian R. is allowed to hold a regular job. He is, in effect, a part-time prisoner.

To see how work-furlough financing operates, let's take a closer look at Julian R. in San Jose. His net pay—averaging \$70 a week—goes directly to the Santa Clara County Sheriff's Department. From this, officers send \$20 a week in alimony for support of his former wife and three children and \$10 a week to a sister for support of another daughter. In addition, \$3.50 every working day is put aside to pay his room and board at the county's combined jail and prison work farm. Another \$5 a week is for bus fares and meals. Anything left over is spent on necessities, such as work shoes, or is kept for him by officers until he is released.

"I don't make much money," Julian admits, "but my work helps the family. They'd be on welfare otherwise." His future: "When I get out, I have to pay the Internal Revenue \$100. I hope to have enough money saved to go to school part-time and learn a trade."

Whether he will straighten himself out or not is uncertain, but law officers are en-

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December 22, 1960. Copyright © Dow Jones & Co., Inc.

couraged by his new-found interest in learning a trade.

The purpose of the prisoner work-furlough program is both economic and rehabilitative. Sometimes described as "pay-as-you-go penology," part of the theory behind it is that some prisoners shouldn't be left to sit idly in jail while dependents are forced to go on welfare, fines and debts are left unpaid and county jails chalk up maintenance bills.

Wisconsin, where the plan originated and is most actively used, says its work-furlough prisoners have earned \$2,800,000 in the past five years of which \$1,100,000 went to dependents. "We estimate this saves the state nearly \$1,000,000 in welfare payments," says Sanger B. Powers, director of Wisconsin's Division of Corrections. "Another \$750,000 of the earnings went to pay part of the prisoners' own keep."

Eight states—California, Oregon, Minnesota, Montana, North Carolina, Wyoming, Idaho and North Dakota—have started similar programs within the past four years. In Virginia and a few other states, judges occasionally have been using the work-furlough plan informally, along with week-end sentences and special probations. The State of Washington is considering legislation for a formal program.

Crime prevention officials call work furlough a "compromise" between jail and probation. Most prisoners on work furlough are ineligible for probation or have been denied it. The hope is that the combination of discipline and encouragement will help reorient in-

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Because Tampax is worn internally, there's nothing to give your secret away. Not a thing shows, nobody knows, even when you wear your slimmest swim suit.

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It's DR. WEST'S Beauty Brush Buy!

Get this all-purpose Beauty Brush
for just 10¢ when you buy a new
Dr. West's Toothbrush!

What a bargain. The Beauty Brush has over a hundred tiny bristles to massage your scalp. Ideal for shampooing. A whiz at unsnarling. Regular 50¢ value only 10¢ when you buy the world's hardest working toothbrush, a new Dr. West's.

Look for this offer at Dr. West's Toothbrush displays!
Copr. 1961 by Weeco Products Co.



dividuals who are on the verge of becoming hardened criminals. "With very few exceptions, we find a short-term jail sentence does nothing to help a man," says a Californian. "It only takes him out of circulation."

Comments one 31-year-old part-time prisoner, a \$150-a-week sheet-metalworker: "I'd just as soon be on work furlough. On probation, people throw the offense up to you and you end up in trouble. This way you don't have a chance to get in trouble. You go to work and come right back. If you're caught drinking, you're through."

Work furlough "has a marvelous potential," says A. Lamont Smith, lecturer at the University of California's School of Criminology. "It's no solution for crime, but it offers an acceptable substitute for jail. It will be a slow process, however. Society still sees a jail as a 24-hour-a-day proposition and not as a motel."

Biggest opposition usually comes from the ranks of those who have to manage the plan.

"We're law enforcement people, not corrective officers," grumbles one California sheriff. Adds Forrest C. Sholes, Sheriff of Deschutes County, Oregon: "There's a lot of extra bookkeeping." Although Sholes favors the program, he says, "If we had a bigger staff it would be easier." Administrators say considerable time is needed to investigate and weed out the candidates considered dangerous.

Work-furlough difficulties vary. Wisconsin authorities report that finding employment for the prisoners in rural areas is one of the big-

gest problems. Capt. Earl Lewis of the Santa Clara County Sheriff's Department reports that "alcoholism is the difficulty here." Prisoners are kept on a minimum security prison farm and liquor often is smuggled in, he says.

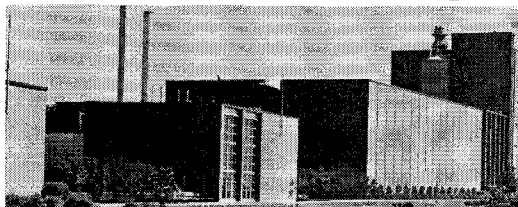
Other typical woes include lack of jail facilities to segregate the part-time prisoners from other inmates, irregular meal hours, transportation and violations. But Captain Lewis says only 32, or 13 percent, of his county's 254 part-time prisoners were dropped from the program for violations in 1959. Three, or about one percent, attempted escapes. Officers say this is a smaller percentage than for the county's prison work farm.

The work-furlough program was started in Wisconsin under a 1913 state law which enabled prisoners to leave jail, especially during harvest. The program was given new life during World War II when manpower in the state's defense industries was short. It has doubled in size in the past five years. Corrections director Powers says that more than 5,000 part-time prisoners earned an estimated \$800,000 in 1960, up from 2,500 who earned \$350,000 in 1956. About 40 percent of the persons sentenced to the state's county jails participated.

In North Carolina, Martin R. Peterson, assistant director of prisons, says that his state has had more than 100 work-furlough prisoners over the past two years, compared with only nine for 1957 and 1958. A Minnesota official also reports a "rapidly expanding program" from

visit Atlanta...

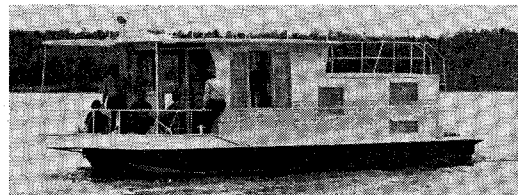
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"nothing in 1957 to about 50 prisoners a day now."

No records are kept on the number of men rehabilitated by work-furlough programs. But there are scattered examples. "We had one fellow who used to be in court three or four times a year," says Oregon's Sheriff Sholes. "He was earning \$400 a month at one of the mills. We put him on the program. He saved the county about \$1,000 in welfare and jail costs and got his car payments settled. We haven't seen him in court since."

In Wisconsin, a \$100-a-week chef sentenced on a morals charge was able to finance private psychiatric treatment which wouldn't have been possible if he had been confined to jail. The man was released recently, and authorities report the last they knew he was continuing treatment and was staying out of trouble.

Most offenders on the program are men who have been arrested repeatedly for drunk driving or for failure to pay alimony and support to dependents. However, the program also includes some offenders convicted of more serious crimes; one part-time prisoner in Santa Clara County has been under a sentence for second-degree murder.

Some employers shy away from hiring prisoners, but many support the program. One California employer often tries to get four or five prisoners for temporary, low-paying jobs. His reasoning: the prisoners, having to abide by strict rules, are far more likely to show up for work than the "drifters" he normally hires. 



May these toys be safe from children

What a two-ton
elephant can't smash,
a 35-lb. kid can
demolish with a flick
of a finger

BY PARKE CUMMINGS

LAST FALL NEW YORK CITY'S Park Department conducted what it probably thought was a unique test. It had developed a new children's swing; it placed two such swings in a cage with two 350-pound gorillas from the zoo, and let the gorillas thump, maul and twist the swings in every conceivable way. When the swings stood up under this punishment, officials of the Park Department heaved a collective sigh of relief, assuming that the swings must accordingly be safe for children—or safe *from* children, to put the proper construction on it.

Well, I haven't heard the results, but my hunch is that the department was about as naive as it is possible to get. What possible justification is there for assuming that a dumb beast like a gorilla can equal the destructive powers of the normal human child? I am willing to bet that all the guys in that department were bachelors. Besides, that test wasn't as unique as they seem to think, for animal testing is by no means a brand-new science, as my own private research has revealed.

For instance, there was one experiment supposedly conducted by a company to develop a new and improved stuffed bear; it tested it by having Masie, a two-ton female elephant, trample on it for several hours. Masie, an ingenious beast, also squirted water on it with her trunk, and banged the toy against the bars of her cage. The bear came through the experiment in perfect shape, and the company confidently put the product on the market.

One of the first children to receive it, four-year-old Susan Griffin of North Attleboro, Massachusetts, removed all its stuffing in five minutes and 18

seconds with an ordinary nail file.

A midwestern manufacturer of kiddies' furniture is reported to have conducted an even more bizarre test. He put out a small rocking chair and had a boa constrictor attempt to crush it. Due to carelessness in conducting the experiment the boa constrictor first latched onto one of the company's junior executives and was restrained just in the nick of time. (If you are ever in Chicago and happen to run into a man with a 56" chest, 58" hips and an 8" waist you will recognize the unfortunate person to whom I refer.)

But I digress. The boa constrictor, a beauty of a specimen, then put a variety of holds on the chair, without even marring the paint, even though he kept at it for over an hour. A somewhat sickly California second-grader received one of these chairs on his seventh birthday. He smashed it to bits in a matter of two seconds. All he did was heave it down the stairs.

According to my sources, it's the same story with the improved heavy-duty cowboy pants a western firm sells. These were first put in the cage of Frankenstein, a full-grown Bengal tiger in his prime. (He got that name because he was much more easygoing than his brother, Dracula.) The pants remained in Frankenstein's cage for a week, during which time the beast clawed them almost incessantly, pausing only to snarl at his keeper, Charley "One-Arm" Ryan, and sundry visitors.

The pants came out looking like new, and were then given free to 100 small boys in a representative

American town. The average time before *both* knees were worn through was a week and a half.

But this type of testing hasn't been confined only to dry land. Take the case of another midwestern firm I've heard about—one that specializes in inflatable beach toys—things like swans and zebras that kids ride on. Well, since these were water toys, it follows that they would have to be tested by some aquatic animal. The company would have preferred a sea serpent, but this experiment was conducted around 1954, and if you look it up, you will find that 1954 was an off-year for sea serpents.

So they settled on sharks, whales being considered as lacking the necessary orneriness. Since the Midwest is a poor place to find sharks, the toys were shipped, at great expense, to the Timor Sea, north of Australia, which has as many mean sharks per square foot as any body of water in the world.

Well, according to unofficial observers, these sharks blew their stacks when they saw such strange-looking creatures in their domain and attacked them with indescribable fury. But nary a mite of good did it do them. The toys, the story goes, were made of a synthetic tougher than anything yet invented, and, in addition, were coated with a chemical so the sharks' teeth simply slipped off whatever they tried to nip. Not a single toy was damaged.

But the first customer to purchase one of the indestructible toys is said to have reported later: "As we drove to the local beach, my three-year-old daughter, a perfectly darling

child, clutched the precious giraffe in her tiny arms. We got out, approached the water and then she spotted a family roasting hot dogs over a grille. Without breaking stride the child dashed over to the grille and heaved the giraffe onto the fire. There was a sharp explosion, a blinding flash and a puff of smoke which soon dissolved, revealing the last upper stretches of the giraffe's neck melting away into

nothingness. The whole episode couldn't have taken more than half a minute."

There you have it.

The gorilla may have sinews of steel. The elephant is a bulky and powerful beast. The shark has pretty teeth dear. But they—and the boa constrictor and the tiger as well—lack the most efficient agent of destruction yet developed, the juvenile human brain. 🐸

IN JULY CORONET

THE REAL ELIOT NESS: the man behind the myth

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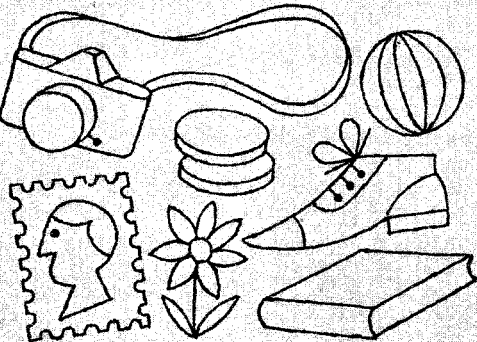
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JUNE, 1961

187

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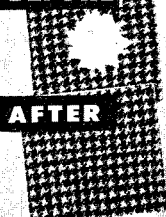


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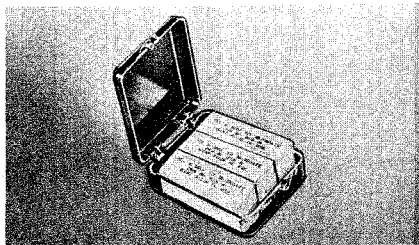
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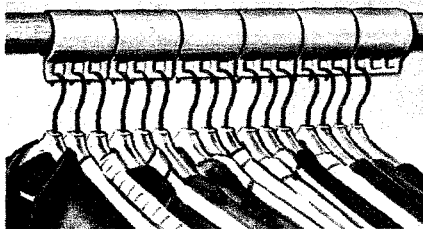
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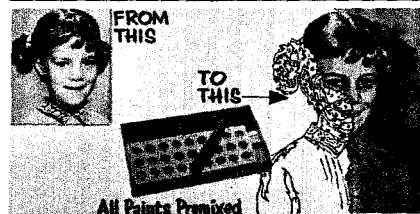
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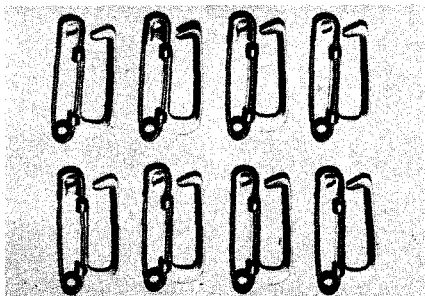
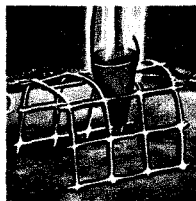


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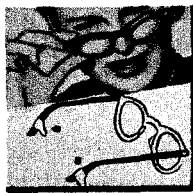


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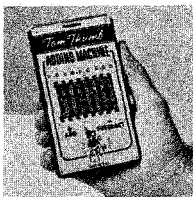
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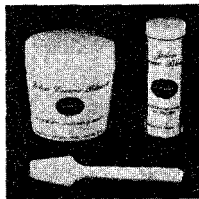


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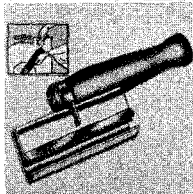
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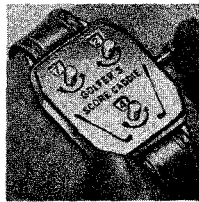
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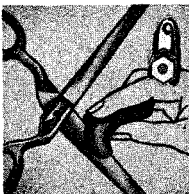
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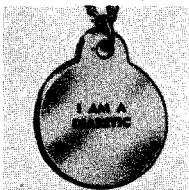
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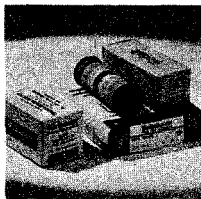
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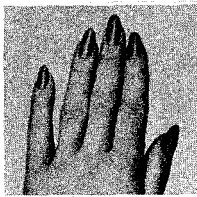


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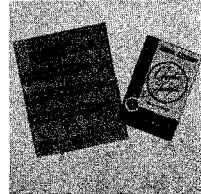
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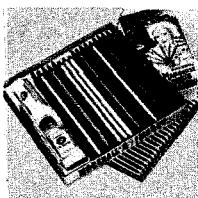
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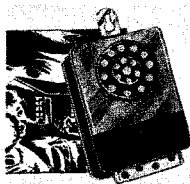
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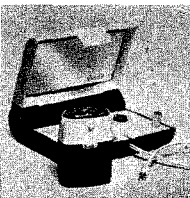
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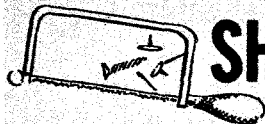


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Classified



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silly suits

by Will Bernard

IN MINNESOTA, a man who had hired a detective to spy on his wife sued him for breaking up the marriage. He had turned in a sizzling report—on the wrong woman.

IN MASSACHUSETTS, two men sued a railroad for \$10,000 because their train had arrived at the race track too late for them to clean up on the Daily Double.

IN SPAIN, a poet sued his landlord, complaining that the landlord's mule had sneaked into his room and gobbled up a stack of unpublished manuscripts.

IN IOWA, undertaker A sued undertaker B for mailing out burial advertisements to dying people—and signing A's name.

IN TORONTO, a golfer claimed damages for a shoulder injury received in an auto accident, saying that it had tacked ten to 15 strokes onto his golf score.

IN WISCONSIN, a girl whose boyfriend had promised to pay her \$1 per kiss, sued him for \$3,000 in back payments.

IN ENGLAND, a housewife sued for auto injuries, charging that the accident made her forget how to cook her husband's favorite dish: steak and kidney pie.

IN WYOMING, a man claimed compensation for injury in a tavern when his foot skidded off the bar's brass rail.

IN MONTANA, a man sued a restaurant, complaining that the proprietor beat him up when he removed the onions from his hamburger.

IN CALIFORNIA, a woman sued a tavern for causing her to break an arm, by allowing her to waltz on the waxed surface of the bar.

IN NEW YORK, a subway rider sued for 46 cents, complaining that he had dropped that many pennies into the peanut vending machines without a payoff.

IN NEW ENGLAND, a man, who hastily sold out his business at a loss, sued his doctor when he failed to die as the doctor had predicted.

IN SWEDEN, a medical society sued a man who had promised them his body for research, charging that he had broken his promise by having two of his teeth pulled without their permission.

IN CHILE, a mayor claimed compensation for loss of business incurred when the weatherman had predicted rain, thus scaring tourists away from a local festival. 🏰





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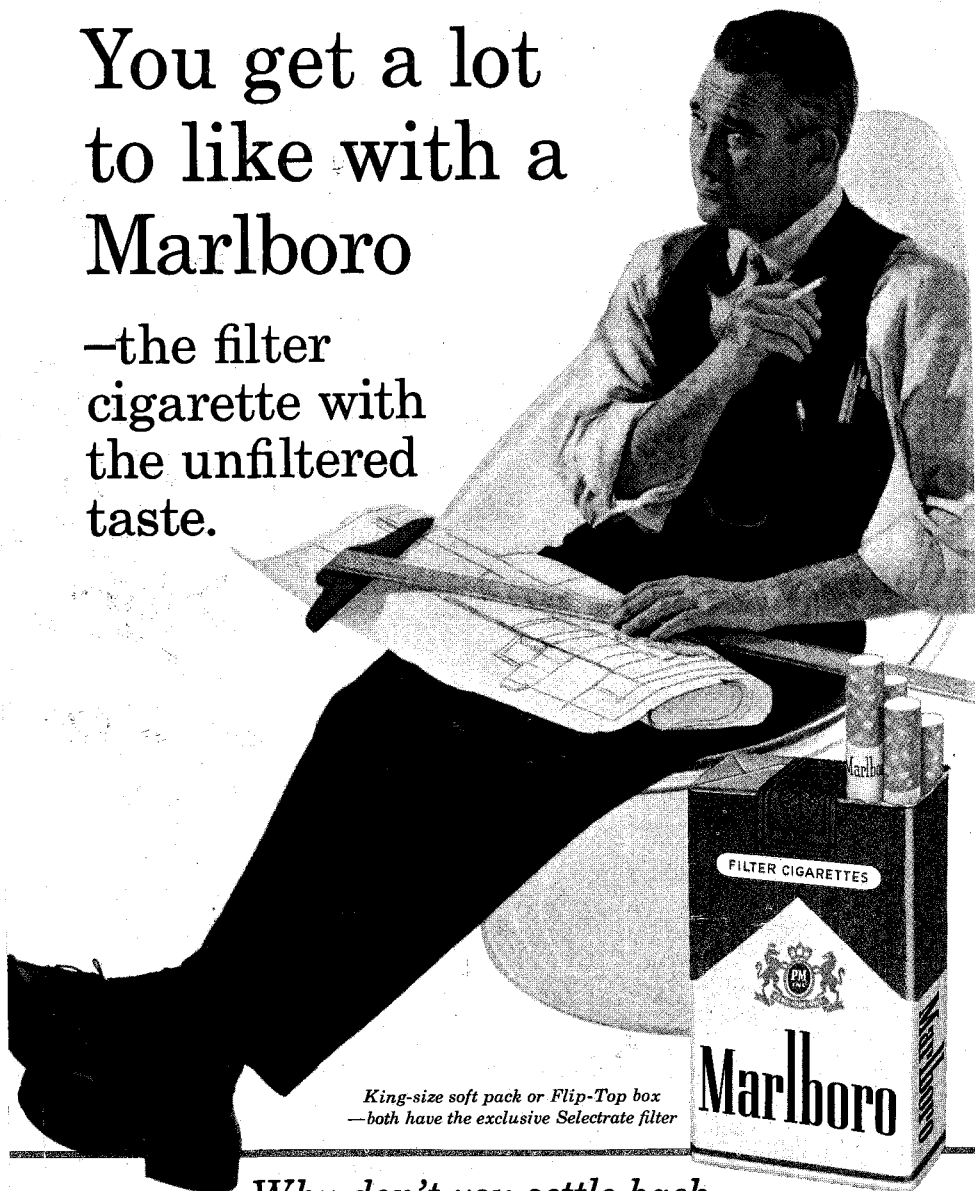
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